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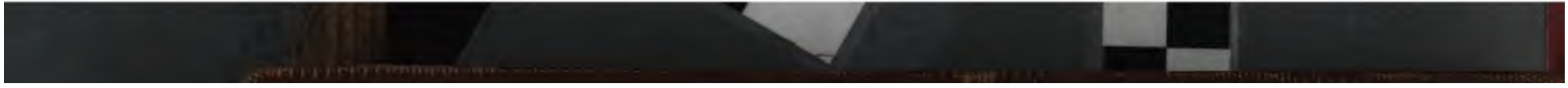

EMILIUS;

OR, AN

ESSAY on EDUCATION.

VOLUME II.

EMILIUS;

OR,

AN ESSAY

ON

EDUCATION.

By JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU,

CITIZEN of GENEVA.

Tranſlated from the French.

Sanabilibus ægrotamus malis: ipſaque nos in rectum genitos natura, ſi emendari velimus, juvat.

SEN. de Irâ, lib. 2. c. 13.

VOL. II.

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ORPHÉE, Livre IV.

EMILIUS;

OR, AN

ESSAY on EDUCATION.

The THIRD BOOK continued.

IT is now thirty years ſince a young exile was reduced to the loweſt miſery in a town in Italy. He had been bred a Calviniſt; but finding himſelf, through his own inconſiderateneſs, a fugitive, and deſtitute of all reſource, in a foreign country, he changed his religion for bread. In that ſame town there was an hoſpital for proſelytes, into which he was admitted. As he received inſtructions on controverſy, his mind was filled with doubts, which he had never entertained before; and he learned the nature of vices, of which he had been ignorant: he became acquainted with new doctrines; and with newer manners; he was witneſs to them, and they had like to have proved his ruin. Fain would he have made his eſcape, but he was confined: he complained, but was puniſhed for it; and being now at the mercy of his tyrants, he ſaw himſelf treated as a criminal, for endeavouring to preſerve himſelf from guilt. They who are ſenſible of the reſentment, which the firſt attack of violence and injuſtice naturally produces in a

" perſon unpractiſed in thoſe iniquitous arts, they " alone are capable of forming an idea of his diſ- " treſs. The tears flowed down his cheeks, but " their courſe was ſtopped by rage and indignation. " He implored the aſſiſtance of heaven and of " good men: he diſcloſed his caſe to all about him, " but they would not believe him. He ſaw none " but vile domeſtics, eager to execute the com- " mands of the wretch that attempted to injure " him; or accomplices of the ſame crime, who " mocked his reſiſtance, and excited him to imitate " their example. Utter ruin muſt have attended " him, had it not been for an honeſt clergyman, " who happened to be in the ſame hoſpital about " ſome buſineſs, and with whom he found an op- " portunity of conferring in private. The clergy- " man being poor, ſtood in need of all the world; " but the unfortunate ſtranger ſtood more in need " of him; the prieſt did not ſcruple to favour his " eſcape, at the hazard of creating to himſelf a new " enemy.

" The youth having eſcaped the jaws of vice, to " return into thoſe of poverty, ſtruggled in vain " againſt his deſtiny; till at length he imagined he " had overcome it. At the firſt glimmering of " proſperity, he forgot both his misfortunes and his " protector. For this ingratitude he was ſoon pu- " niſhed, and all his expectations vaniſhed: in vain " did his youthful genius endeavour to keep him " above ground; he was hurt by romantic no- " tions. Having neither abilities nor addreſs to " make his way through the world; incapable of " moderation, and yet averſe to vice; he pretended " to ſo many things, that he could make himſelf " maſter of none. Reduced to his former diſtreſs, " without bread to eat, without ſhelter, and ready, " in ſhort, to periſh with hunger, he recollected his " benefactor.

" In

" In this diſtreſs, he returned to the clergyman, " whom he found at home, and met with a kind re- " ception. The ſight of this unfortunate youth re- " minded the prieſt of the good action he had " done; a circumſtance which ever exhilarates the " heart. This man was naturally humane and com- " paſſionate; he ſympathized with others in their " misfortunes, from a ſenſe of his own, and proſ- " perity had not ſteeled his heart; in ſhort, his na- " tural diſpoſition to virtue, was improved by the " maxims of true philoſophy. He received the " young man with great cordiality, procured him a " lodging, recommended him to the people of the " houſe, and ſhared his little income with him, " which was hardly ſufficient to maintain himſelf; " nay further, he conſoled, he inſtructed him; he " taught him, in ſhort, that moſt difficult art of " ſuffering with patience in the ſchool of adverſity. " Little would prejudiced perſons expect all this " from a prieſt, and an Italian.

" This honeſt clergyman was a poor country vi- " car, and a native of Savoy. By the frailty of youth, " he had incurred the diſpleaſure of his biſhop, and " paſſed the mountains in ſearch of a livelihood, " which he could not procure in his own country. " He had ſome ſhare of wit and learning; and his " perſon being agreeable, he found friends at laſt, " who recommended him to the miniſter of ſtate, " in order to be employed in the education of his " ſon: but he preferred poverty to dependance, be- " ing ignorant of the manner of conducting himſelf " among the great. He did not ſtay long with the " miniſter; neither, upon parting, did he loſe his " confidence or eſteem. As he led a regular life, " and was beloved by every body, he flattered him- " ſelf he ſhould be able to recover the good graces " of his ordinary, and obtain ſome little cure in the " mountains, where he ſhould retire for the remain-

" der of his days. Such was the utmoſt pitch of " his ambition.

" He felt a natural inclination towards the young " fugitive, which induced him to examine minutely " into his character. He perceived that the frowns " of fortune had vitiated his heart; that diſgrace " and contempt had depreſſed his courage; that " his pride had been converted into a keen re- " ſentment, which continually held out to his " view the injuſtice and cruelty of mankind, the " perverſity of their nature, and the chimerical ex- " iſtence of human virtue. He had perceived, that " religion ſerves only for a maſk to intereſt; and the " divine worſhip, for a ſafeguard to hypocriſy. " Amidſt the ſubtlety of vain diſputes, he had ſeen " that paradiſe and hell were become mere quibbles; " he had ſeen the ſublime and original idea of the ſu- " preme Creator diſfigured by the fantaſtical notions " of men; and finding, that to believe in the Deity, " he muſt renounce the judgment he had formed of " the Divine Majeſty, he beheld, with the ſame eye " of ſcorn, all our ridiculous reveries, and the ob- " ject to which we apply them: neither knowing " the preſent ſyſtem of things, nor forming any " idea in regard to the cauſe of their exiſtence, he " ſunk into the moſt ſtupid ignorance, with a pro- " found contempt for every body that pretended to " more knowledge than himſelf.

" The neglect of all religion, leads to that of " ſocial duty. This progreſs was already more than " half made in the breaſt of our young libertine; " yet his inclinations were not naturally vicious; " but incredulity and poverty had gradually extin- " guiſhed his diſpoſition to virtue; and by leaving " him only the manners of a vagabond, and the " morals of an atheiſt, were hurrying him headlong " to ruin.

" His

" His ruin, though almoſt inevitable, was not " yet completed. The youth had ſome knowledge, " and his education had not been neglected. He " was now in that happy ſtage of life, when the " fermentation of the blood begins to warm the " ſoul, without ſubjecting it to the tyranny of " the ſenſes. He was then in his full vigour of " mind. He had a natural baſhfulneſs and timidity, " which ſupplied the place of reſtraint; and pro- " tracted, as it were, that period, in which a go- " vernor is obliged to watch moſt carefully over the " conduct of his pupil. The example of a brutal " and odious depravity, inſtead of heightening, " had depreſſed his imagination. A general diſreliſh " had long ſupplied the place of virtue, to preſerve " his innocence, which was not to be overcome, " but by a more bewitching deluſion.

" The prieſt beheld the danger, and the remedy. " Difficulties did not diſcourage him. Pleaſed with " his work, he reſolved to finiſh it; and reſtore to " virtue, the victim he had ſnatched from infamy. " In the execution of his deſign, he proceeded gra- " dually: the beauty of the motive raiſed his cour- " age, and ſuggeſted to him ſuch means as were " worthy of his zeal. Whatever might be his ſuc- " ceſs, he was ſure of not loſing his time; for thoſe " who intend well, muſt ever ſucceed.

" He began with gaining the confidence of the " youth, by ſhewing no ſelfiſh view in the favours " he conferred upon him, by not importuning him " with catechiſms and ſermons, but always adapting " his diſcourſe to his capacity; and by making him- " ſelf little, in order to be upon a level with his pro- " ſelyte. A very affecting ſpectacle it was, in my " opinion, to ſee a grave clergyman become the " companion of a young rake; and virtue ſtooping, " in ſome meaſure, to vice, in order to triumph " over it with the greater ſecurity. When the fool-

" iſh youth came to unboſom himſelf to the vicar, " and in the heighth of confidence, to tell him all " his weakneſſes, the prieſt gave a patient ear, and " releaſed him from his uneaſineſs; without approv- " ing his vices, he ſeemed to intereſt himſelf in his " favour. Never did he drop any indiſcreet cen- " ſure, to put a ſtop to the youth's loquaciouſneſs, " or to diminiſh his confidence. The pleaſure with " which he imagined himſelf to be heard, encour- " aged him to be more communicative. Thus he " made his general confeſſion, without intending to " confeſs at all.

" After mature reflection on the diſpoſition and " character of the youth, the prieſt ſaw clearly, " that notwithſtanding he was not ignorant for a " perſon of his age, yet he had forgot every thing " that it behoved him to know; and that the mi- " ſery to which he had been reduced by fortune, " had bereft him of every juſt idea of good and " evil. There is a degree of brutality that deſtroys " the ſoul; and he who thinks only of a livelihood, " is quite deaf to the ſuggeſtions of conſcience. In " order to preſerve the youth from this moral death, " which ſeemed to be impending, he began with " inſpiring him with the paſſion of ſelf-love, and with " a juſt eſteem of his own capacity. He pointed " out to him a better turn of fortune, by a proper " uſe of his abilities; he raiſed a generous ardour in " his breaſt, by reciting the laudable actions of " others; and by raiſing his admiration in favour of " thoſe who performed them, he encouraged him to " follow their example. To wean him inſenſibly " from an indolent life, he ſet him upon making ex- " tracts out of good books; and pretending to want " thoſe extracts, he cheriſhed in his breaſt the noble " ſentiment of gratitude. By theſe means he indi- " rectly inſtructed him; by theſe he inſenſibly led " him to reſume ſo good an opinion of his own abi-

" lities,

" lities, as to be no longer contemptible in his own " eye.

" A trifling incident will enable the reader to " judge of the prudent management of this good- " natured man, in raiſing his pupil above the mi- " ſery of his preſent ſtate, without ſeeming to have " an eye to his inſtruction. The prieſt was of ſuch " known probity and diſcernment, that many peo- " ple choſe to let their charitable donations paſs " through his hands, rather than through thoſe of " the more opulent clergy. One day, when he " happened to have ſome money to diſtribute among " the poor, the youth had the meanneſs to aſk part " of it. No, ſaid the vicar, we are brothers; " you are one of my family, and I muſt not med- " dle with that depoſitum on my private account. " This ſaid, he gave him out of his own pocket the " ſum he demanded. Such leſſons as theſe are ſel- " dom thrown away on young people, unleſs their " minds have been intirely corrupted.

" I am tired of ſpeaking in the third perſon, and " my precaution is to no purpoſe; for you are ſenſi- " ble, dear fellow-citizen, that this unhappy fugi- " tive is myſelf. I am now ſufficiently advanced in " life, to dare to confeſs the follies of my youth; " and the perſon who reſcued me from ruin, well " deſerves of my hands, even at the expence of a " few bluſhes, that I ſhould ſhew ſome gratitude to " my benefactor.

" What ſtruck me the moſt, was to behold my " worthy maſter adorning private life with every vir- " tue, unmixed with the leaven of vice: his piety " was free from hypocriſy, his humanity from weak- " neſs; his diſcourſe plain and upright, and his " conduct conformable to his doctrine. I did not " obſerve that he gave himſelf any trouble, whether " thoſe he aſſiſted with the charitable diſtributions, " came to hear maſs; whether they often went to

" confeſſion; whether they faſted on days com-
" manded; whether they abſtained from fleſh meat
" at ſet times, or performed the like external acts of
" religion, without which you would have no chance
" of aſſiſtance from a bigotted Roman catholic, even
" though you were to die with hunger for the want
" of it.

" Encouraged by theſe obſervations, inſtead of
" affecting to court his favour with the extraordi-
" nary zeal of a new convert, I did not conceal
" from him my private mode of thinking, and I
" perceived it gave him no offence. Sometimes I
" might imagine he overlooked my indifference for
" the religion I had embraced, becauſe he ſaw me
" equally indifferent to the religious perſuaſion in
" which I had been educated; and he knew that my
" contempt of them was not owing to any prejudice
" of party. But what could I think, when I heard
" him occaſionally approve of doctrines contrary to
" thoſe of the church of Rome, and ſet a very
" ſlight value on her ceremonies? I ſhould have
" thought him to be a proteſtant in diſguiſe, had I
" found him leſs exact in the obſervance of thoſe
" ſame uſages, which he ſeemed to hold in contempt;
" but knowing, that in private he diſcharged the
" duties of a prieſt with as much punctuality, as if
" he had been expoſed to the eye of the public, I
" knew not how to reconcile theſe contradictions.
" Except the foible which had occaſioned his diſ-
" grace, and of which he was not yet thoroughly
" cured, his life was exemplary, his manners pure
" and uncorrupt, his converſation modeſt and in-
" ſtructive. As I lived with him upon terms of
" the greateſt intimacy, I found my eſteem for
" him began daily to increaſe; and his repeated
" goodneſs having intirely gained my affections,
" with impatience I expected an opportunity of
" learning the principles on which the unifor-

" mity

" mity of ſo extraordinary a conduct was found-
" ed.

" This opportunity did not ſo quickly offer. Be-
" fore he would diſcloſe his mind, he was willing to
" ſee what effects the good inſtructions he had given
" to his pupil, would produce in his mind. The
" hardeſt thing in me to extirpate, was a proud miſ-
" anthropy, a ſourneſs and averſion to the rich and
" the fortunate, as if they were become ſuch at my
" expence, and their pretended happineſs had been
" uſurped from mine. The vanity of youth, which
" winces at humiliation, did but too much encou-
" rage this ſour diſpoſition; and the ſelf-love with
" which my monitor endeavoured to inſpire me, in-
" clining me to pride, mankind were become deſpi-
" cable in my eyes, ſo that I had now added con-
" tempt to my averſion.

" The prieſt without directly oppoſing this pride
" prevented its degenerating into obduracy; he
" did not diſcourage my ſelf-love, but rendered
" it leſs contemptuous in regard to my neighbour.
" He removed the vail with which the face of things
" was covered, and ſhewed me the miſchiefs that
" lay under the diſguiſe; he taught me how to be-
" wail the errors of my fellow-creatures, to relent
" at their miſeries, and to view them rather with an
" eye of pity than envy. Full of compaſſion for hu-
" man foibles, from a deep ſenſe of his own, he
" perceived that mankind were every where ſuf-
" ferers by their own and other people's folly; he
" beheld the poor enſlaved by the rich, and theſe
" by their prejudices. Believe me, ſaid he, our de-
" luſions inſtead of leſſening, do but add to our
" evils; they fix a price on what has no intrinſic
" value, and render us ſenſible to a thouſand priva-
" tions, which we ſhould not otherwiſe feel. Peace
" of mind conſiſts in contemning whatever is capable
" of diſturbing it; the man who ſets the moſt value

" on

" on life, enjoys it leaſt; and he who is greedieſt
" after happineſs, is always the moſt unhappy.
" Alas! what a diſmal picture you have drawn,
" replied I in the bitterneſs of my ſoul. If we
" muſt deny ourſelves every thing, of what uſe then
" was it to be born? and if we muſt hold happineſs
" itſelf in contempt, who then can be happy? I
" can, anſwered the prieſt one day, in ſuch a tone as
" greatly ſtruck me. You happy! you who have
" been ſo unſucceſsful, you who are a poor, perſe-
" cuted exile; you happy? and what has made you
" ſo? I will tell you, child, anſwered the prieſt,
" with all my heart.
" Thereupon he gave me to underſtand, that
" after having heared my confeſſion, he intended
" to make his to me. I will impart to you, ſaid he
" embracing me, every ſentiment of my ſoul. You
" ſhall ſee me, if not as I really am, at leaſt ſuch
" as I appear to myſelf. When you have heard my
" intire profeſſion of faith, when you are thoroughly
" informed of the ſtate of my mind, you will know
" why I eſteem myſelf happy, and if you think
" with me, you will learn to attain the ſame felicity.
" But theſe confeſſions are not the work of a mo-
" ment: it requires ſome time to make you ac-
" quainted with my thoughts on the condition of
" humanity, and the real value of life; let us chuſe
" a more proper time and place, to indulge our-
" ſelves in this converſation.
" As I expreſſed great impatience to hear him;
" the meeting was deferred no longer than till the
" next morning. It was ſummer, and we roſe at
" break of day. He conducted me out of town to
" an eminence, from whence we perceived the Po's
" rapid ſtream watering a delightful country. The
" deepnings of the landſkip were crowned by the
" lofty chain of Alpine mountains. The ſun juſt
" emerging from the horizon, ſhot his beams ob-

" liquely over the plain; and the ſhadows of trees, " mountains, and houſes projecting to a conſider- " able length, a thouſand different degrees of light " and ſhade contributed to enrich one of the fineſt " landſkips that ever mortal eye beheld. Nature " ſeemed to have diſplayed all her magnificence to " our view, in order to render it a fit ſubject of en- " tertainment. After we had contemplated theſe " objects for ſome time in ſilence, the man of peace " addreſſed himſelf to me in the following manner."

THE PROFESSION OF FAITH

Made by the Vicar of SAVOY.

MY child, you are not to expect any learned diſcourſes, or profound diſputations from me. I am no great philoſopher, nor am I deſirous of that honour. But I have good ſenſe ſometimes; and at all times I am a lover of truth. I do not chuſe to argue with you, nor even ſhall I attempt to convince you; ſufficient it is for me to diſcloſe to you what I really think in the full ſimplicity of my heart. Conſult your own, during my diſcourſe; and that is all I require of you. If I am miſtaken, it is not wilfully; and that is ſufficient, to prevent my error from being deemed a crime; were you to be miſtaken in the ſame manner, there would be no great harm in it. If my notion is right, we are endowed with reaſon alike, and have the ſame intereſt to liſten to her voice;

voice; why ſhould not you therefore think in the ſame manner as I?

I was born a poor peaſant, deſigned by my ſtation to till the earth; but my parents thought it a much finer thing for me to get my bread by the trade of a prieſt; and they found out means to ſend me to ſchool. Neither they nor myſelf had any view in this, of inquiring after truth or real happineſs, but only to know as much as was neceſſary to obtain admiſſion into orders. I learnt juſt what they would have me learn, I ſaid what they would have me ſay, I engaged in the ſtate of life they pointed out to me, and was ordained prieſt. But ſoon I perceived, that by obliging me to ſurpaſs humanity, I had promiſed more than I could perform.

We are told that conſcience is the effect of prejudice; yet by my own experience I know that it ſteadily purſues the order of nature, in ſpite of the laws of man. In vain do they multiply their prohibitions, we feel but a feeble remorſe for doing that which nature under a proper regulation permits, and a much feebler for conforming to whatever ſhe preſcribes. She has not yet addreſſed herſelf to your ſenſes, my good youth; and may you long continue in this happy ſtate, in which the voice of nature is that of innocence. Remember that you offend her more by preventing, than by combating her inclinations; you ſhould begin to learn to reſiſt, in order to know when you may innocently yield.

From my earlieſt youth I paid a reſpect to marriage, as the firſt and holieſt inſtitution of nature. Having reſigned my right of entering into this ſtate, I reſolved not to profane it; for notwithſtanding my ſtudy of the ſchoolmen, yet as I had ever led an uniform ſimple life, I retained the firſt impreſſions of the law of nature; they had not been as yet effaced by the maxims of the world, and my poverty kept me from the temptations ſuggeſted by ſophiſtry and vice.

It

It was this reſolution that ruined me; my reſpect for the marriage bed, contributed to the diſcovery of my weakneſs. It became requiſite to expiate the ſcandal; I was impriſoned, ſuſpended from my office, and baniſhed. Thus I became a victim to my delicacy, rather than to my incontinence. The reproaches which attended my diſgrace, fully convinced me, that in many caſes we need only to aggravate the guilt, if we are deſirous to come off with impunity.

Very little experince of this kind carries a reflective mind a great way. Obſerving by melancholy examples, a general ſubverſion of the ideas I had conceived of juſtice, and honeſty, and of all human duty, I gradually began to loſe ſome of the opinions I had imbibed; thoſe which remained, being inſufficient to form a body capable of ſupporting itſelf, by degrees the evidence of the principles began to vaniſh; and being reduced at length to a total ignorance and want of thought, I ſunk exactly into your ſituation; with this difference, that my incredulity, being the fruit of a much riper age, was formed with greater difficulty, and muſt have been far more difficult to remove.

I was in that very diſpoſition of uncertainty and doubt, which Des Cartes requires for an inquiry after truth. This is a painful ſituation; but it is of ſhort continuance; vice or indolence only can engage us to reſign ourſelves up to it. My heart was not ſo debauched, as to find any pleaſure in it; and nothing ſo greatly preſerves the habit of reflection, as to find more content in ourſelves, than in our fortune.

I therefore began to contemplate the wretched fate of mortals, fluctuating in this ocean of human opinions, without either helm or compaſs, abandoned to their impetuous paſſions, without any other guide than an unexperienced pilot, who knows not the right courſe, nor from what point he ſailed, nor to what port he is ſteering. I ſaid to myſelf; I love the

the truth; I have been inquiring after it in vain; let me ſee it, and I will firmly embrace it; why ſhould it lie concealed from a heart formed to adore it?

Though I have often experienced very great hardſhips, yet I never led a life ſo diſagreeable, as that which I paſſed during thoſe times of perturbation and anxiety, when inceſſantly wandering from one doubt to another, all the benefit I received from my long meditations, was blind uncertainty, and a heap of contradictions in regard to the cauſe of my exiſtence, and the rule of human duty.

I cannot comprehend how it is poſſible to be a ſceptic by ſyſtem, and *bona fide*. Either there are no ſuch philoſophers, or they are the moſt wretched of all mankind. Suſpenſion and doubt in regard to matters which it behoves us to know, is too violent a ſtate for the human mind: the reſiſtance it makes, does not laſt long; it determines one way or other, whether we will or no; and it chuſes rather to be impoſed upon, than not to believe at all.

What added very much to my perplexity, was that being educated in a church, which takes upon her to determine every thing, and will not permit her members to doubt, the rejecting of one ſingle point made me reject all the reſt; and the impoſſibility of aſſenting to ſo many abſurd deciſions, unhinged my belief even in regard to thoſe, which were not ſubject to the ſame abſurdity. By being ordered to believe every thing, I was prevented from giving my aſſent to any thing, and I knew not where to ſtop.

I conſulted the philoſophers, ſearched their books, examined into their different opinions; but found them all conceited and dogmatical even in their pretended ſcepticiſm, extremely ignorant, proving nothing, and laughing at one another; in this they all agreed, and it ſeemed to be the only point in

in which they had reaſon on their ſide. Victorious whenever they attack, but weak and ſpiritleſs, when they act upon the defenſive. If you weigh their reaſons, they have none but to deſtroy; if you reckon voices, each ſtands by himſelf; and they agree only to diſpute: to liſten to theſe was not the way to get rid of my uncertainty.

I perceived very plainly that the inſufficiency of the human underſtanding is the firſt cauſe of that prodigious diverſity of ſentiments; and pride the ſecond. We have no way to meaſure this immenſe machine, no way to calculate its various relations: we know not its firſt laws, nor its final cauſe; we do not even know ourſelves; we are ignorant of our nature, and of our active principle; we can ſcarcely tell whether man be a ſimple or compound being; on all ſides are we ſurrounded with impenetrable myſteries; they are beyond the ſcale of ſenſible beings; we think we have underſtanding enough to pierce through them, but it is all imagination. In this viſionary world every one purſues which route he pleaſes, but no body can tell whether his be the right one or not. And yet we would fain know and penetrate into every thing. The only point of which we are ignorant, is that we are incapable of knowledge. We had rather be determined by chance, and believe what does not really exiſt, than acknowledge that none of us can ſee into the reality of things. Though we are but an inconſiderable part of a great whole, the bounds of which ſurpaſs our comprehenſion, and which its Maker has reſigned to our fooliſh diſputes, yet we are vain enough to determine the nature of that whole, with its relations in regard to us.

Even if philoſophers were capable of diſcovering the truth, yet where is the man that would find his intereſt in doing it? Each knows that his ſyſtem is not better founded than the others; yet he maintains it, becauſe it is his own. There is not one of them, that

that upon coming to the knowledge of truth and falſhood, would not prefer the error of his own finding, to the truth diſcovered by another. Where is the philoſopher, who, for his own glory, would not willingly deceive mankind? Where is the man, who, in his own breaſt, has any other object in view, than that of diſtinguiſhing himſelf? Provided he riſes above the vulgar, provided he can eclipſe his competitors, that is all he wants. The eſſential point is to think differently from others. Among believers he is an atheiſt, among the atheiſts he would paſs for a believer.

The firſt advantage I derived from theſe reflections, was to confine my reſearches to what immediately concerned myſelf; to reſt ſatisfied under an intire ignorance of every thing elſe; and not to trouble my head, even ſo much as by doubting, in regard to matters which it was not my intereſt to know.

I likewiſe perceived, that inſtead of freeing me from my uſeleſs doubts, philoſophers would only multiply thoſe which tormented me, without ſolving any. I therefore took another guide, and ſaid to myſelf; let us conſult the internal light; it will be a better guide than they; or at leaſt if it leads me into error, this will be my own; and I ſhall be leſs corrupted in following my own whimſies, than in ſwallowing their impoſition and deceit.

Then revolving in my mind the different opinions, which had ſucceſſively ſwayed me ſince the time of my birth, I perceived very plainly, that although none of them had ſufficient evidence to produce immediate conviction, yet they were poſſeſſed of different degrees of probability, and that the mind aſſented or diſſented in different proportions. After I had made this firſt obſervation, comparing all theſe different ideas, without taking the conſideration of prejudice into the account, I found that the firſt and moſt common, was alſo the

the ſimpleſt and the moſt rational, and that to obtain the general aſſent, it wanted only to have been propoſed the laſt. Suppoſe, for example, all the ancient and modern philoſophers had exhauſted their abſurd ſyſtems of forces, chances, fatality, neceſſity, atoms, *anima mundi*, vivified matter, and materialiſm of every kind; and then came the celebrated Dr. Clarke, inſtructing the world, and proclaiming the ſupreme Creator of all things, the diſpenſer of every bleſſing. With what applauſe and admiration would this new ſyſtem have been received; a ſyſtem ſo grand, ſo noble, and ſo ſublime; a ſyſtem ſo well adapted for raiſing the mind, and eſtabliſhing virtue; at the ſame time ſo ſimple and clear, and containing fewer incomprehenſibilities, than we meet with abſurdities in every other opinion! Thus I reaſoned with myſelf; they are all liable to inſolvable objections, becauſe the human underſtanding is too limited to ſolve them; therefore they make againſt no one ſyſtem more than another. But how great a difference is there between the direct proofs! Ought not he who gives ſo good an explanation of the whole, to carry the preference, when his opinion is liable to no ſtronger objection than the reſt?

The love of truth being now all my philoſophy, and my whole method being reduced to a plain eaſy rule, which diſpenſed with my entering into the vain ſubtlety of arguments; I reſumed my inquiry into thoſe parts of knowledge in which I was intereſted. I determined to admit as evident all thoſe to which I could not inwardly refuſe my aſſent; and as true all thoſe, which to me appear to have a connexion with the former; but to leave the reſt as uncertain, without either rejecting or admitting them, and without troubling my head about their explanation, when attended with no utility.

But who am I? What right have I to judge of things; and who is it that determines my judg-

ment? If it be involuntary, and a conſequence of the impreſſions I receive, in vain do I puzzle my head about theſe idle reſearches; either they will be of no effect; or they will ſucceed of themſelves, without my pretending to direct them. I muſt therefore turn my thoughts upon myſelf, in order to know the inſtrument I propoſe to make uſe of, and how far I may depend upon it.

I exiſt, and have ſenſes by which I am affected. This is the firſt truth that ſtrikes me, and in which I am obliged to acquieſce. Have I a proper idea of my exiſtence, or do I perceive it only by my ſenſations? This is my firſt doubt, which it is impoſſible for me at preſent to ſolve. Continually affected, either by the immediate act, or the remembrance of ſenſations, how is it poſſible for me to know, whether the idea I have of ſelf, is ſomething extraneous to thoſe ſenſations, and may be independent of them?

My ſenſations are formed within me, ſince they make me perceive my exiſtence; but their cauſe is external, ſince they affect me whether I will or no; and it is not in my power, either to produce or annihilate them. I therefore perceive very clearly, that my ſenſation, which is ſomething within me, and its cauſe or object, which is ſomething external, are not the ſame thing.

Hence I not only infer my own exiſtence, but likewiſe that of other beings, namely, the objects of my ſenſations; and even if thoſe objects were no more than ideas, ſtill it is true, that thoſe ideas are not myſelf.

Now whatever I feel extraneous to myſelf, and acting upon my ſenſes, I call matter; and every portion of matter, which I conceive to be united in individuals, I diſtinguiſh by the name of body. Thus all the diſputes of idealiſts and materialiſts ſignify nothing to me; their diſtinctions in regard to the appearance and reality of bodies are mere chimeras.

You

You now find me as fully convinced of the exiſtence of the univerſe, as of my own. I reflect afterwards on the objects of my ſenſations; and finding I have the faculty of comparing them, I feel myſelf endued with an active force, of which I knew nothing before.

To perceive is feeling, to compare is judging; theſe two are not the ſame thing. By ſenſation the objects preſent themſelves to my mind, ſeparate and diſtinct, ſuch as they naturally are: by compariſon, I move and tranſport them, as it were, and place them one upon another, in order to pronounce judgment on their difference or ſimilitude, and on all their relations in general. According to my apprehenſion, the diſtinguiſhing faculty of an active or intelligent being, is to be able to give a meaning to this word *is*. In vain do I inquire, among mere ſenſible beings, for that intelligent force, which lays one object upon another, and then pronounces judgment; I cannot find any ſuch in nature. This paſſive being will feel each object ſeparately, or elſe it will feel the total object formed of both; but having no ſtrength to place them one upon another, it will never be able to judge or compare them.

To ſee two objects at once, is not ſeeing their relations, nor judging of the difference: to perceive ſeveral objects, one without the other, is not numbering them. I may have at the ſame inſtant the ideas of a large and of a ſmall ſtick without comparing them, or without judging that one is ſmaller than the other, as I may view my hand intire without reckoning my fingers*. Theſe comparative ideas, *greater*, *ſmaller*, as well as the numerical ideas of *one*, *two*, *&c.* are by no means ſenſations, though

* M. de la Condamine takes notice of a nation, who could reckon no farther than three. Yet as thoſe people had hands, they muſt have often ſeen their fingers, though they were not able to compute as far as five.

the occaſion of producing them is intirely owing to ſenſible perceptions.

We are told that a ſenſitive being diſtinguiſhes the ſenſations from one another, merely by the difference between thoſe perceptions of ſenſe: this requires ſome explication. When the ſenſations vary, the ſenſitive being diſtinguiſhes them by their differences; when they are alike, it diſtinguiſhes them by their being one without the other. How would it otherwiſe be poſſible for it, in the caſe of a ſimultaneous ſenſation, to diſtinguiſh two equal objects? It would abſolutely be obliged to confound thoſe two objects, eſpecially in the ſyſtem which pretends, that the repreſentative ſenſations of extenſion are not extended.

When the two ſenſations, which you intend to compare, are perceived, their impreſſion is made; each object is perceived by ſenſe; they are both perceived; and yet there is no perception of their relation. Were the judgment of this relation no more than a ſenſation, and intirely proceeding from the object, my determinations would never be erroneous, ſince it is ever certain that I perceive by ſenſe what I really do perceive.

How comes it then that I am miſtaken in regard to the relation of theſe two ſticks, eſpecially if they are not parallel? Why do I ſay, for inſtance, that the little ſtick is equal to a third part of the large one, when it is equal only to a fourth? How happens the image, which is the ſenſible perception, not to be conformable to its model, the object? It is becauſe I am an active being, when I judge that the comparative operation is defective; and my underſtanding, which judgeth the relations, blends its errors with the truth of the ſenſations, which only exhibit the object.

Add to all this a reflection that will ſurely ſtrike you, when you come to think of it; viz. if we were mere paſſive beings in the uſe of our ſenſes, there would be no communication between them; it would

would be impoſſible for us to know that the body we touch, and the object we behold, are the ſame. We ſhould either perceive no ſenſible object without ourſelves, or there would be, in regard to us, no more than five ſenſible ſubſtances, the identity of which we ſhould not be able to diſcern.

Give what name you will to that faculty of mind, which brings my ſenſations to a proximity, and compares them together, let it be called attention, meditation, reflection, or what you pleaſe; ſtill it is certainly in me, and not in the things; it is I alone that produce it, though this production is entirely owing to the impreſſion I received from the objects round me. Without being at liberty to perceive by ſenſe or not, I have it ſtill in my power to examine more or leſs, what I do perceive.

I am not therefore a mere ſenſitive and paſſive being, but a being of an active and intelligent nature; and let philoſophers ſay what they will, I dare pretend to the honour of cogitation. I only know that truth is in the things, and not in my mind which judges of them; and that the leſs there is of mine in the judgment I form, the ſurer I am of attaining the truth: thus my rule of reſigning myſelf rather to ſenſation than reaſon, is confirmed by reaſon itſelf.

Having, as it were, made ſure of my own exiſtence, I begin to look beyond myſelf, and with a kind of horror I view this little being of mine, thrown into the expanſe of the univerſe, loſt and drowned, as it were, in the immenſity of beings, without underſtanding their nature, either in regard to one another or to me. I ſtudy and I obſerve them, and the firſt object that preſents itſelf to me for compariſon, is myſelf.

Whatever I perceive by means of the ſenſes, is matter, the eſſential properties of which I deduce from the ſenſible qualities that render it perceptible to me, and are inſeparable from it. I behold

it ſometimes in motion, and ſometimes at reſt*, whence I infer, that neither reſt nor motion are eſſential to it, but motion being an action, is the effect of ſome cauſe, whereas reſt is no more than a privation. When therefore nothing acts upon matter, it does not move; and for this very reaſon, that it is indifferent to reſt and motion, its natural ſtate is to be at reſt.

In bodies I perceive two ſorts of motion, one communicated, and the other voluntary or ſpontaneous. In the former, the cauſe of motion is extrinſical to the body moved; in the latter, it is within it. I ſhall not conclude from thence, that the movement of a watch, for inſtance, is ſpontaneous; for if nothing foreign to the ſpring acted upon it, it would not be able to expand itſelf and draw the chain. For the ſame reaſon I ſhall not grant ſpontaneity to fluids, nor even to the fire that conſtitutes their fluidity †.

You will aſk me, whether the motions of animals are ſpontaneous? I anſwer you, that I cannot tell; but to judge by analogy, one would pronounce in the affirmative. You will aſk me then once more, how I come to know that there is ſuch a thing as ſpontaneous motion? I will tell you I know it, becauſe I feel it. I want to move my arm, and I move it; yet this motion is produced by no other immediate cauſe than my will. In vain would you enter into an argument with me to deprive me of that ſen-

* This repoſe is, if you will, barely relative; but ſince we obſerve a magis and minus in the motion, we conceive very clearly one of the two extremes, which is reſt; and ſo clearly do we conceive it, that we are even inclined to take for an abſolute, what is only a relative reſt. Now it is not true that motion is eſſential to matter, if you can conceive it to be at reſt.

† The chemiſts look upon the phlogiſton, or the element of fire, as diſperſed, immoveable, and ſtagnating in thoſe mixtures, of which it conſtitutes a part, till extrinſic cauſes diſengaging its particles, unite them together, ſet them in motion, and change them into fire.

ſation;

ſation; it is ſtronger than any demonſtration whatever; and you might as well attempt to prove that I do not exiſt.

Were there no ſuch ſpontaneity in human actions, nor in any thing that paſſes upon earth, we ſhould only be the more embarraſſed to account for a firſt mover. For my part I feel myſelf ſo fully convinced, that the natural ſtate of matter is to be at reſt, and it has no force of itſelf to act; that upon ſeeing a body in motion I immediately infer, either that it is animated, or has received this motion from ſome external impreſſion. I cannot in my own mind acquieſce in the idea of matter unorganized, either ſelf-moving or productive of any action.

Yet this viſible world is matter; matter expanded and inanimate *, which in the whole does not in any wiſe partake of the union, organization, or common ſenſation of the different parts of an animate body; for it is very certain that we, who are a part thereof, do not feel ourſelves as belonging to the whole. This ſame world is in motion, and its rotations, though ſo extremely regular, ſo uniform, and ſubject to invariable laws, have nothing of that liberty, which appears in the ſpontaneous motions of men and brutes. Hence the world is not a great animal, that moves itſelf; its motions muſt therefore be directed by ſome external cauſe, which I do not perceive; but I am in my own mind ſo fully convinced of the reality of this cauſe, that I cannot behold the diurnal courſe of the ſun, without conceiving at the ſame time a force that impels it; or if the motion is in the earth, I think I perceive the hand, by which it is turned round on its axis.

* I have endeavoured all I could to form an idea to myſelf of a living atom, but to no purpoſe. The idea of matter, endued with ſenſible perception without organs of ſenſe, appears to me quite abſurd and unintelligible. In order to adopt or reject this idea, we ſhould begin with underſtanding it, and I muſt confeſs that I have not been ſo fortunate.

If we muſt admit general laws, without perceiving their eſſential relations to matter, I do not ſee that this will ſet us forward. Theſe laws not being real eſſences, or ſubſtances, muſt of courſe have ſome other foundation to me unknown. Experience and obſervation have ſhewn us the laws of motion; theſe laws determine the effects, without pointing out the cauſe; therefore they are inſufficient to explain the ſyſtem of the world, and the motion of the heavenly bodies. Deſcartes formed the heavens and the earth with dice; but he was not able to give the firſt concuſſion to thoſe dice, nor to ſet the centrifugal force in motion, without the aid of rotation. Sir Iſaac Newton has diſcovered the law of attraction; but attraction alone would ſoon deprive the univerſe of all motion; and therefore he has been obliged to add a projectile force to that law, in order to make the celeſtial bodies deſcribe a curve in their different progreſſions. Let Deſcartes tell us what law of nature imprinted a whirling motion on his vortices; and let Newton ſhew us the hand that firſt launched out the planets on the tangent of their orbits.

The firſt cauſe of motion is not in matter; it receives and communicates the motion, but does not produce it. The more I obſerve the action and reaction of the forces of nature acting upon one another; the more I am convinced, that by a chain of effects we muſt aſcend to the will of ſome being as the firſt cauſe; for to ſuppoſe a progreſs of cauſes *in infinitum*, is ſuppoſing no cauſe at all. In a word, every motion, not produced by another, can proceed only from a ſpontaneous and voluntary act; inanimate bodies act only by motion, and there is no real action without the concurrence of will. This is my firſt principle, I therefore believe that there is a will, which gives motion to the univerſe, and life to nature. Such is my firſt dogma, or my firſt article of faith.

In

In what manner does the will produce a natural or bodily effect? Really I cannot tell; but I know by experience it has that productive power. I am willing to act, and I do act; I am willing to move my body, and it moves; but that a body inanimate and at reſt ſhould move of itſelf, or be productive of motion, is incomprehenſible to me, and without example. The will I know by its effects, and not by its nature. This will I know as a cauſe of motion; but to conceive matter productive of motion, is evidently conceiving an effect without a cauſe, which indeed is no conception at all.

It is no more in my power to apprehend in what manner my will operates on my body, than how my ſenſations affect my mind. I know not even how one of thoſe myſteries came to appear more explicable than the other. With regard to myſelf, whether I am active, or paſſive, the union of the two ſubſtances ſeems to me abſolutely incomprehenſible. It is very extraordinary that ſome ſhould avail themſelves of this very incomprehenſibility, to confound the two ſubſtances, as if the operations of ſuch different natures could be better explained in a ſingle ſubject, than in two.

I confeſs, that the principles I have been eſtabliſhing are obſcure, but they are intelligible, and contain nothing repugnant to reaſon, or obſervation. Can the ſame be ſaid of the doctrine of materiality? Is it not evident, that if motion were eſſential to matter, it would be inſeparable from it, it would be always in the ſame degrèe, always the ſame in each particle of matter; it would be incommunicable; it could neither augment nor diminiſh; nay, it would be impoſſible for us to conceive matter at reſt? When you tell me that motion is not eſſential, but neceſſary to matter, you only want to put me off with words, which might be eaſily refuted, were they ſuſceptible of any meaning. For either matter receives its motion from itſelf, and then it is eſſential to it, or if it pro-

proceeds from an external cauſe, it is not neceſſary to matter, any farther than as the mover acts upon it: we ſhall examine into the firſt difficulty.

General and abſtract ideas are the ſource of all human error; never was a ſingle truth diſcovered by metaphyſical jargon; but it has filled the ſchools with abſurdities, of which we are aſhamed, as ſoon as they are ſtripped of their pompous cloathing. Tell me, my friend, when you talk of an occult force diffuſed through nature, whether you have any real idea in your mind. You imagine yourſelf to have ſaid ſomething, in making uſe of thoſe vague expreſſions of univerſal force, and neceſſary motion; yet you meant nothing. The idea of motion is that of removal from one place to another; there is no motion without ſome direction; for no individual being can move itſelf at the ſame time in every ſenſe. In what ſenſe therefore does matter neceſſarily move itſelf? Does the whole maſs of matter move uniformly, or has each atom its proper motion? If the former, the whole univerſe muſt form one ſolid indiviſible maſs; if the latter, there would reſult only a ſcattered and incoherent fluid, and there would be no poſſibility for two atoms ever to unite. In what direction will this common motion of the whole maſs of matter be made? Will it be in a right line, upwards or downwards, to the right, or to the left? If every atom has its particular direction, where are the cauſes of all theſe directions, and all theſe differences? If every particle of matter only turned on its own center, nothing would ever ſtir from its place, and no motion would be communicated; beſides, this circular motion ſhould in ſome ſenſe be determined. To endue matter with motion in abſtract, is making uſe of words without any meaning; and to give it a determinate motion, is ſuppoſing a cauſe that determines it. The more I multiply particular forces, the more new cauſes I have to explain, without ever finding a common agent to direct them. So far from being able to conceive any order

order in the fortuitous jumbling of elements, I cannot even imagine a conflict; and it is as eaſy for me to form an idea of the chaos, as of the harmony of the univerſe. I am very ſenſible that the mechaniſm of the world ſurpaſſes the human conception; but when a perſon attempts to explain it, he ought to ſay ſomething intelligible.

If the motion of matter points out a will, the direction of this motion, in conformity to certain laws, ſhews an intelligence: this is my ſecond article of faith. To act, to compare, to chuſe, are operations of an active and thinking being: therefore this being exiſts. You will aſk me, where do I perceive his exiſtence? Not only in thoſe heavenly orbs that roll over our heads; and in the ſtars that ſparkle with their radiant light; but alſo within myſelf, in the ſheep that feeds on the verdant paſture, in the bird that cleaves the yielding air, in the ſtone that falls on the ground, and in the leaf that is whirled about by the wind.

I judge of the order of the univerſe, though I know not the end for which it was framed; becauſe to judge of this order, it is ſufficient for me to compare the parts with one another, to ſtudy their concurrence and relations, and to obſerve their agreement. I am ignorant for what reaſon the univerſe exiſts; yet I behold in what manner it is modified; and I perceive the intimate connexion, by which the component parts aſſiſt each other. I reſemble a man, who on his firſt ſeeing an open watch, cannot help admiring the workmanſhip, though he is unacquainted with the uſe of the machine, and has not ſeen the dial. I know not, he would ſay, what all this is for; but I perceive that each ſingle piece is made for the reſt; I admire the artiſt in the detail, and ſure I am, that all theſe wheels, which move thus in concert, are for ſome general end beyond my comprehenſion.

Let us compare the particular ends, the means, the orderly relations of every kind, and then liſten to the

the internal voice. What man in his ſenſes can refuſe his aſſent? What unprejudiced eye does not perceive a ſupreme intelligence in this ſenſible order of the univerſe? What ſophiſms and abſurdities muſt they not fall into, who refuſe to acknowledge the harmony of beings, and the admirable concurrence of each part for the preſervation of the whole? You may talk to me for ever of your combinations and chances; of what uſe is it to you to ſtop my tongue, if you cannot perſuade my underſtanding? And how will you do to ſilence that inward voice of reaſon, which never ceaſes, even in ſpite of me, to give you the lye? If organiſed bodies were combined fortuitouſly a thouſand different ways, before they aſſumed a conſtant form; if in the beginning ſtomachs were framed without mouths, feet without heads, hands without arms, in ſhort, imperfect organs of every ſort, which were ſoon loſt for want of being able to preſerve themſelves; how comes it that our eyes are never any more entertained with theſe defective eſſays? How happens it, that nature at length has preſcribed to herſelf certain laws, to which ſhe was not before ſubject? I grant, I ought not to be ſurprized that a thing ſhould happen when it is poſſible, and that the difficulty of the chance is compenſated by the number of throws. Yet if any body were to tell me that the whole poem of the Æneid, in its preſent arrangement, aroſe from a fortuitous caſt of printer's types, I would not go a ſingle ſtep to prove the falſity. You forget, they ſay, the number of throws; but how many muſt I ſuppoſe, to render the combination probable? For my part, I who ſee but a ſinge throw, would lay infinity to one, that the produce thereof was not the work of hazard. Add to this, that combinations and chances will give only a produce of the ſame nature as the elements combined; that organization and life can never reſult from a jumbling of atoms; and that a chemiſt combining mixed bodies, will never be able

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to give them ſenſation and thought in his crucible*.

I have read Nieuwentyt with aſtoniſhment, and have been almoſt ſcandalized. How could that man attempt to write a book on the wonders of nature, which diſplay the wiſdom of its Creator? His work would be as extenſive as the univerſe, before he exhauſted his ſubject; and as ſoon as he enters into particulars, the greateſt wonder of all eſcapes him, the harmony and agreement of the whole. In the generation alone of animate and organized bodies, the human mind is loſt as in an abyſs; the barrier which nature has unalterably fixed between the different ſpecies, to prevent their being confounded, plainly demonſtrates her intention. She was not ſatisfied with the eſtabliſhment of order, but took proper meaſures that nothing ſhould diſturb it.

There is not a being in the univerſe, but may in ſome reſpect be conſidered as the common center of the reſt, around which they are ranged, ſo that they are all reciprocally related as the end and means. The human underſtanding is confounded in this infinity of relations, though not one of them is loſt in the crowd. How many abſurd ſuppoſitions muſt there be to deduce all this harmony from the blind mechaniſm of matter fortuitouſly moved. In vain do they, who deny the unity of intention, ſo manifeſt in the different relations of all the

* Could one imagine, had we not ſufficient proof of it, that human extravagance could ever be carried to ſuch a pitch? *Amatus Luſitanus* affirms, that *Julius Camillus*, by his alchymical knowledge, had produced a little man, an inch long; and that he had ſeen this creature himſelf preſerved in a viol. Paracelſus, *de natura rerum*, teaches the manner of producing thoſe little men, and maintains that the Pygmies, Fauns, Satyrs, and Nymphs, were engendered by chemiſtry. Indeed I ſee nothing further to be done towards eſtabliſhing the poſſibility of thoſe facts, but to aſſert that organic matter is capable of reſiſting the heat of fire, and that its particles may be preſerved alive in a reverberating furnace.

parts

parts of this great whole; in vain, I ſay, do they endeavour to gloſs over their nonſenſical jargon of abſtractions, co-ordinations, general principles, and emblematic terms; do what they will, it is impoſſible for me to conceive ſo regular a ſyſtem of beings, without diſcovering an intelligence by which they are regulated. It is not in my power to believe that inert and inanimate matter ever was able to produce animate and ſenſible ſubſtances, that a blind fatality could bring forth intelligence, that an incogitative ſubſtance could give exiſtence to beings endued with the faculty of thinking.

I therefore believe that the world is governed by a will poſſeſſed of power and wiſdom; I ſee it, or rather I feel it, and this to me is a knowledge of the utmoſt importance. But is the world eternal or created in time? Is there one only principle of things? Are there two, or how many, and what is their nature? Of all this I know nothing, and of what ſignification is it to me? In proportion as the knowledge of thoſe particulars becomes intereſting to myſelf, I ſhall endeavour to acquire it; ſo far I relinquiſh all idle inveſtigations, which may diſturb my ſelf-love, but are uſeleſs to my conduct, and exceed my comprehenſion.

Remember always that I am not inculcating, but ſtating my principles. Whether matter be eternal or not, whether there be a paſſive principle or not, ſtill it is very certain that there is a unity throughout the whole, which proclaims a ſingle intelligence; for I can ſee nothing in this ſyſtem but what is regularly framed, and concurs to the ſame end, namely, towards preſerving the eſtabliſhed order of the univerſe. This being, who has will and power, this being who is ſelf-active; this being in ſhort, whoſoever he be, that directs the motion of the univerſe, and has ordained all things, I diſtinguiſh by the name of God. To this name I join the ideas of intelligence, power, and will, which my reaſon hath diſcovered, and that of goodneſs, which flows from them, as a neceſſary conſequence.

ſequence. Yet I have not a better knowledge of the being to whom I have given thoſe attributes; he is imperceptible alike both to my ſenſes and to my underſtanding; the more he is the object of my thoughts, the more I am confounded; I know moſt certainly that he exiſts, and that he is ſelf-exiſtent; I know that my exiſtence is ſubordinate to his; and that every thing around me is abſolutely in the ſame caſe. I perceive God in all his works; I feel him within myſelf; I ſee him all round me; but as ſoon as I want to contemplate his nature, as ſoon I endeavour to find out his reſidence, his eſſence, his ſubſtance, he eſcapes my ſight, my imagination is overwhelmed, and my perception loſt.

Convinced, fully convinced of my inſufficiency, I ſhall never reaſon concerning the nature of God, unleſs I am obliged to it by a ſenſe of the relations between him and me. Theſe reaſonings are always raſh, a prudent man ſhould never engage in them but with the utmoſt trepidation, being perſuaded that he was never deſigned to fathom them: for it is more injurious to the Deity to think ill of him, than not to make him the object of our thoughts.

After I have diſcovered thoſe attributes, by which I know the exiſtence of the Deity, I turn back to myſelf, and inquire what rank I hold in the order of things ſubject to his government, and to my inquiry. And I find, beyond all diſpute, that my ſpecies placeth me in the firſt order; for in conſequence of my will, and by the means I have in my power to fulfill it, I am poſſeſſed of more force to act on the bodies that ſurround me, and to receive or to avoid their action, than any of them have to act upon me, againſt my will, and by a mere phyſical impulſe: beſides, by my intellectual powers, I am the only being that has the inſpection of the whole. What creature on earth, but man, is capable of obſerving all the reſt, of meaſuring, calculating, foreſeeing their movements and effects, and of joining, as it were, the ſenſe of common, to that of in-

individual, exiſtence? Is it ſo ridiculous to think the whole is made for me, when I am the only being capable of referring the whole to himſelf?

It is therefore true that man is monarch of the earth on which he reſides; for he not only ſubdues all animals, and renders the elements ſubſervient to his uſe; but he alone has that ſkill and ability: by contemplation he familiarizes himſelf with the ſtars, to which he cannot approach. Shew me another animal, that knows how to make a right uſe of fire, or to admire the ſolar rays. But man is capable of obſerving, and knowing the different ſcales of beings, and their relations; he is capable of feeling the beauty of order and virtue; he is capable of ſurveying the univerſe, and of elevating his mind to the mighty hand that holds the reins of the whole; he is capable of loving, and doing good; and ſhall he be compared to brutes? Abject ſoul, it is thy wretched philoſophy that levels thee with them! or rather in vain doſt thou endeavour to demean thy ſelf; thy genius riſes up as a witneſs againſt thy principles; thy benevolent diſpoſition condemns thy doctrine; and the very abuſe of thy faculties proves their excellence even againſt thy will.

But I, who have no ſyſtem to maintain, I who am a plain ſimple man, a lover of truth, a ſlave to no party, and who do not aſpire to the honour of being the founder of a ſect, but am content with that ſtation in which God has placed me, I behold nothing, but himſelf, ſuperior to my ſpecies; and had I my option of chuſing my place in the order of beings, what could I do better than to fix on the ſtate of humanity?

This reflection does not fill my head with vanity, but touches my heart; for this ſtate is not my own choice, nor was it due to the merit of a creature, which did not as yet exiſt. Can I be conſcious of this diſtinction, without congratulating myſelf upon my elevation to this honourable poſt, and without bleſſing

the hand that conferred it upon me? From the firſt reflection I caſt upon my own ſtate, my breaſt beats with ſentiments of gratitude and thankſgiving to the author of my ſpecies, and theſe very ſentiments are productive of my earlieſt homage to the beneficent Deity. I adore his ſupreme power, and am ſtrongly affected with his benefits. There is no neceſſity for teaching me this worſhip, it was dictated to me by nature. Is it not a natural conſequence of ſelf-love, to honour our protector, and to repay our benefactor with love?

But when I afterwards would know the particular place I hold among the human ſpecies, and for that purpoſe conſider its different ranks, and the men who fill them, how am I loſt! what a proſpect lies before me! where is that exact order I lately obſerved? The picture of nature was all harmony and proportion; that of our ſpecies is all diſorder and confuſion. Concord reigns among the elements, but mankind live in a chaos. The brutes are happy, their king alone is miſerable. O wiſdom! where are thy laws? O providence! is it thus thou governeſt the world? Beneficent being! what is become of thy power? I ſee evil upon earth.

Would you imagine, my good friend, that theſe gloomy reflections, and apparent contradictions, could give birth to ſuch ſublime ideas, as had never yet reſulted from my moſt diligent inquiries? Meditating on the nature of man, I thought I diſcovered in him two diſtinct principles; by one he is raiſed to the ſtudy of eternal truths, to the love of juſtice and morality, to the ſublime regions of the intellectual world, the contemplation of which is the higheſt delight of the true lovers of wiſdom; by the other he is depreſſed, and made a ſlave to his ſenſes, and paſſions, whoſe ſuggeſtions are diametrically oppoſite to the former inſpirations. Finding an inward ſtruggle, in conſequence of thoſe contrary motions, I ſaid to myſelf: No; man is not uncompounded; I am

willing, and I am not willing; I feel myſelf at the ſame time enſlaved and free; I ſee good and love it, yet I chuſe evil. I am active when I liſten to the voice of reaſon, paſſive when I am hurried away by my paſſions; and if I be quite overcome, my greateſt mortification is, that I was able to reſiſt.

Young man, give ear to what I ſay, confide in me, and I ſhall always deal ingenuouſly with you. If conſcience be owing to the prejudice of education, I am wrong, and there is no certain principle of morality; but if it be a natural inclination in man to prefer himſelf to the whole, and yet the firſt idea of juſtice is implanted in the human breaſt, let the philoſopher, who makes man a ſimple being, remove theſe contradictions, and I will acknowledge but one ſubſtance.

Obſerve, that by the word ſubſtance I underſtand in general a being endowed with ſome original quality, abſtracted from all particular or ſecondary modifications. Therefore if all the primary qualities we know of, were capable of being united in the ſame being, we ſhould acknowledge but one ſubſtance; but if there be ſome which exclude each other, there are as many different ſubſtances, as there is a poſſibility of ſuch excluſions. Reflect on this point; for my part, I want no more, let Mr. Locke ſay what he will, than to know that matter is extended and diviſible; to be convinced that it is incapable of thinking; and when a philoſopher comes and tells me that trees have the perception of feeling, and rocks that of thinking*, it is all in vain for him to en-

* Inſtead of aſſerting that rocks have the faculty of thinking, modern philoſophers ſeem to have diſcovered the very reverſe, that men have not the principle of cogitation. They allow of none but ſenſitive beings in nature, and the only difference they make between a man and a ſtone, is, that the former is a ſenſitive being with ſenſations, and the latter a ſenſitive being without. But if it be true that all matter has the perception of feeling, where ſhall I conceive the ſenſitive unity, or my own individual? Is

endeavour to puzzle me with his ſophiſtical arguments; I perceive he deals very unfairly, in chuſing rather to allow a ſenſible perception to ſtones, than a rational ſoul to man.

Let us ſuppoſe a deaf perſon, who denied the exiſtence of ſounds, becauſe they never affected his ear. I ſet before him a ſtringed inſtrument, and cauſe its uniſon to be ſounded by another inſtrument concealed from his ſight; he ſees the cord vibrate; and I tell him that this is effected by the ſound. Not at all, anſwers he, the cauſe of the vibration of the cord is in itſelf; it is the common quality of all bodies to vibrate thus: ſhew me therefore, ſay I, this vibration in other bodies, or at leaſt the cauſe thereof in this ſtring. I cannot, replies the deaf perſon; but becauſe the vibration of this cord is beyond my conception, am I therefore obliged to explain this by your ſounds, of which I have not the leaſt idea? This is clearing up an obſcure fact, by another ſtill

Is it in each particle of matter, or in the aggregated bodies? Shall I place this unity in the fluids and ſolids, in mixt bodies and elements? There is nothing, you will ſay, but individual beings in nature; but which are thoſe individuals? Is this ſtone an individual, or an aggregate of individuals? Is it a ſingle ſenſitive being, or does it contain as many of them as there are grains of ſand? If each elementary atom is a ſenſitive being, how ſhall I be able to conceive that intimate communication, by which the one feels itſelf in the other, ſo that their two ſelves be confounded in one? Attraction may be a law of nature inexplicable to us; but at leaſt we underſtand that attraction, acting according to quantity or maſs of matter, has nothing inconſiſtent with extenſion and diviſibility. Do you apprehend the ſame in regard to ſenſation? The ſenſible parts are extended, but the ſenſitive being is indiviſible and one; it is not divided, it is either all intire, or none; therefore the ſenſitive being is not a body. I know not how our materialiſts underſtand this point, but it ſeems to me that the ſame difficulties, which made them reject cogitation, ſhould likewiſe induce them to deny all ſenſitive perception, and I ſee no reaſon why, after taking the firſt ſtep, they did not follow the ſecond; where would be the harm of it? and ſince they are ſure they have no cogitation, how dare they affirm that they have any ſenſible perception?

more obſcure. Either let me have a ſenſible perception of your ſounds, or I muſt deny their exiſtence.

The more I reflect on cogitation, and the nature of the human underſtanding, the more I find that the reaſoning of the materialiſts reſembles that of this deaf man. They are deaf, indeed, to the voice of nature, a voice ſo ſonorous, that they cannot eaſily miſtake it: a machine does not think; neither motion, nor figure, are productive of reflection; there is ſomething within thee that endeavours to break thy chains; thou art not confined by ſpace; the whole univerſe cannot contain thee; thy ſentiments, thy deſires, thy inquietude, and even thy pride, have a different principle from this narrow body, to which thou feeleſt thyſelf confined.

No material body can move itſelf, and I find I can. In vain would you diſpute this point with me; I feel it; and this ſenſation affects me ſtronger than all the arguments you can bring againſt it. I have a body on which others act, and which re-acts on them; this reciprocality of action is clear beyond all doubt; but my will is independent of my ſenſes; I conſent, or I reſiſt, I yield or I vanquiſh, and I inwardly feel when I do a thing of my own choice, and when I only give way to my paſſions. I have always the power of willing, but not the force to execute. When I am overcome by temptations, I only follow the impulſe of external objects. When I condemn myſelf for this weakneſs, I liſten only to my will; my vices enſlave me, my remorſe ſets me free; my ſenſe of liberty is not effaced, till I become intirely corrupted, and till I ſtifle the voice of reaſon, which ſo ſtrongly oppoſes the dictates of ſenſe.

I have no idea of will, but by the perception of my own; neither have I any better knowledge of the underſtanding. When I am aſked, by what cauſe is my will determined; I would fain know what cauſe is it that determines my judgment: for it

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s very clear that thoſe two cauſes are but one; and f we are convinced that man is active in his deci- ions, and that his underſtanding is no more than he power of comparing and judging; we ſhall lainly ſee that liberty is only a power of the like ature, or derived from that: he chuſes good as he udged right; if he judges amiſs, he chuſes wrong. Then by what cauſe is his will determined? by his udgment. And his judgment by what? by his in- ellective faculty, by his power of judging: the deter- nining cauſe is himſelf. If you go beyond that, I m out of my latitude.

It is certain I am not free to will my own ood, neither am I at liberty to will evil to myſelf; ut my liberty conſiſts in this, that I can will no- hing but what is congruous or ſuitable to me, or at eaſt what I deem ſuch, without being determined y any extrinſic cauſe. Does it follow that I am not ny own maſter, becauſe I am not at liberty to alter ny nature and exiſtence?

The principle of all action is in the will of a free agent; higher you cannot aſcend. It is not the word liberty that means nothing; it is that of neceſ- ſity. To ſuppoſe ſome action, or effect, not derived from an active principle, is ſuppoſing an effect with- out a cauſe, and falling into a vicious circle. Either there is no firſt impreſſion, or every firſt impreſſion has no anterior cauſe, and there is no real will with- out liberty. Man is therefore free in all his actions, and as ſuch is animated with an immaterial ſubſtance: this is my third article of faith. From theſe three you will eaſily deduce all the reſt; without my con- tinuing to compute them.

If man be a free agent, he acts of himſelf; what- ever he does freely, neither interferes with, nor can be imputed to, the ordinary ſyſtem of pro- vidence. Providence wills not the evil, which man commits in abuſing the liberty received from above;

but providence does not hinder him from committing it; whether it be that this evil coming from ſo inſignificant a being, is none at all in the eye of the Deity; or he could not hinder it, without reſtraining his liberty, and doing a greater evil, by degrading his nature. He made this creature free, not that he might do evil, but good by choice. He placed him in a proper ſituation for this choice, by making a good uſe of the faculties with which he was endowed: but ſo far has he limited his force, that the abuſe of his liberty is incapable of diſturbing the general order. The evil which man doeth, falleth upon himſelf, without making any alteration in the mundane ſyſtem, without hindering the human ſpecies from propagating even againſt its will. To complain that God does not hinder the commiſſion of evil, is the ſame as finding fault that he framed him of a moſt excellent nature, that he ennobled his actions with morality, and dignified him with virtue. Supreme enjoyment is inward content of mind; to merit this content we are placed upon earth, endued with liberty, tempted by paſſions, and reſtrained by reaſon and conſcience. What could the divine goodneſs do more in our favour? Could he make our nature inconſiſtent, and give the reward for well doing, to him who had not the power of acting amiſs? What! to prevent man from being vicious, muſt the Deity confine him to inſtinct, and make him a brute? No, my divine maker, I ſhall never find fault that thou haſt created me after thy own image, to the end that I might be free, good, and happy like thyſelf!

It is the abuſe of our faculties that renders us vicious and unhappy. Our vexations, our cares, our troubles proceed from ourſelves. Moral evil is certainly our own work; and phyſical evil would be nothing at all, were it not for our vices, which render us ſenſible of it. Was it not for our preſervation that nature gave us a ſenſibility to our wants? Is not bodily pain a ſign that the machine is out of order

and

and a warning to remedy it? But death..... Do not the wicked embitter our lives as well as their own? Who is it that would chuſe to live for ever? Death is a remedy againſt the evils you create to yourſelf; nature has decreed you ſhould not eternally ſuffer. Man living according to his primitive ſimplicity is ſubject to very few evils. He is free from diſtempers as well as from paſſions, and has no foreknowledge or fear of death. When he feels it approaching, his miſeries render it deſirable to him; and from that time it is no longer an evil. Were we ſatisfied with being what we are, we ſhould have no reaſon to lament our fate; but purſuing an imaginary good, we expoſe ourſelves to a thouſand real evils. He who cannot bear a little hardſhip, muſt expect a great deal. After we have ſpoilt our conſtitution by our irregularities, we would fain reſtore it by remedies; to the evil we feel, we add that which we apprehend; the foreſight of death renders it terrible, and contributes to haſten it; the more we ſeek to avoid it, the more it affects us; and we die with terror during our whole lives, murmuring inceſſantly againſt nature, for the evils we have brought on ourſelves by tranſgreſſing her laws.

Inquire, O man, no longer into the author of evil; that author is thy ſelf. There is no other evil but that which thou doeſt or ſuffereſt; and both come from thee. General evil can ariſe only from diſorder; but in the mundane ſyſtem, I behold a conſtant harmony. Particular evil conſiſts only in the perception of him that feels it; and this perception man did not receive from nature, but from himſelf. Pain has but a ſlender effect upon a perſon, who having reflected but very little, has neither memory, nor forecaſt. Take away our fatal improvements, take away our errors, and our vices, take away the work of man, and all will go well.

Where all goes well, there is no injuſtice. Juſtice is inſeparable from goodneſs: and the latter is the

neceſſary effect of an unlimited power, and of ſelf-love, eſſential to every ſenſitive being. He who is omnipotent, extends, as it were, his own exiſtence, together with that of his creatures. To produce, and to preſerve, are perpetual acts of power; it does not operate upon non-entities; God is not the God of the dead; he could not be cruel and vicious, without hurting himſelf. He who is able to do every thing, can will nothing but what is good *. Therefore that being, who is ſupremely good, becauſe he is poſſeſſed of ſupreme power, muſt likewiſe be ſupremely juſt, otherwiſe he would contradict himſelf; for the love of order which produces his creatures, is called *goodneſs*; and the love of order which preſerves them, is diſtinguiſhed by the name of *juſtice*.

God, you will ſay, owes nothing to his creatures; I believe he owes them, whatever he promiſed them in bringing them into exiſtence. Now he has promiſed them good, by giving them an idea thereof, and rendering them ſenſible of the want of it. The more I retire within my own breaſt, the more I conſult myſelf, the more plainly I read theſe words imprinted on my ſoul, *be juſt, and thou ſhalt be happy*. Yet if we view only the preſent ſtate of things, it is quite otherwiſe; we ſee the wicked proſper, and the juſt oppreſſed. And how greatly does our indignation riſe, when this expectation is fruſtrated? Conſcience ſtarts up and murmurs againſt its maker; with heavy groans it cries out, Thou haſt deceived me!

I deceived thee, preſumptuous creature! and who told thee ſo? Haſt thou ceaſed to exiſt? O Brutus! O my ſon! do not ſtain thy precious life, by putting an end to it: do not leave thy hope and thy glory, to-

* When the ancients called the ſupreme Being *Optimus Maximus*, they ſaid very right; but if they had called him *Maximus Optimus*, they would have expreſſed themſelves more exactly, ſince his goodneſs flows from his power; he is good, becauſe he is great.

gether

gether with thy body, in the field of Philippi. Why ſayeſt thou, virtue is of no avail, when thou art going to receive the reward of thine? Thou ſayeſt thou art going to die; no, thou art entering upon another life, and there it is thou ſhall ſee me perform whatever I promiſed thee.

From the murmurings of impatient mortals, one would imagine, that the Deity owes them a recompenſe before they have deſerved it, and that he is obliged to anticipate the pay due to their virtue. Let us firſt of all be virtuous, and we ſhall afterwards be happy. Let us not demand the prize before the victory, nor the ſalary before we have done our work. The victors at our ſacred games are not crowned, ſaid Plutarch, in the liſts, but after they have finiſhed their career.

If the ſoul be immaterial, it is capable of ſurviving the body; and if ſo, providence is juſtified. Had I no other proof of the immateriality of the ſoul, than the triumph of the wicked, and the oppreſſion of the juſt upon earth, this alone would hinder me from entertaining the leaſt doubt of it. So grating a diſcord in the harmony of the univerſe, would ſet me upon an inquiry how to account for it. I ſhould ſay to myſelf: in regard to us, every thing does not end with life; every thing reverts into order at our death. I ſhould indeed be ſollicitous to know what is become of man, when his external frame is diſſolved. But this queſtion no longer embarraſſes me, when I acknowledge two ſubſtances. It is very plain that during this mortal life, as I have no perception but by means of my ſenſes, whatever is not ſubject to them, eſcapes my notice. When the union of body and ſoul is at an end, I apprehend that one may be diſſolved, and the other preſerved. Why ſhould the deſtruction of one, bring on the diſſolution of the other? On the contrary, being of ſuch different natures, during their union they were in a ſtate of violence; and when this ceaſes, they both

both return to their natural ſtate. The active and living ſpirit recovers the whole force it employed in giving motion to a paſſive and inanimate ſubſtance. Alas! I feel it but too much by my vices; during this preſent life, only one half of man may be ſaid to live; the life of the ſoul does not commence till after the death of the body.

But what is life? Is the ſoul of its own nature immortal? My finite underſtanding can have no conception of infinity; whatever knows no bounds, is to me incomprehenſible. I believe that the ſoul ſurvives the body long enough for the preſervation of order; who can tell whether it be to laſt for ever? I apprehend in what manner the body is worn and deſtroyed by the diviſion of its parts; but I can form no ſuch idea of a cogitative being; and as I cannot imagine that ſuch a being can periſh, I preſume it is immortal. Since this preſumption affords me conſolation, and implies nothing repugnant to reaſon, why ſhould I be afraid of giving into it?

I feel my ſoul; I know it by ſenſation and by thought; I know it exiſts, without having any knowledge of its eſſence; for I cannot reaſon from ideas which I have not. What I know extremely well, is that my identity is continued only by memory; and that to be really the ſame perſon, I muſt remember my exiſtence. Now it is impoſſible for me after death to remember my exiſtence during this preſent life, without recollecting at the ſame time my ſenſations, and conſequently my actions: and I make no doubt but this very remembrance will hereafter conſtitute the felicity of the good, and the miſery of the wicked. Here upon earth a thouſand tumultuous paſſions abſorb the voice of reaſon, and ſtifle remorſe. On the other hand, the humiliation and diſgrace, annexed to the practice of virtue, frequently hinder us from feeling all its charms. But when freed from the illuſion of corporeal ſenſes, we ſhall enjoy the contemplation of the ſupreme Being, and

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of the eternal truths, which flow from that divine ſource; when the beauty of order will ſtrike all the powers of the ſoul, and we ſhall be ſolely employed in comparing what we have done, with what we ought to have done: then it is that the voice of conſcience will reſume its full force and empire; then it is that the unmixed pleaſure, ariſing from ſelf-complacency, and the bitter ſorrow for paſt miſdemeanours, will be the eternal ſources of each man's fate, according to his reſpective merit. Do not aſk me, O my good friend, whether there be any other ſprings of joy or miſery; I know not; and it is enough that I fancy theſe, to comfort me in this life, and to make me hope for a better. I do not ſay that the juſt will be rewarded; for what other good can an excellent being expect, than to exiſt according to its nature? But I ſay they will be happy, becauſe their creator, the author of all juſtice, having framed them with ſenſitive powers, did not bring them into exiſtence in order to ſuffer; and as they made no ill uſe of their liberty upon earth, their deſtination was not fruſtrated through any fault of theirs; but as they underwent ſufferings in this life, they muſt of courſe be indemnified in the other. This opinion is not ſo much founded in the merit of man, as in the notion of goodneſs, inſeparable from the divine eſſence. I only ſuppoſe the laws of order obſerved, and God true and conſtant to himſelf *.

Neither are you to aſk me, whether the torments of the wicked be eternal; I know not; and I have no ſuch idle curioſity, as to enter into uſeleſs diſputes. What is the fate of the wicked to me? I am very little concerned about what becomes of them! Still I find it difficult to believe that they ſhould be condemned to eternal puniſhment. If the divine juſtice takes his revenge, he begins to do it even in this life. You, and your vices, O nations, are his miniſters.

* *Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truths ſake.* Pſ. 115.

He

He employs the evils you do to each other, to puniſh the guilt by which you incurred them. Your inſatiable breaſts, devoured by envy, avarice, and ambition, teem with thoſe avenging paſſions, which, in the midſt of your falſe proſperity, chaſtiſe you for your miſdeeds. What occaſion is there to ſearch for hell in another life, when it is here to be found, in the breaſts of the wicked?

Where our periſhable wants have an end, and where our fooliſh deſires ceaſe, there alſo ought our paſſions and vices to be extinguiſhed. Why ſhould pure ſpirits be ſuſceptible of any perverſity? As they ſtand in need of nothing, why ſhould they be wicked? If upon being diveſted of our groſs bodies, their whole felicity conſiſts in the contemplation of good beings, they can deſire nothing but good; and whoever ceaſes to be wicked, can he be for ever miſerable? Such is the reaſon I had for inclining to this opinion, without taking the pains to determine the point. O thou moſt merciful and moſt bounteous Being! Whatever be thy decrees, I adore them; if thou chaſtiſeſt the wicked, my feeble reaſon is annihilated before thy juſtice. But if the remorſes of thoſe unfortunates muſt end with time, if their evils are to be diſcontinued, and if the ſame peace is to attend us all one day, I praiſe thy goodneſs. Is not the wicked man my brother? How many times have I been tempted to follow his example? If delivered from his miſery, he likewiſe ſhould ceaſe to have the perverſity attending it; if he ſhould attain a ſtate of felicity as well as myſelf, far from exciting any jealouſy in my breaſt, his happineſs will only make an addition to mine.

Thus it is, that contemplating the Deity in his works, and inveſtigating his nature by means of thoſe attributes which it behoved me to know, I have at length improved, and gradually extended that imperfect and limited idea, which I had formed to myſelf in the beginning, of this immenſe and omnipotent

nipotent Being. But if on the one hand this idea is become much ſublimer and more enlarged, on the other it is leſs adapted to human capacity. In proportion as my mind advances towards the eternal light, its ſplendor dazzles me, and diſturbs my ſight; ſo that I am obliged at length to relinquiſh all terreſtrial ideas, by which I aſcended to the imaginary repreſentation of his divine eſſence. The Deity is no longer a corporeal and material being; the ſupreme intelligence that governs the world, is no longer the world itſelf; in vain do I fatigue myſelf in the inveſtigation of his nature. When I reflect, that it is he who gives life and ſoul to the active ſubſtance which animates human bodies; and when I am told, that my ſoul is a ſpiritual being, and that God is a ſpirit, I am fired with indignation againſt this debaſement of the divine eſſence, as if the Deity and my ſoul were of the ſame nature; as if the Deity were not the only abſolute being; the ſole being that acts, feels, thinks, and wills of himſelf, and of whom we hold our thoughts, our ſenſations, our activity, our will, our liberty and exiſtence. We are free agents, only becauſe he is willing we ſhould be ſuch; and his ſubſtance is as inexplicable in regard to us, as the human ſoul is in reſpect to the body. Whether he created all material bodies, as well as ſpirits, and the whole univerſe, I cannot tell. The idea of creation confounds me; I believe it as much as I am capable of conceiving it; but I am certain that he formed the univerſe; that every thing is his handy-work, and by him arranged in admirable order. God, no doubt, is eternal; but is my underſtanding capable of conceiving an idea of eternity? Why ſhould I be ſatisfied with empty words? What I conceive, is, that he exiſted before the world; that he will ſubſiſt ſo long as it continues, and even beyond that, if this world be one day to have an end. That a being whom I cannot conceive, ſhould give exiſtence

exiſtence to other beings, is only obſcure and incomprehenſible; but that exiſtence, and nothing ſhould convert themſelves into one another, is a palpable contradiction, an evident abſurdity.

God is intelligent; but in what manner? Man is intelligent, when he reaſons; and the ſupreme intelligence has no need to reaſon: there are no premiſes, nor conſequences, nor even propoſitions, in regard to him; his knowledge is merely intuitive; he ſees every thing alike, every thing that is, and that may be: all truths are to him but one idea, as all places are but one point; and all times but a ſingle moment. Human power acts by inſtruments, the divine power by itſelf; God is able, becauſe he is willing; his will conſtitutes his power. God is good, nothing is more manifeſt; but goodneſs in man is the love of his equals; and the goodneſs of God is the love of order; for by order, he ſupports every thing that exiſts, and connects the ſeveral parts with the whole. God is juſt, I am convinced of it; and it is a conſequence of his goodneſs: the iniquity of mankind is their own work, and not his: moral diſorders, which in the eye of philoſophers make againſt providence, to me are a demonſtration in its favour; but human juſtice is to give to each man that which belongs to him; divine juſtice is to make every man account for what he has received from heaven.

If I gradually diſcover theſe attributes, of which I have no abſolute idea, it is by forced conſequences, and by making a right uſe of my reaſon: but I affirm them without comprehending them, which in the main is no affirmation at all. In vain do I ſay to myſelf, God is ſo and ſo; I feel it, and have experimental proof of it: this does not bring me the nearer to conceive how God can have ſuch and ſuch attributes.

In ſhort, the more I endeavour to contemplate his infinite eſſence, the leſs I underſtand it; but it exiſts, and that to me is ſufficient: the leſs I underſtand it,

the more I adore it. I humble myſelf, and ſay inwardly, Being of beings, I am becauſe thou art; it is raiſing myſelf to the ſource from whence I ſprang, to contemplate thee inceſſantly. The higheſt uſe of my reaſon, is to annihilate itſelf before thee; it raviſhes my mind, it charms my weakneſs, to ſee myſelf overwhelmed with thy grandeur.

After having thus deduced the principal truths, which it behoved me to know, from the impreſſion of ſenſible objects, and from my own conſcience, which directs me to judge of cauſes according to the light of nature; there remains now for me, to enquire what maxims I ought to infer from thence, for regulating my conduct, and what rules I ought to preſcribe to myſelf, in order to fulfill the intention of him who placed me on this earthly globe. Still purſuing my own method, I do not derive theſe rules from the principles of the firſt philoſophy, but I find them ingraved by nature, in indelible characters, in the very bottom of my heart. I need only to conſult myſelf in regard to what I have to do; whatever I conceive to be right, is right; and whatever I apprehend to be wrong, is wrong: conſcience is the beſt of caſuiſts; and it is only when we parley with her, that we have recourſe to ſubtle argumentations. The principal care in life is that of the individual; and yet how often does the voice of conſcience inform us, that by procuring our own good at the expence of others, we are acting wrong. We think we follow the impulſe of nature, while we are reſiſting her calls; by regarding her addreſſes to our ſenſes, we deſpiſe thoſe ſhe makes to our hearts: the active being obeys, the paſſive commands. Conſcience is the voice of the ſoul, the paſſions are that of the body. Is it at all ſtrange, that theſe two languages ſhould often contradict each other; and then which muſt we liſten to? Reaſon but too often impoſes on us, ſo that we are fully intitled to except againſt her; but conſcience never deceives us; ſhe is the true guide of man;

man; ſhe is to the ſoul, what inſtinct is to the body *: whoever follows her, obeys nature, and is not afraid of going aſtray. This is a matter of great importance, continued my benefactor, obſerving that I was going to interrupt him; permit me to ſtop a little, in order to explain it.

All the morality of our actions conſiſts in the judgment we ourſelves form of them. If it be true, that goodneſs is good, it ought to be in the bottom of our hearts, as well as in our works; and the firſt reward of juſtice is to feel that we practiſe it. If moral goodneſs be conformable to our nature, man cannot be

* Modern philoſophy, which admits of nothing but what is capable of explanation, will not allow of this obſcure faculty, called inſtinct; which, without any acquired knowledge, ſeems to direct the brute creation towards its end. According to one of our ſage philoſophers, inſtinct is only a habit void of reflection, but acquired by reflecting; and from his manner of explaining this progreſs, we ſhould conclude, that children reflect a great deal; a paradox of ſo ſtrange a nature, as to merit examination. Without entering here into this diſcuſſion, I want to know what name you give to that impatience and ardour with which my dog goes to war with the moles, whom he does not eat; to the patience with which he watches them whole hours; to the dexterity with which he ſeizes them, drags them out of the ground the moment they put their heads out, kills them, and leaves their dead bodies on the ſpot; and all this, without having been ever trained up to that ſport, or apprized that there are moles in that place? Again I aſk, and this is more important: how comes it, that the firſt time I threatened this very dog, he threw himſelf upon his back, with his paws bent inward; in ſhort, in a ſuppliant poſture, the moſt proper to move me; a poſture in which he would not long continue, if, unmoved at his ſupplication, I had beaten him in that attitude? What! my little puppy, who was whelped but the other day, has he already acquired ſome moral ideas? Is he acquainted with the nature of mercy and generoſity? Who taught him to ſurrender himſelf at diſcretion, in hopes of pleaſing me? The whole canine ſpecies do the very ſame thing in all parts of the world, as every one muſt have obſerved. Thoſe philoſophers, who with ſuch arrogance reject all inſtinct, let them explain this phænomenon, not by the quibble of ſenſations and notices thereby acquired; let them explain it in a manner ſatisfactory to every man of ſenſe, then ſhall I have nothing further to ſay, and I ſhall ſpeak no more about inſtinct.

found

found in mind and conſtitution, but inaſmuch as he is good. If it be not conformable, and man is naturally wicked, he cannot ceaſe to be ſuch, without corrupting himſelf, and goodneſs is in him a vice againſt nature. Formed to hurt his equals, as a wolf to ſeize his prey, a tender-hearted man would be as vicious an animal as a gentle wolf, and virtue alone would leave us remorſe.

Let us enter into ourſelves, O my young friend, and examine, all perſonal intereſt apart, into the nature of our propenſities. Which are we moſt pleaſed with, to ſee our neighbour miſerable or happy? Which are we moſt inclined to, and which leaves the moſt agreeable impreſſion after we have done it, an act of charity and benevolence, or a deed of cruelty? Whoſe ſide do you eſpouſe on the ſtage? Do flagitious crimes afford you ſatisfaction, or do your tears flow upon ſeeing their authors puniſhed? Every thing is indifferent to us, ſay they, except our intereſt; on the contrary, the ſweets of friendſhip and humanity conſole us under our loſſes; and even in our pleaſures we ſhould be too ſolitary and miſerable, unleſs we had a friend to be the partner of our heart. If there be no morality implanted in the human breaſt, whence ariſe thoſe tranſports of admiration in favour of heroic deeds, and thoſe raptures of love for great and generous ſouls? What relation does this enthuſiaſm, in the cauſe of virtue, bear to our private intereſt? Why ſhould I chuſe to be rather in the place of Cato, who tears open his own bowels, than in that of Cæſar triumphing over his country? Extirpate this love of noble deeds out of our breaſts, and you bereave us of all that is ſoft and enchanting in life! He whoſe daſtardly ſoul has been ſtripped of theſe generous ſentiments, by brutal paſſions; he, who by concentering every thing within himſelf, has learnt to love nothing but his own dear perſon, feels no longer tranſports of joy; his frozen breaſt never glows with noble paſſions; ſcenes of tenderneſs never

draw a tear from his melting eyes; he has no manner of enjoyment: the wretch has no feeling; he is no more; he is dead!

But how great ſoever the number of the wicked be upon earth, there are but few of thoſe cadaverous ſouls, grown callous and inſenſible to every thing juſt and good, except where their intereſt is concerned. Villany never pleaſes a perſon, but when he profits by it; in every other reſpect, he is willing the innocent ſhould be protected. If you are a ſpectator in the public ſtreets, or on the high road, of any act of violence and injuſtice, immediately you are ſeized with the utmoſt indignation, and you find yourſelf inclined to eſpouſe the part of the injured and oppreſſed; but your zeal is checked by a more forcible duty, and the law deprives you of the privilege of protecting innocence. On the other hand, if an act of clemency or generoſity is exhibited to our view, how great our admiration, and how ſtrongly are we affected! Who is it that does not ſay to himſelf, I ſhould be glad to have done as much? It certainly is of very little import to us, whether a man was wicked or virtuous two thouſand years ago; and yet we are affected in the ſame manner, upon reading the events of ancient ſtory, as in hearing the tranſactions of our own times. What are Catiline's crimes to me? Am I afraid of falling a ſacrifice to his ambition? Why then have I the ſame horror for him, as if he were my cotemporary? We deteſt the wicked, not only becauſe they hurt us, but on account of their wickedneſs. We would not only be happy ourſelves, but we would have others happy too, and when the happineſs is not ſubtracted from ours, it ſerves to increaſe it. In ſhort, our compaſſion riſes for the unfortunate even againſt our will; when we are witneſs to their ſufferings, we ſympathize with them, that is, we ſuffer in their company. The moſt abandoned of mankind are not intirely deſtitute of this feeling; nay, it often ſets them at variance with themſelves. The robber who ſtrips the traveller

traveller on the highway, will cover the naked beggar in the ſtreet: and the fierceſt aſſaſſin will help a man who is fainting away.

Some talk of the cries of remorſe, which puniſh the guilty conſcience, and oftentimes bring heinous crimes to light. Alas! where is the man that never heard that importunate voice? We ſpeak by experience, and ſhould be glad to ſtifle that tyrannical ſenſation, which gives us ſo much pain and torture. Let us obey the voice of nature, we ſhall be charmed with its gentle reign, and after liſtening to its dictates, we ſhall be delighted with the inward teſtimony of a good conſcience. The wicked man dreads and ſhuns himſelf; he diverts his thoughts to outward objects; his reſtleſs eyes he caſts all round him, and inceſſantly ſeeks for amuſement; were it not for the keen ſatyr, or taunting lampoon, he would be ever melancholy; ſcoffing laughter is his whole delight. On the contrary, the tranquillity of the righteous man ariſes from within; his ſmile does not proceed from malignity, but from joy: he has the ſource of it within himſelf; he is as chearful alone as at an aſſembly; he does not derive his contentment from thoſe who approach him; but communicates it to them.

Caſt your eye round on every nation in the world, and peruſe their hiſtories: among that vaſt multitude of inhuman and fantaſtical religions, among that prodigious variety of manners and characters, you will every where find the ſame ideas of juſtice and honeſty, the ſame notions of good and evil. The pagan religion of the ancients was productive of abominable deities, who would have been puniſhed on earth for their wickedneſs, and whoſe idea of ſupreme happineſs conſiſted in the commiſſion of vice, and in indulging their paſſions. But in vain did vice, though armed with a ſacred authority, deſcend from the celeſtial manſions; it was chaſed by moral inſtinct from the human

breaſt. While they celebrated the debauches of Jupiter, they admired the continency of Xenocrates; the chaſte Lucretia worſhipped the unchaſte Venus; the intrepid Roman offered up ſacrifices to Fear; he invoked the god, who mutilated his father, and died without repining by the hand of his own parent; the moſt contemptible deities were adored by the greateſt men. The ſacred voice of nature, much ſtronger than that of the heathen gods, was revered upon earth, and ſeemed to baniſh vice into heaven.

There is therefore implanted in the human breaſt, an innate principle of juſtice and virtue, whereby we judge of our own and other people's actions, as good or bad, in ſpite of our own maxims; and it is this principle that I diſtinguiſh by the name of conſcience.

But againſt this doctrine I hear a loud clamour raiſed by the pretended philoſophers of the age: errors of infancy, they will all cry out, prejudices of education! There is nothing in the human mind, but what has been introduced by experience; and we judge of every thing from acquired ideas. They go further; for they preſume to reject this evident and univerſal agreement of all nations, and in oppoſition to the univerſality of opinions, they have been rummaging for ſome obſcure example, known to themſelves only; as if our natural inclinations were all annihilated by the depravity of a ſingle people, and upon the appearance of monſters, the ſpecies were to be deſtroyed. But of what avail is it to the ſceptic Montaigne, to give himſelf ſuch trouble in ſearching every corner of the earth for a cuſtom oppoſite to the ideas of juſtice? Of what uſe is it to him, that he aſſents to the accounts of the moſt ſuſpected travellers, and rejects the authority of the moſt celebrated writers? Shall a few extravagant cuſtoms, unſupported by evidence, and founded only on local cauſes unknown to us; ſhall they, I ſay, deſtroy the general induction drawn from

from the unanimous conſent of all nations, oppoſite in every thing elſe, and agreeing only in this one point? O Montaigne! thou who boaſteſt of ſincerity and truth, be ſincere and true, if a philoſopher can be ſo, and tell me, is there a country upon earth, where to be merciful, benevolent, and generous, is deemed a crime; where the honeſt man is contemned, and the villain honoured?

Each man, you will ſay, for his own intereſt concurs in promoting the public good; how comes it then that the juſt ſhould, to his own prejudice, concur in the ſame deſign? Can encountering death be reckoned for his intereſt? No doubt but every man acts for his own good; but if there be no moral good to be taken into the account, you will explain no actions, but thoſe of the wicked, by the motive of intereſt. Nay, it is very probable you will not be tempted to go any further. How deteſtable the philoſophy, that is embarraſſed by virtuous actions, and puzzled to explain them, without having recourſe to diſhoneſt motives; that is obliged to vilify Socrates, and throw calumnies on Regulus! If ever ſuch doctrines as theſe ſhould gain ground amongſt us, the voice of nature and reaſon would inceſſantly oppoſe them, and never ſuffer any of their adherents to plead the excuſe of invincible ignorance.

My deſign is not to enter here into metaphyſical diſcuſſions, which ſurpaſs my capacity and yours; and in the main are productive of nothing. I told you already that I did not intend to philoſophize, but to aſſiſt you in conſulting your own heart. Were all the philoſophers in the world to prove to you that I am wrong, if you are ſenſible that I am in the right, I want no more.

For this purpoſe you have only to diſtinguiſh our acquired ideas from our natural ſenſations; for we have a perception by ſenſe, before we have that by thought: and as we do not learn to wiſh for good,

and to avoid evil, but we derive this diſpoſition from nature, ſo the love of good, and averſion to evil, are as natural to us as the love of ourſelves. The acts of conſcience are not judgments, but inward ſenſations; though all our ideas come from external objects, the perceptions by which they are eſtimated are within us, and it is by them alone we know the agreement or diſagreement between ourſelves and the objects, which we ought to purſue or avoid.

Exiſtence, in regard to us, is the ſame as feeling; ſenſibility is undeniably prior to our underſtanding, and ſenſations are prior to our ideas. Whatever may be the cauſe of our being, it has provided for our preſervation, by giving us ſenſations ſuitable to our nature, and no body will pretend to deny, but at leaſt theſe are innate. Theſe ſenſations, are the love of the individual, the apprehenſion of pain, the dread of death, and the deſire of happineſs. But if man, as there is no reaſon to doubt of it, be of his own nature a ſociable animal, or at leaſt formed for ſociety, he cannot become ſuch, but by other innate ſenſations relative to his ſpecies; for the conſideration of our natural wants, would rather diſperſe mankind, than collect them in a body. Now the impulſe of conſcience ariſes from the moral ſyſtem, formed by this double relation to ourſelves, and to our fellow-creatures. To have a knowledge of good, is not loving it; man has no innate knowledge of it; but as ſoon as his reaſon makes it known to him, his conſcience inclines him to love it: this is the innate ſenſation.

I do not therefore imagine, my friend, that it is impoſſible, from the conſequences of our nature, to explain the immediate principle of conſcience, independent of reaſon itſelf; and were it even impoſſible, ſtill there would be no neceſſity for it; for ſince they who deny this principle, though admitted and acknowledged by all mankind, do not prove that it does not exiſt, but are contented with barely affirm-

affirming it; ſo when we aſſert its exiſtence, we have as good grounds to proceed upon as they, and we have moreover the inward teſtimony, and the voice of conſcience, which bears evidence for itſelf. If the firſt glimmerings of judgment dazzle our eyes, and make us confound the objects, let us wait till this dimneſs is over, till we perfectly recover our ſight, and then we ſhall behold thoſe very objects, by the light of reaſon, in their natural colours; or rather let us have more ſimplicity, and leſs affectation and pride; let us confine ourſelves to the firſt ſenſations we find within us, ſince this is the point to which our ſtudy and reſearches ought always to direct us.

Conſcience! conſcience! heaven-born inſtinct; divine and immortal voice; ſure guide of a being ignorant and finite; but free and intelligent; thou infallible judge of good and evil, who rendereſt man like unto God; it is thou who formeſt the excellence of his nature, and the morality of his actions; without thee I feel nothing within my breaſt, that raiſes me above the brute creation, except the diſmal prerogative of wandering through a maze of errors, by the help of an underſtanding unconfined by rule, and of a reaſon untutored by principle.

I thank heaven, we are now reſcued from all this frightful apparatus of philoſophy; we may be men, without being learned; no longer obliged to conſume our days in the ſtudy of morality, we have a ſurer guide at leſs expence, in this immenſe labyrinth of human opinions. But it is not enough that this guide exiſts, we muſt acknowledge and follow it: If it ſpeaks to our hearts, why then are there ſo few who underſtand it? Alas! it is becauſe it ſpeaks in the language of nature, which every thing has helped to make us forget. Conſcience is timid; it loves ſolitude and tranquillity; the world and its buſtle frighten it; the prejudices, from which it is ſaid to ariſe, are its moſt cruel enemies, it is ſilent, or

flees before them; their thundering noiſe ſtifles its voice, and prevents it from being heard; fanaticiſm preſumes to aſſume its appearance, and to dictate iniquity in its ſacred name. At length it is diſcouraged by frequent denials; it ſpeaks to us no more, nor does it make any more anſwers; and after it has been treated ſo long with contempt, it coſts us as much to recall, as it did to baniſh it.

How often have I been tired in my reſearches, with the inſipidity and indifference I felt within me! How often have my firſt meditations been poiſoned, by melancholy and chagrin, which rendered them inſupportable? My ſoul, in its aridity, expreſſed but a very faint regard for the love of truth. I inwardly ſaid, why ſhould I thus torment myſelf, in ſeeking for what is not to be found? Moral good is a chimera; there is no real good, but ſenſual pleaſure. When once we have loſt a reliſh for mental delights, O how difficult it is to recover it! How much more difficult to attain that reliſh, if we never poſſeſſed it! If ever there exiſted a man ſo miſerable, as to have done nothing in his whole life, the remembrance of which could render him content with himſelf, and pleaſed with his exiſtence, this man would be incapable of ſelf-knowledge; and for want of feeling the ſort of goodneſs ſuitable to his nature, he would be forced to continue a villain, and muſt be eternally miſerable. But do you think there is a man upon earth ſo depraved, as never to have ſuffered his heart to yield to the temptation of doing good? A temptation ſo natural, and ſo bewitching, that it is impoſſible to reſiſt it for ever; and the remembrance of the pleaſure it once afforded, is always ſufficient to renew it. But unfortunately it is at firſt with difficulty ſatisfied; we have a thouſand reaſons for refuſing to follow the inclinations of the heart; falſe prudence confines it within the bounds of ſelf; and to break through thoſe bounds, requires a very extraordinary exertion of courage. To be pleaſed

with

with good actions, is the reward of virtue; which cannot be obtained, till we have deſerved it. Nothing is more amiable than virtue, but we muſt enjoy it, to reliſh its ſweets. When we attempt to embrace it, like Proteus in the fable, it aſſumes a thouſand frightful forms, and appears at length undiſguiſed to thoſe only who will not let go their hold.

Struggling inceſſantly with my natural ſenſations, which pleaded for the common intereſt, and with reaſon, which referred every thing to myſelf, I ſhould have fluctuated all my life in this continual ſucceſſion, practiſing vice, but approving virtue, and ever ſelf-inconſiſtent, if freſh lights had not broke in upon me, and ſhewed me the truth, which not only eſtabliſhed my opinions, but regulated my conduct, and reconciled me to myſelf. To attempt the eſtabliſhment of virtue, by reaſon only, is all in vain: on what foundation can you fix it? Virtue, they ſay, is the love of order; therefore I may, and ought to prefer it to my own welfare. Let them give me a clear and ſufficient reaſon for this preference. In reality, their pretended principle is a mere quibble; for I may as well ſay, that vice is the love of order, taken in a different ſenſe. There is ſome moral order, wherever there is ſenſation and intelligence. The difference is, that the honeſt man orders himſelf in regard to the whole; whereas the knave orders the whole in regard to himſelf. The latter makes every thing center in his own perſon; the former meaſures his radius, and keeps within the circumference. Then he is in order, with reſpect to the common center, which is God; and to the concentric circles, the creatures. If no Deity exiſts, the wicked alone can be ſaid to reaſon, and virtuous men are fools.

O my child! may you one day be ſenſible, how greatly the mind is eaſed, when after exhauſting the vanity of human opinions, and taſting the bitter fruit

fruit of jarring paſſions, it finds itſelf at length ſo near the road to wiſdom, the reward of all its toils, and ſource of that happineſs which it had deſponded ever to ſee. The whole law of nature, which by the iniquity of man was almoſt eraſed out of my breaſt, is imprinted there once more in the name of the eternal juſtice, who impoſes the obligation upon me, and ſees me fulfill it. I have an internal ſenſe of the workings of that great being, who wills to do good, and does it; and who effectuates my good, by the concurrence of my will with his, and by the good uſe of my liberty: I acquieſce in the order he has eſtabliſhed, ſure of enjoying one day that order, and of finding my felicity in it; for what greater felicity can there be, than to feel one's ſelf placed in a ſyſtem, where every thing is regularly ordained? Tortured with pain, I patiently bear it, reflecting that it is tranſitory, and proceeds from a body independent on me. If I perform a good action unſeen, I know there is a witneſs to it, and I make my conduct in this life, a pledge for my happineſs in the other. When I ſuffer any injuſtice, I ſay to myſelf, the juſt Being, who directs the whole, knows how to indemnify me; my bodily infirmities, and the miſeries of human life, render the idea of death more ſupportable. I ſhall have the fewer ties to break, when I am obliged to depart from this world.

How comes the ſoul to be tied to the ſenſes, to be chained to a body, which holds it in continual ſubjection? I know not indeed; nor am I acquainted with the decrees of heaven? But without temerity I may form a few modeſt conjectures. I ſay to myſelf, were the human mind to be free from all bodily contagion, what merit would there be in loving, and conforming to that order, which it ſaw eſtabliſhed, and which it would have no intereſt to diſturb? It would be happy, I acknowledge; but it would want the ſublimeſt degree of happineſs, namely, the

the glory of virtue, and the teſtimony of a good conſcience; it would only reſemble the angels; and ſurely a virtuous man will be ſomething more than thoſe celeſtial ſpirits. The ſoul being united to a mortal body, by ties no leſs powerful than incomprehenſible, is excited, by the care of preſerving this body, to refer every thing towards it, and from thence imbibes an intereſt contrary to the general order, which ſhe is capable, nevertheleſs, of ſeeing and loving: then it is that the good uſe of her liberty becomes at the ſame time both a merit and reward; and that by combating her earthly paſſions, and adhering ſteadily to her firſt will, ſhe prepares herſelf for unalterable felicity.

But if, during our preſent ſtate of debaſement, all our firſt inclinations be lawful, and all our vices proceed from ourſelves, why do we complain of being ſubdued by them? Why do we blame our Creator for the evil we do to ourſelves, or for the enemies we arm againſt our own perſons? Alas! let us not ſpoil the human ſyſtem: man will be always good without trouble, and happy without remorſe. The wicked, who pretend to be dragged to iniquity, are guilty of the greateſt falſity: how comes it they do not ſee, that the weakneſs they complain of, is their own work; that their original depravity proceeds from their own will; and that by often complying with temptations, they are obliged ever after to yield, and loſe all power of reſiſtance? I own it does not depend upon them, at preſent, not to be infirm and vicious, but they had it in their power not to become ſuch. How eaſily ſhould we maſter ourſelves and our paſſions, even during this life, if before our habits were formed, and our underſtanding opened, we took care to employ it about ſuch objects as it ought to know, in order to ſet a juſt value on thoſe with which it is yet unacquainted; if we had a ſincere deſire of improving our minds, not with a view

view to ſhine in company, but to be virtuous and wiſe, according to our nature, and to render ourſelves happy, by the practice of our duties. A purſuit of this kind ſeems painful and diſagreeable, only becauſe we do not think of it till we have been corrupted by vice, and become ſlaves to our inordinate deſires. We fix our judgment and eſteem, before we have a knowledge of good and evil; and then referring every thing to this falſe ſtandard, we are ever miſtaken in our eſtimate.

There is a period of life, when the heart, ſtill diſengaged, but reſtleſs and impatient, and greedy after happineſs without knowing it, purſues it with a curious uncertainty; till deluded by the ſenſes, it fixes at length on its image, and thinks to find it where it does not reſide. Too long did thoſe deluſions laſt! Alas! I diſcovered them when it was too late, and have not been able intirely to deſtroy them; they will laſt as long as this mortal body which gave them birth. In vain, indeed, do they tempt me at preſent, they deceive me no longer; I know them to be what they really are; and even in yielding to their importunity, I treat them with contempt. Inſtead of conſidering them as conducive to my happineſs, I perceive they obſtruct it. I ardently long for the happy moment, when delivered from the fetters of this mortal body, I ſhall be *myſelf*, without any oppoſition; I ſhall have occaſion only for myſelf to be happy; in the mean time, I have felicity here below, becauſe I am little concerned about earthly evils, which I conſider as almoſt foreign to my being, ſince all the real advantages that can be drawn from them are in my own power.

In order to anticipate as much as poſſible this ſtate of happineſs, ſtrength, and liberty, I exerciſe my mind in ſublime contemplations. I meditate on the order of the univerſe, not to frame vain ſyſtems in explaining it, but to admire it inceſſantly, and to adore the

the wiſe Creator, who has ſhewn it to be the work of his hand. I converſe with him; my faculties are all impreſſed with his divine eſſence; I am moſt tenderly affected with his benefits, I bleſs him for his gifts, but I do not addreſs any prayer to him; for what ſhould I aſk of the divine Majeſty? To change the natural courſe of things, or to do miracles in my favour? I, who ought above all things to love the order eſtabliſhed by his wiſdom, and ſupported by his providence, ſhall I be glad that this were diſturbed? No; ſo raſh a deſire would deſerve rather to be puniſhed than heard. Neither do I beg for the power of doing good: why ſhould I aſk of him what he has already granted me? Has not he given me a conſcience to love good, reaſon to know it, and liberty to chuſe it? If I do wrong, I have no excuſe; I do it, becauſe it is my will ſo to do: to aſk him to change my will, is to aſk of him what he requires of me; it is wanting him to do my work, and to take the ſalary myſelf: to be diſſatisfied with my ſtate, is not being a man; is wanting things to be what they are not; is wanting vice and diſorder. O God, thou ſource of juſtice and truth, of mercy and goodneſs! in my full confidence in thee, the chief deſire of my heart is, that thy will be done! By adding mine unto it, I follow thy example, and acquieſce under thy goodneſs; I think I have a foretaſte of that ſupreme felicity, which is the reward of my acquieſcence.

Juſtly diffident of myſelf, the only thing I aſk of him, or rather I expect from his juſtice, is to rectify my error if I go aſtray, and if the error be attended with danger. Though I act upon the whole with great ſincerity, yet I do not look upon myſelf as infallible; my opinions, which appear very true to me, may happen to be falſe; for where is the man that is not wedded to his own notions; and how few are they who agree on every point? In vain does the illuſion

come

come from me; it is he alone can cure it. I have uſed all my endeavours to come at the truth; its ſource is too high for me to reach: when my ſtrength fails me, and I can proceed no further, in what am I culpable? The ſource muſt then draw nearer to me.

The good prieſt had delivered himſelf with ſome vehemence; he was affected, and ſo was I. Methought I heard the divine Orpheus chanting his heavenly hymns, and inſtructing mankind in the worſhip of the gods. I was aware of many objections; to which his doctrine was liable, but I made none, becauſe they were rather ſpecious than ſolid, and he had perſuaſion on his ſide. In proportion as he opened himſelf to me, according to the dictates of his conſcience, mine ſeemed to confirm the whole that he had been ſaying.

The doctrine, ſaid I, you have been explaining, ſeems new to me, rather in regard to what you profeſs yourſelf ignorant of, than to what you believe. I ſee it nearly contains the ſyſtem of theiſm, or natural religion, which Chriſtians affect to confound with atheiſm or irreligion, doctrines diametrically oppoſite. But in my preſent ſtate of religion, I muſt aſcend rather than deſcend, before I can adopt your opinion; and I find it very difficult to ſtop exactly where you are at preſent, unleſs I were endued with your wiſdom and knowledge; at leaſt to attain your ſincerity, I muſt conſult my own breaſt. The internal ſenſe, or voice of conſcience, muſt conduct me, as it has done you; and I have learnt from yourſelf, that, after ſilencing it for any time, it is not ſo eaſy to reſtore it to ſpeech. Your diſcourſes I bear imprinted in my heart; they muſt be the ſubject of my meditation. If after having conſidered the matter as fully as you have done, I ſhould remain equally convinced, you ſhall be my laſt apoſtle, and I your proſelyte till the day of my death. Yet proceed, I pray

pray you, with your inſtructions; you have not, as yet, diſcloſed one half. Let me hear what you have to ſay in regard to revelation, to the ſacred ſcriptures, and thoſe obſcure doctrines, in which I have been bewildered ever ſince my childhood, without being able to form any conception of them, and of courſe either to admit them as divine truths, or to reject them as ridiculous abſurdities.

Yes, child, ſaid he, embracing me, I will finiſh with telling you all I think; I will not unboſom myſelf to you by halves; but the deſire you expreſſed, was neceſſary to authorize my behaving with no reſerve. Hitherto I have not ſaid a ſingle word, but what I judged might be of uſe to you, and of which I was not firmly perſuaded. The remainder of our inquiry is quite a different thing; it is full of myſtery and obſcurity; and I enter upon it with uncertainty and diffidence. I tremble upon coming to a deciſion; and I communicate to you my doubts, rather than my ſentiments. If yours were more fixed, I ſhould be loath as yet to tell you mine; but in your preſent condition, you muſt be a gainer in thinking as I do *. As for the reſt, let not my diſcourſes have any further weight with you, than as they are ſupported by reaſon; I know not whether I am in an error. It is difficult, in the diſcuſſing of points, not to aſſume an air of authority; but remember, that whatever I affirm, is only a reaſon for doubting. Seek for the truth yourſelf; for my part, I promiſe you nothing but ſincerity. My expoſition of faith proceeds, you ſee, no further than natural religion: it is very odd there ſhould be a neceſſity for any other †! How ſhall

* This I believe is what the good vicar of Savoy may ſay at preſent to the public.

† The author does not here deliver his own ſentiments, but thoſe of a modern Deiſt, repreſented by the prieſt of Savoy, who follows the footſteps of the pagan philoſophers, in conforming to the

ſhall I know this neceſſity? How can I be guilty of a crime in ſerving God according to the beſt of my underſtanding, and to the natural ſentiments which he has implanted within me? Can any poſitive doctrine contain a ſyſtem of morality, more conducive to the welfare of mankind, and more honourable to its author, than that which may be inferred from the right uſe of my rational faculties? Shew me what additions can be made for the glory of God, for the good of ſociety, and for my own private advantage, to the duties of the law of nature; and what virtue can poſſibly ſpring from a new form of worſhip, which is not a conſequence of mine? The ſublimeſt ideas of the Divinity we derive from reaſon alone. Behold nature diſplayed, and hearken to the internal voice of conſcience! Has not God intirely revealed himſelf to our eyes, to our conſciences, and to our judgment? What could mortals ſay more? Their revelations only degrade the Deity, by inveſting him with human paſſions. I ſee that ſyſtems of theology, inſtead of illuſtrating the divine attributes, only help to darken them; that inſtead of contributing to their ſublimity, they greatly debaſe them; that to the incomprehenſible myſteries with which the divine nature is environed, they add the moſt abſurd contradictions; that they render mankind haughty, intolerant, and cruel; that inſtead of eſtabliſhing peace upon earth, they have laid it waſte with fire and ſword. I aſk myſelf, to what purpoſe is all this, but am inca-

the practice of a religion which he did not believe. The arguments contain nothing new; nothing but what has been often anſwered by our own divines, and particularly by the learned Dr. Clarke, in his Diſcourſe on the truth and certainty of the Chriſtian Revelation; where he demonſtrates the inſufficiency of natural religion, the neceſſity and uſe of divine revelation, and the juſt grounds of Chriſtianity. See alſo the learned and religious Dr. Stanhope, in his edition of Monſieur Charron, vol. 2. p. 110. where he refutes the objections of that writer againſt the divine origin of religion. *The Tranſlator.*

pable of making an anſwer. I ſee theſe ſyſtems are productive of a great deal of wickedneſs, and havock to the human race.

I was told that a revelation was neceſſary for pointing out the manner in which God thought fit to be ſerved: and in ſupport of this, I was informed of the various extravagant modes of worſhip inſtituted by man; but thoſe who told me ſo, did not advert that this diverſity of religions is owing to pretended revelations. As ſoon as people took it into their heads to have a revelation from the Deity, every man had a communication after his own way, and made the Deity ſay what he pleaſed. If they had paid attention to what God ſays to the heart of man, there never would have been more than one religion upon earth.

It was neceſſary to have an uniformity of worſhip, I grant you: but was this a point of ſuch importance, as required the apparatus of the divine power to eſtabliſh it? Let us not confound the externals of religion with religion itſelf. The worſhip God commands, is that of the heart; and this, when ſincere, is always uniform. Surely it is a moſt extravagant vanity to imagine, that the Deity concerns himſelf about the form of a prieſt's habit; about the order of the words he pronounces; the geſtures he makes at the altar, and about all his genuflexions. Alas, my friend! be as high as thou wilt, ſtill thou muſt be very near the ground. God deſires to be worſhipped in ſpirit and in truth; this is the duty of all religions, of all countries, and of all mankind. With regard to external worſhip, if it muſt be uniform, for the ſake of good order, that is a matter relating to civil polity, and requires no revelation.

I did not begin with all theſe reflexions. Hurried away by the prejudice of education, and by that dangerous paſſion of ſelf-love, which perpetually attempts to raiſe mankind above their ſphere, incapable of elevating my feeble conceptions ſo high as the

Deity, I endeavoured hard to bring him down to my own level. I was for removing the infinite diſtance of thoſe relations, which he has placed between his nature and mine. I wanted more immediate communications, more particular inſtructions; and not content with making God reſemble man, in order to have a prerogative among my equals, I would fain have a ſupernatural light; I wanted an excluſive worſhip; I wanted the Deity to reveal to me what he had diſcloſed to no body elſe; or what others ſhould be incapable of underſtanding ſo well as myſelf.

Looking on this as the common point from which all believers ſet out to ſearch for a purer worſhip, I found that the religion of nature contained only the elements of every religion. I conſidered the diverſity of ſects with whom the earth is overſpread, each mutually charging all the others with deception and error: I aſked, *which is the true religion?* Each of them made anſwer, mine *; none but myſelf, and thoſe

* *All of them*, ſays a good and learned prieſt, *do in effect aſſume to themſelves that declaration of the apoſtle*; not of men, neither by man, nor of any other creature, but of God. Gal. i. 1. 12. *But if we lay aſide all flattery and diſguiſe, and ſpeak freely to the point, there will be found very little or nothing at the bottom of all theſe mighty boaſtings. For, whatever man may ſay or think to the contrary, it is manifeſt, that all ſorts of religion are handed down and received by human methods.——This ſeems to be ſufficiently plain; firſt, from the manner of religion's getting ground in the world; and that whether we regard the firſt general planting of any perſuaſion, or the method of its gaining now upon private perſons. For whence is the daily increaſe of any ſect? Does not the nation to which we belong, the country where we dwell, nay, the town or the family in which we were born, commonly give us our religion? We take that which is the growth of the ſoil; and whatever we were born in the midſt of, and bred up to, that profeſſion we ſtill keep. We are circumciſed or baptiſed, Jews, or Chriſtians, or Mahometans, before we can be ſenſible that we are men; ſo that religion is not the generality of people's choice, but their fate; not ſo much their own act and deed, as the act of others for and upon them.——Were religion our own free choice, and the reſult of our own judgment, the life and manners of men could not be at ſo vaſt a diſtance, and manifeſt diſagreement from their principles; nor could they, upon every ſlight and common*

thoſe of my way of thinking, are in the right; the reſt of mankind are in an error. And how do *you know that yours is the true religion?* Becauſe God ſaid it. And who told you that God ſaid it? The parſon of our pariſh, who knows it extremely well. The parſon deſired me to believe it, and I do believe it; he aſſures me, that all thoſe who ſay the contrary, are liars, and therefore I pay no attention to them.

What, ſaid I to myſelf, is not the truth always one and the ſame; and what is true in my houſe, can it be falſe in yours? If they who are in the right road, and they who have miſſed their way, both purſued the ſame method, what merit or demerit is there in one more than in the other? Their choice is merely the effect of hazard; to make them anſwerable for it, is unjuſt; it is rewarding or puniſhing them for not being born in ſuch or ſuch a country. To pretend that the Deity judges us after this manner, is an inſult to his juſtice.

Either all religions are good and agreeable to God, or if he has preſcribed a particular worſhip to mankind, and puniſhes them for not acknowledging it, he has given us evident and manifeſt ſigns, to diſtinguiſh that true religion from the falſe. Theſe muſt be applicable to all times and places, intelligible to all men, the great and the ſmall, the learned and the ignorant; Europeans, Indians, Africans, and Savages. If there were a religion upon earth, out of which there was no ſalvation, and there happened to be in any part of the globe a ſingle mortal not fully ſatisfied with its evidence, the god of that religion would be the moſt unjuſt and the cruelleſt of tyrants.

common occaſion, act ſo directly contrary to the whole tenor and deſign of their religion. Charron of Wiſdom, book 2. chap. 5. The Tranſlator obſerves, that the foregoing paſſage is taken from Dr. Stanhope's tranſlation of Charron. See the Doctors excellent note on that paſſage, vol. ii. p. 110.

It is very probable, that the ſincere profeſſion of faith of the virtuous theologian of Condom, was not very different from that of the vicar of Savoy.

If we are therefore ſincere in our ſearch after the truth, let us pay no attention to the authority of parents and parſons; that is, let us lay aſide the prejudice of education, and examine all they taught us from our infancy, by the teſt of reaſon and conſcience. In vain do they tell me, let your reaſon ſubmit: the fellow who impoſes upon me, will ſay the ſame; I muſt have reaſons for ſubmitting my reaſon.

All the theology I am capable of acquiring of myſelf, either from the contemplation of the univerſe, or from the good uſe of my faculties, is reducible to the explication above given. To know more, recourſe muſt be had to extraordinary means. Theſe means cannot be human authority: for every man being of the ſame ſpecies as myſelf, whatever one perſon knows in a natural way, I am alſo capable of knowing, and another man may be miſtaken as well as myſelf: when I believe what he ſays, it is not becauſe he affirms, but proves it. Human teſtimony is, therefore, in the main, no more than that of my own reaſon, and makes no addition to the natural means, which God has given me, of coming at the truth.

Meſſenger of truth, what have you then to tell me, that I am not a judge of? God himſelf has ſpoke; liſten to his revelation. That is another thing. God has ſpoke! A very great word, indeed! And whom has he ſpoken to? To men. How comes it, then, that I did not hear him? He commiſſioned other men to deliver his ſpeech to you. I underſtand: they are men, you ſay, who come to tell me what God has uttered. I had much rather have heard God himſelf; it would not have coſt him the more, and I ſhould have been ſecure from all impoſition. He ſecures you againſt it, by manifeſting the miſſion of his envoys. How ſo? By miracles. And where are thoſe miracles? In books. And who compoſed thoſe books? Men. And who ſaw thoſe miracles? Men, by whom they are atteſted. What! ſtill human teſtimonies? Still men, who acquaint me with the relations

lations of other men? What a multitude of men between God and myſelf! Let us ſee, however, let us examine, compare, and verify. O! if God had vouchſafed to excuſe me from all this trouble, ſhould I have ſerved him with leſs zeal and fidelity?

Conſider, my friend, into what a terrible ſituation I am thrown, what a diſcuſſion I am engaged in, what an immenſe erudition I ſtand in need of, to aſcend to the remoteſt antiquity; to canvaſs, to weigh, to compare prophecies, revelations, facts, and all the records of faith propoſed in every country in the world; to fix times, places, authors, and the occaſion of their writing! What a deal of critical learning is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh the authentic, from forged pieces; to compare the objections to their anſwers, tranſlations to their originals; to judge of the impartiality of witneſſes, their good ſenſe, and knowledge; to know whether they have not ſuppreſſed ſome part; whether they have not interpolated, tranſpoſed, changed, or falſified; to remove the contradictions that remain; to judge what weight the ſilence of their adverſaries ought to have, in regard to the facts alledged againſt them; whether they were acquainted with thoſe allegations; whether they thought them of ſuch weight, as to merit an anſwer; whether books were common enough for ours to fall into their hands; whether we have been ſo ingenuous, as to ſuffer their writings to be read by our people, and to let their ſtrongeſt objections continue in the manner as they were ſtated by the enemies of our religion.

The authenticity of all theſe records being proved and acknowledged, we muſt now proceed to the proofs of the miſſion of their authors; we muſt be well acquainted with the laws of chances, with eventual probabilities, to be able to judge what kind of prophecy cannot be fulfilled without a miracle; with the genius of the Oriental tongues, to diſtinguiſh what is a prophecy in thoſe languages, and what is only an

oratorical figure; what facts are in the order of nature, and what are not; to tell how far an artful perſon may be able to blind the eyes of the ſimple, and even to puzzle men of underſtanding; to examine into the nature and ſpecies of miracles, and what authenticity they ought to have, not only in order to be believed, but to render thoſe, who doubt of them, liable to puniſhment; to compare the proofs of real and falſe miracles, and to find certain rules for diſcerning them; to tell, in fine, why the Deity ſhould chuſe thoſe means for the atteſtation of his word, which ſtand ſo greatly in need of atteſtation themſelves, as if he ſported with the credulity of the human race, and purpoſely avoided the real method of perſuading them.

Let us ſuppoſe the Divine majeſty vouchſafes to ſtoop ſo low, as to render man the organ of his ſacred will; is it reaſonable, is it juſt, to require, that all mankind ſhould obey the voice of that miniſter, without making him evidently known for ſuch? Is it fair to give him for his credentials, only a few particular ſigns, performed before a few obſcure people, and of which the remainder of mankind ſhall never know any thing but by hearſay? Were we to give credit to all the miracles, which the ſimple and the vulgar in every part of the world pretend to have beheld, each ſect would be of the true religion; and there would be more ſupernatural, than natural events; but the greateſt miracle of all, would be the want of miracles, where fanatics are perſecuted for their religion. It is the conſtant order of nature that gives us the ſtrongeſt proof of the exiſtence of a ſupreme Being: if there happened many exceptions, I ſhould not know what to think; and for my part, I have too ſtrong a belief in God, to give credit to ſuch a number of miracles ſo unworthy of his dignity.

Suppoſe a perſon were now to come, and addreſs himſelf to us in this manner: Mortals, I bring you tidings of the will of the moſt high; let my voice

oblige

oblige you to acknowledge him who ſent me. I command the ſun to alter its courſe, the ſtars to form a different arrangement, the mountains to be levelled, the ſeas to riſe, and the earth to aſſume another figure: upon the operation of theſe miracles, who would not immediately acknowledge the arbiter of nature? But nature does not obey the impoſtors; their miracles are performed in holes and corners, in deſarts, in private apartments; and there they make the moſt advantage of a ſmall number of ſpectators, already diſpoſed to believe any thing. Who can pretend to tell me, how many ocular witneſſes are neceſſary, to render a miracle worthy of credit? If the wonders you have performed in proof of your doctrine, ſtand in need of a proof themſelves, of what uſe are they? We might as well have had none.

There remains ſtill the point of moſt importance, in the doctrine promulged; for ſince the preachers of divine miracles pretend, that they are ſometimes counterfeited by the evil ſpirit, though you were to bring me the beſt atteſted miracles in the world, ſtill we are not at all the nearer; and ſince Pharaoh's magicians preſumed, even in the preſence of Moſes, to exhibit the ſame ſigns, as the Jewiſh legiſlator exhibited by the expreſs order of God, why ſhould not they, in his abſence, by the very ſame title, pretend to the ſame authority? Therefore, after having proved the doctrine by miracles, you muſt prove the miracles by the doctrine *, leſt you miſtake the devil's

* This is clear, from a thouſand paſſages in ſcripture, and, among the reſt, from Deuteronomy, c. 13. where it is ſaid, that if a prophet were to preach ſtrange gods, and to confirm his diſcourſe by miracles, which were afterwards fulfilled, inſtead of paying any regard to him or them, we ought to put him to death. Therefore, when the Pagans put the apoſtles to death, for preaching a ſtrange god to them, though they proved their miſſion by prophecies and miracles, I apprehend no ſolid objection could be made againſt them, which they might not immediately retort againſt us. Now what is to be done in the like caſe?

work for that of God. What think you of this logic?

This doctrine coming from God, ought to bear the ſacred ſtamp of the Deity; it ſhould not only clear up thoſe confuſed ideas, which imperfect reaſonings have introduced into the mind, but it ſhould likewiſe propoſe ſuch a ſyſtem of morals, ſuch form of worſhip, and ſuch maxims of conduct, as are agreeable to the attributes, by which alone we conceive his exiſtence. Hence, if this doctrine contained nothing but what was unreaſonable and abſurd; if it only inſpired us with ſentiments of averſion to our equals, and of horror in regard to ourſelves; if it repreſented the Deity as an angry, jealous, revengeful being; as a being ſwayed by prejudice, and full of rancour and averſion to mankind; as a being fond of war and battles, ever ready to dart his thunder-bolts and to deſtroy; inceſſantly ſpeaking of torments and puniſhments, and even boaſting of puniſhing the innocent, my breaſt would feel no warmth or attraction towards that terrible deity; and there would be no danger of my renouncing the religion of nature, to embrace the other: for you ſee plainly, I ſhould be obliged to make my choice. Yours is a different god from mine, I ſhould ſay to his followers,

caſe? One thing only: you muſt return to reaſon, and lay the miracles aſide. Better then would it have been not to have had recourſe to them at all: that would have been downright good ſenſe; whereas we puzzle the cauſe with ſuch a number of ſubtilties and diſtinctions. Subtilties in the Chriſtian religion! Was Chriſt, then, to blame, for promiſing the kingdom of heaven to the ignorant and the ſimple? Was he then to blame for beginning his chief ſermon with felicitating the poor in ſpirit? If ſo, much knowledge is requiſite to underſtand his doctrine, and to learn to believe in him. After you have demonſtrated to me, that I muſt ſubmit my underſtanding, I am very eaſy; but to perform this demonſtration, you muſt place yourſelf within my reach; you muſt proportion your arguments to the level of the poor in ſpirit, or I ſhall not acknowledge you as the genuine diſciple of your maſter, nor ſhall I think that you have been preaching his doctrine.

He who begins with taking to himſelf a choſen people, and with proſcribing the reſt of the human race, is not their common father: he who pre-deſtines the greateſt part of his creatures to eternal puniſhments, is not the God of mercy and goodneſs, who has been demonſtrated to me by my reaſon.

With regard to the dogmas, reaſon again tells us, that they ought to be clear, intelligible, and of the utmoſt evidence. If natural religion be inſufficient, it muſt be on account of the obſcurity it leaves in the great truths it delivers to us: it is therefore the buſineſs of revelation to teach us thoſe truths, in ſuch a manner, as muſt ſtrongly affect the human mind, to place them within its reach, and to render them intelligible, to the end that they may be generally believed. Faith is aſcertained and ſtrengthened by the underſtanding; the beſt of all religions is certainly the cleareſt; he who clogs the religion he has been preaching to me, with myſteries and contradictions, for this very reaſon bids me miſtruſt him. The God I adore, is not a God of darkneſs; he has not granted me underſtanding, only to debar me from uſing it; to deſire me to ſubmit my reaſon, is inſulting its author. The miniſter of truth does not tyrannize over my reaſon, but inſtructs it.

We have ſet aſide all human authority, and yet without it I cannot ſee how one man could convince another in preaching an unreaſonable doctrine. Suppoſe for a moment, two ſuch men were engaged in argument; let us hear what they will be able to ſay to one another, in the acrimony of language ſo uſual to religious diſputants.

" *Believer.* Reaſon informs you, that the whole " is bigger than its part: but I, yes I, on the part " of the Almighty, let you know, that the part is " bigger than the whole.

" *Reaſoner.* And who are you, who preſume " to tell me, that God contradicts himſelf; and

" whom

" whom ſhall I believe? God, who by means of my " reaſon has appriſed me of eternal truths; or you, " who publiſh an abſurdity to me in his name?

" *Believer.* Me; for my inſtruction is more po- " ſitive; and I will prove to you inſtantly, beyond " all poſſibility of doubt, that I was ſent by him.

" *Reaſoner.* How ſo? Will you prove that God " has ſent you to bear witneſs againſt himſelf? And " what ſort of proofs have you to convince me, of " its being more certain, that the Deity makes his " will known to me by your mouth, than by the " intellectual faculty with which he has endowed " me?

" *Believer.* The intellectual faculty with which " he hath endowed you! Vain, fooliſh man! as if " you were the firſt impious wretch whom reaſon, " in its ſinful corruption, had led aſtray.

" *Reaſoner.* Man of God, neither would you be " the firſt impoſtor, who gave his arrogance in proof " of his miſſion.

" *Believer.* What! do philoſophers make uſe of " abuſive language?

" *Reaſoner.* Sometimes, when the ſaints ſet them " an example.

" *Believer.* O, but I have a right to expreſs my- " ſelf as I will: I ſpeak on the part of God.

" *Reaſoner.* It would be right to ſhew your cre- " dentials, before you make uſe of your privileges.

" *Believer.* My credentials are authentic. Both " heaven and earth will bear me witneſs. Submit " to my arguments, I beg of you.

" *Reaſoner.* Your arguments! you know not " what you ſay. To tell me that my reaſon deceives " me, is refuting whatever it ſhall ſay to me in your " favour. Whoever would object againſt reaſon, " ought to convince, without having recourſe to ar- " gument. For ſuppoſe you have convinced me " by reaſoning, how ſhall I know whether it was " not my reaſon in its ſinful corruption, that made

" me

" me acquieſce in what you ſaid? Beſides, what " proof, or demonſtration can you ever make uſe " of, that ſhall be more evident than the axiom it " is intended to overturn? It is as credible that a " good ſyllogiſm ſhould contain a falſity, as that the " part ſhould be bigger than the whole.

" *Believer.* Oh, what a difference! my proofs are " unanſwerable; they are all of the ſupernatural order.

" *Reaſoner.* Supernatural! What is the meaning " of that word? I do not underſtand it.

" *Believer.* Changes of the order of nature, pro- " phecies, miracles, prodigies of every kind.

" *Reaſoner.* Prodigies! Miracles! I never ſaw " any.

" *Believer.* Others ſaw them for you. Clouds " of witneſſes .... the conſent of nations ....

" *Reaſoner.* Is the conſent of nations in the ſu- " pernatural order?

" *Believer.* No; but when unanimous, it is in- " conteſtable.

" *Reaſoner.* There is nothing more inconteſtable " than the principles of reaſon; and it is impoſſible " to ſupport an abſurdity by human teſtimony. " Once more I aſk you, where are the ſupernatu- " ral proofs? for the teſtimony of all the world does " not go beyond nature.

" *Believer.* O, ſtubborn-hearted man! you are " deaf to the divine grace.

" *Reaſoner.* That is not my fault, for according " to you, I ſhould have received grace, to be able " to pray for it. You muſt therefore talk to me, " and ſupply the want of grace.

" *Believer.* Alas! I do ſo, yet you are deaf to " me too: but what do you ſay in regard to the pro- " phecies?

" *Reaſoner.* I ſay, firſt of all, that I have heard " no prophecies, as I have beheld no miracles. I " ſay further, that no prophecy can be any autho- " rity in regard to me.

" *Believer.*

" *Believer.* Imp of hell! and why ſhould not " prophecies be an authority in regard to you?

" *Reaſoner.* Becauſe to render them of any au- " thority, three things are requiſite, and it is impoſ- " ſible for them all to concur; namely, that I be a " witneſs to the prophecy, that I be a witneſs to " the event, and that I have a demonſtration, that " this event could not fortuitouſly coincide with the " prophecy: for were it much clearer and exacter, " than any axiom in geometry; yet, as the clearneſs " of a prediction, made at hazard, does not render " the accompliſhment of it impoſſible; when this ac- " compliſhment takes place, it is no proof, ſtrictly " ſpeaking, in regard to the perſon who predicted it.

" You ſee therefore what becomes of your pre- " tended ſupernatural proofs, of your miracles, your " prophecies. It is all reduced to my pinning my " faith upon another perſon's ſleeve, and to ſubmit- " ting the divine authority, ſpeaking to me by my " reaſon, to that of man. Were there a poſſibility " of ſhaking the foundation of thoſe eternal truths, " of which my underſtanding has conceived an idea, " there would be no longer any kind of certainty " in regard to me, and inſtead of being ſure that " you are ſpeaking to me on the behalf of God, I " ſhould not be even ſure of my exiſtence!"

You ſee here, my child, a vaſt number of difficulties; and yet that is not all. Among ſo many different religions, which proſcribe and condemn each other, one only can be true, if even we allow that to one. But to diſtinguiſh this religion, it is not ſufficient to examine one, we muſt examine them all; and ſince we ought upon no ſubject whatever to condemn without hearing*, we ſhould compare the objections with the proofs; we ſhould know

* Plutarch relates, that the Stoics, among other whimſical paradoxes, maintained, that in a contradictory judgment, it was needleſs to hear both parties; for ſay, they, either the firſt has proved his

know what each has to ſay againſt the reſt, and what anſwers he gives. The more an opinion ſeems to be demonſtrated, the more diligently ought we to inquire into the reaſons, which prevent ſuch a number of men from allowing the demonſtration. A perſon muſt be very ſimple indeed, to think it ſufficient if he hears the doctors of his own perſuaſion, in order to be informed of the reaſons of the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion. Where are the divines that act with ſincerity? Where are they, who in refuting the arguments of their adverſaries, do not begin with ſetting them in an unfair light? They all ſtrut and look big, when ſurrounded by auditors of their own party; but perhaps with thoſe ſame proofs, among another ſet of opponents, they would make but an indifferent figure. Should you deſire to gain inſtruction from books; what a ſtore of erudition muſt be laid up, how many languages muſt be learnt, how many libraries muſt be rummaged, and what an immenſe deal of reading muſt you go through? Who is to direct you in the choice? You will ſcarcely find, in any country, the beſt books of the oppoſite ſide; much leſs thoſe of all parties; and were you to find thoſe books, they would ſoon be refuted. The abſent is ever in the wrong, and bad reaſons, ſet forth with an air of confidence, eaſily efface the impreſſion of good ones, when ſtated with contempt. Beſides, nothing is more deceitful than books; nothing gives us a more unfair repreſentation of the ſentiments of thoſe who wrote them. When you formed a judgment of the catholic faith, from M. Boſſuet's expoſition, you found yourſelf much

his allegation, or he has not proved it; if he has proved it, he has told the whole, and the adverſe party ought to be condemned; if he has not proved it, he is in the wrong, and ought to be nonſuited. I find that the method of all thoſe, who admit an excluſive revelation, very much reſembles that of the Stoics. As they all pretend that none but themſelves are in the right, in order to make a proper choice among ſuch a number, I muſt hear them all, or I deal unfairly.

miſtaken,

miſtaken, after you had lived ſome time amongſt us. You perceived, that the doctrine ſtated in the anſwers to the proteſtants, is not that which is taught to the common people; and that Boſſuet's book is quite a different thing from the prieſt's Sunday diſcourſe to his pariſhioners. In order to judge properly of a religion, we ſhould not take it from the books of thoſe who profeſs it, but ſee how it is practiſed in countries where it is eſtabliſhed; and there you will find it a very different thing. They have each of them their traditions, their ſeparate ſignifications, their cuſtoms and prejudices, which conſtitute the ſpirit of their religion, and muſt be learnt before you can be able to judge of it.

How many nations are there, who print no books at all, and never read ours? How ſhall they form a judgment of our opinions, or we of theirs? We laugh at them, and they deſpiſe us; our travellers turn them into ridicule, and were they to travel into our part of the world, they would return us the compliment. Does not every country afford men of ſenſe, men of honour and integrity, and ſuch ſincere lovers of truth, as to be ready to embrace it, as ſoon as it comes to their knowledge? And yet they all find the truth in their own national worſhip, and look upon the religions of other nations, as falſe and abſurd: therefore thoſe foreign religions, are not ſo extravagant as they appear to us; or the reaſon we find in ours proves nothing at all.

We have three principal religions in Europe. One admits but a ſingle revelation, the other admits two, the other three. Each deteſts and curſes the other two, charges them with blindneſs, hardneſs of heart, obſtinacy, and falſhood. What impartial man will pretend to give his opinion concerning their different merits, without having well weighed their proofs, and conſidered their reaſons? That which admits but one revelation, is the moſt ancient, and

appears the ſafeſt; that which admits three, is the moſt modern, and ſeems the moſt conſiſtent; that which admits two, and rejects the third, may be the beſt, but it has certainly every prejudice againſt it; the inconſiſtency is obvious.

In the three religions, the ſacred books are written in languages, which the common people do not underſtand. The Jews no longer underſtand Hebrew; the Chriſtians underſtand neither Hebrew nor Greek; neither the Turks nor Perſians, are acquainted with the Arabic; and even the modern Arabians themſelves, do not ſpeak the language of Mahomet. Is not this a very ſimple way of inſtructing mankind, to ſpeak to them in an unknown language? You will ſay, thoſe books are tranſlated; a fine anſwer indeed! who will enſure me that thoſe books are faithfully tranſlated, or even that it is poſſible to make ſuch a tranſlation, and ſince God is ſo good, as to reveal his mind to man, why ſhould there be any occaſion for an interpreter?

I can never conceive, that what every man is obliged to know, is confined to books, and that he who can neither come at thoſe books, nor at people that underſtand them, ſhall be puniſhed for involuntary ignorance. For ever books! what madneſs! Becauſe Europe abounds with books, the Europeans look upon them as indiſpenſably neceſſary, not reflecting that three parts in four of the whole globe, never ſaw thoſe ſacred volumes. And were not they all written by men? And why then ſhould people have occaſion for them to learn their duty, and how did they do to know it before thoſe books were written? Either they will learn their duty of themſelves, or they are excuſed from knowing it.

Our catholics make a great noiſe about the authority of the church; but what do they get by that, if as great a muſter of proofs is requiſite to aſcertain this authority, as other ſects require for the direct eſtabliſhing of their doctrine? The church decides,

cides, that the church has a right to decide. Is not this a very ſtrong proof of eccleſiaſtic authority? Get out of that intrenchment, and you enter into all our diſcuſſions.

Do you know of many Chriſtians, that have been at the pains of examining carefully into what the Jews have to alledge againſt our religion? If you ever ſaw any thing upon the ſubject, it was in books written by Chriſtians. A very good way of getting acquainted with the reaſons of your adverſaries! But what is to be done? If any of us ſhould preſume to publiſh books, that openly favoured the Jewiſh religion, both the author, the editor, and the bookſeller, would be ſeverely puniſhed*. This is a ſure and convenient kind of policy, to be always in the right. There is a pleaſure in refuting people, who dare not open their mouths.

Even thoſe Chriſtians in our part of the world, who have an opportunity of converſing with Jews, are not much the nearer. The poor wretches think juſt as we pleaſe; our tyranny renders them extremely timorous; they know how eaſily chriſtian charity breaks out into injuſtice and cruelty: what is it they dare to ſay, without riſk of making us cry out blaſphemy? Avidity renders us zealous; and they are too opulent not to be in the wrong. The more learned, and more knowing among them, are more circumſpect. You may convert ſome poor devil, and bribe him to traduce his religion; you may prevail on ſome old cloaths-men, who will let you have your way, in order to flatter your pride; you may triumph over their ignorance or mean

* Among a thouſand inſtances well known, take the following, which needs no commentary. The catholic divines having, in the ſixteenth century, condemned all Jewiſh books indiſcriminately to the flames, the illuſtrious and learned Reuclinus, being conſulted on this affair, brought himſelf into a ſcrape, that had like to have ruined him, only for giving his opinion, that they might preſerve thoſe books, which did not make againſt Chriſtianity, but treated of indifferent ſubjects.

ſpirit,

ſpirit, while their doctors will laugh in their ſleeves at your folly. But do you imagine, that where they thought themſelves ſecure, you could ſtrike ſo eaſy a bargain with them? In the college of Sorbonne it is as clear as the noon-day, that the prophecies concerning the Meſſiah, relate to Chriſt. Among the rabbies of Amſterdam, it is equally clear that they do not bear the leaſt relation to him. I ſhall never think that I have had a thorough account of the reaſons of the Jews, till they have an independent ſtate, with ſchools and univerſities, where they may talk and diſpute with ſafety. Then, and then only, ſhall we be able to learn what they have to ſay.

At Conſtantinople the Turks tell their reaſons, but we dare not mention ours; it is here our turn to cringe. If the Turks require from us the ſame reſpect for Mahomet, in whom we do not believe, as we inſiſt that the Jews ſhould pay to Chriſt, in whom thoſe people have no belief; are the Turks in the wrong, or we in the right? On what principle of equity ſhall we determine this queſtion?

Two thirds of mankind are neither Jews, Mahometans, nor Chriſtians; how many millions of men are there, who never heard the leaſt mention of Moſes, Chriſt, or Mahomet? Some will deny this, and pretend that our miſſionaries are diſperſed over all the world. It is ſoon ſaid: but do they travel into the heart of Africa, a country yet unknown to us, and to which no European, as yet, has ever penetrated? Do they advance into the midland parts of Tartary, and ride about with the wandering hordes, whom no ſtranger ever approached, and who ſo far from having heard of the Pope, ſcarcely know the Grand Lama? Do they viſit the immenſe tracts of country on the continent of America, where intire nations are as yet ignorant, that the people of the other world ſet foot on theirs? Do they ſail to Japan, from whence their own bad management has excluded them for ever, and where their predeceſſors are

known to the preſent generation, only as crafty intriguers, who, under the maſk of religion, came with a political intent of uſurping their empire? Do they go into the harems of the Aſiatic princes, to preach the goſpel to thouſands of poor ſlaves? What have the women of that part of the world done, that no miſſionary ever preaches the Chriſtian faith to them? Muſt they all go to hell, becauſe they were confined on earth?

Were it even true that the goſpel has been preached over all the world, what do you gain by that? The day before the firſt miſſionary arrives in a Pagan or Mahometan country, ſome body muſt have died, who had it not in his power to hear him. Tell me what is to be done with that perſon? Were there only one man on the whole globe, that never heard the name of Chriſt or of the goſpel, the objection would be as ſtrong, in regard to that ſingle perſon, as to the fourth part of the human race.

When the miniſters of the goſpel promulged their doctrine among diſtant nations, what did they ſay, that thoſe people could take upon their word, and without inſiſting upon the ſtricteſt proofs? You tell me of a God born and put to death, two thouſand years ago, at the other extremity of the earth, in ſome little town or other; and you tell me further, that thoſe who do not believe in this myſtery, ſhall be damned. Very ſtrange things indeed for me to believe ſo ſoon, on the ſingle authority of a man, with whom I am unacquainted. How came your God to permit, that thoſe events, which he would oblige me to know, ſhould happen at ſo great diſtance from my country? Is it a crime to be ignorant of what is tranſacting among the antipodes? Could I gueſs that there was an Hebrew nation, and a city called Jeruſalem, in the other hemiſphere? As well might I be obliged to know what paſſes in the moon. You are arrived, you ſay, to give me the good tidings; but why did not you come and give theſe tidings to my

y father; or why do you damn the good old man r knowing nothing of the matter? Ought he to be ternally puniſhed for your indolence? he who was good, ſo benevolent, and ſo deſirous of knowing ie truth? Be ingenuous, and put yourſelf in my lace; ſee whether, upon your ſingle teſtimony, I ught to believe all the incredible things you tell me; nd whether it is poſſible for me to reconcile ſo much njuſtice, with the notion of a juſt God, whom you reach to me. I beg you will let me go and ſee hat diſtant country, where ſo many wonders, unheard of by us, were performed; let me inquire for vhat reaſon the inhabitants of Jeruſalem treated God is a thief and a robber. You will ſay, they did not icknowledge him as God: what am I then to do, I who never heard his name mentioned but from your mouth? You ſay further, that they were puniſhed, diſperſed, and enſlaved; and that none of them dare at preſent approach that ſame city. To be ſure, all that and more they merited; but what do the preſent generation ſay of the deicide committed by their anceſtors? they deny his Deity with the ſame obſtinacy as their forefathers: then other people's children might be left to their blindneſs, as well as they.

What! in that very city where the Deity died, neither the ancient nor modern inhabitants would acknowledge him, and you would fain make me believe in him, though born two thouſand years after that event, and at the diſtance of two thouſand miles! Do not you perceive, that before I give credit to this book, which you call ſacred, and which I do not underſtand, I ought to know from others, beſides yourſelf, when and by whom it was written, in what manner it was preſerved, how you came by it, and what reaſons are aſſigned in your country by thoſe who reject it, notwithſtanding they know as well as you, all that you have been telling me. You are ſenſible that I muſt travel for that purpoſe into Europe, to Aſia, and to Paleſtine, in order to exa-

mine every thing with my own eyes, and upon the ſpot; and before I have done this, I muſt be an arrant fool, if I give credit to a word you ſay.

This diſcourſe not only appears very rational to me; but I maintain that every man of ſenſe ought, in the like caſe, to ſpeak in the ſame manner, and to have nothing to do with the miſſionary, who wanted him to learn his catechiſm, and to be baptized, before the verification of the proofs. Now I inſiſt upon it, that there is no revelation, againſt which the ſame and ſtronger objections do not lie, than againſt Chriſtianity. Whence it follows, that if there be but one true religion, and every man be obliged to follow it upon pain of damnation, we ought to ſpend our whole lives in ſtudying, examining, and comparing them all; and we ſhould even travel into the different countries where they are eſtabliſhed: no body is exempted from the principal duty of man, no body has a right to depend upon another perſon's judgment. The tradeſman who lives by his buſineſs, the labourer who is incapable of reading, the timid young damſel of delicate conſtitution, the valitudinarian who can ſcarce raiſe himſelf out of bed, all theſe, without exception, ought to ſtudy, to meditate, to diſpute, and to travel over all the world: no longer would people have a fixed reſidence or habitation; the whole face of the earth would be covered with pilgrims, who at a very great expence, and with immenſe fatigue, had taken upon them to verify, compare, and examine the different religions profeſſed in different countries. Adieu then to all handicraft trades, arts, and ſciences, and civil employments; there could be no other ſtudy than that of religion: with difficulty could a perſon, even of the moſt robuſt conſtitution, who had made the beſt uſe of his time and of his reaſon, and who had lived a great number of years, be able to tell in his old age what to depend upon; nay it would be very well, if, before he died, he knew rightly in what religion he ought to live.

Have

Have you a mind to moderate this ſyſtem, and to make the leaſt conceſſion in favour of human authority? If you do, you immediately give up the whole; and if the offspring of a Chriſtian parent does very well to follow his father's religion, without making any nice and impartial inquiry, why ſhould not a child in Turky follow, in like manner, the ſame worſhip as his anceſtors? I defy all the enemies of toleration to give an anſwer to this, that will ſatisfy a man of ſenſe.

Streightened by theſe reaſons, ſome had rather make God unjuſt, and puniſh the innocent for the ſins of their fore-fathers, than renounce this barbarous doctrine. Others elude the difficulty, by their obliging manner of ſending an angel to inſtruct any man, that led a good moral life, under the circumſtances of invincible ignorance! A pretty contrivance this angel of theirs! Not content with ſubjecting us to their machinery, they lay God himſelf under the neceſſity of employing thoſe miniſtring ſpirits.

You ſee, child, the abſurdities that follow from the ſpirit of pride and perſecution, when each man would fain abound in his own ſenſe, and thinks he has reaſon to exclude the reſt of mankind. I take God to witneſs, that God of peace whom I adore, and preach up to you, that my inquiries have been ever conducted with ſincerity; but perceiving that all of them have been, and ever muſt be, unſucceſsful, and that I was launching out into a boundleſs ocean, I returned back the way I came, and confined myſelf to my primitive notions. I never could believe, that God commanded me, under pain of damnation, to be ſo learned. The conſequence was, I cloſed all my books. There is one ſtill left open to all mankind, the book of nature. No body is excuſed from peruſing it, becauſe it addreſſes itſelf to all mankind, in a language univerſally underſtood. Were I born on a deſart iſland, had I never ſeen any other perſon but myſelf, had I never in my life heard of what was

formerly tranſacted in a corner of the earth; ſtill, if I exerciſe my reaſon, if I cultivate my underſtanding, and make a right uſe of the faculties which I received immediately from God, I ſhould learn of myſelf to know him, to love his works, to will the good which he wills, and to endeavour to pleaſe his divine Majeſty, by fulfilling my different duties upon earth. What more could all human learning teach me?

With regard to revelation, were I a better reaſoner, or better inſtructed, perhaps I ſhould be convinced of the truth thereof, and of the advantages that accrue to thoſe, who are ſo happy as to believe it: but if on the one hand I behold proofs in its favour, which I am incapable of refuting; on the other I diſcover objections againſt it, too difficult for me to ſolve. Such a number of ſolid reaſons are for and againſt it, that not knowing what to abide by, I neither admit nor reject it; I only reject the obligation of acknowledging it, becauſe this pretended obligation is inconſiſtent with the divine juſtice, and inſtead of being a means of removing the obſtacles to ſalvation, it would rather have increaſed their number, and rendered them unſurmountable to the greateſt part of mankind. This excepted, I remain in a ſubmiſſive ſuſpence, in regard to this article. I have not the preſumption to think myſelf infallible: others may have decided what to me appears yet unſettled; I reaſon only for myſelf, and not for them; I neither cenſure them, nor follow their example; their judgment may be preferable to mine; but it is not my fault if I do not follow it.

I acknowledge to you, that the majeſty of the ſcriptures aſtoniſhes me, and the ſanctity of the goſpel fills me with rapture. Look into the writings of the philoſophers, with all their pomp and parade; how trivial they appear, when compared to this ſacred volume. Is it poſſible, that a book ſo ſimple and yet ſo ſublime, ſhould be the work of man? Is it poſſible, that he, whoſe hiſtory it contains, ſhould him-

himſelf be a mere man? Is the ſtyle that of an enthuſiaſt or of a ſectary inflated with ambition? What ſweetneſs, what purity in his morals! What force, what perſuaſion in his inſtructions! His maxims how ſublime! His diſcourſes how wiſe and profound! Such preſence of mind, ſuch beauty and preciſion in his anſwers! Such empire over his paſſions! Where is the man, or the philoſopher, that knows how to act, to ſuffer, and to die without weakneſs, or oſtentation? Plato, in his picture of the imaginary * juſt man, covered with all the opprobriouſneſs of guilt, and worthy of every reward of virtue, gives us an exact repreſentation of Chriſt; ſo ſtriking is the reſemblance, that all the fathers ſaw it, and indeed there is no poſſibility of miſtaking it. What prejudice, what blindneſs, to compare the offspring of Sophroniſca to the ſon of Mary! How immenſe the difference between thoſe two! Socrates dying without pain, and without ignominy, found it eaſy to ſupport his character to the very laſt; and if his life had not been honoured by ſo gentle a death, we might have doubted whether Socrates, with all his underſtanding, was any thing more than a ſophiſt. You will ſay, he invented a ſyſtem of moral philoſophy. Others had practiſed it before his time; he only related what they had performed, and drew lectures from their example. Ariſtides had been juſt, before Socrates told us what juſtice was; Leonidas had ſacrificed his life for his country, before Socrates had made the love of our country a duty; Sparta was ſober, before Socrates commended ſobriety; before he had given a definition of virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But of whom did Chriſt borrow that ſublime and pure morality, which he, and he only, taught both by word and example †?

* De Rep. Dial. 1.

† See, in his ſermon on the mount, the parallel he draws between his own morality and that of Moſes. Matt. chap. v. ver. 21, & ſeq.

From the center of the moſt extravagant fanaticiſm the higheſt wiſdom made itſelf heard, and the vileſt of nations was honoured with the ſimplicity of the moſt heroic virtues. The death of Socrates philoſophiſing cooly with his friends, is the eaſieſt that can be deſired; that of Chriſt expiring in the midſt of torments, abuſed, ſcorned, deteſted by a whole people, is the moſt dreadful that can be apprehended. Socrates taking the poiſonous draught, returns thanks to the perſon, who with tears in his eyes preſents it to him; Chriſt, in the midſt of the moſt exquiſite torture, prays for his bloody executioners. Yes, if Socrates lived and died like a philoſopher, Chriſt lived and died like a God. Shall we ſay that the evangelical hiſtory was invented at pleaſure? My friend, inventions are not made after that manner, and Socrates's hiſtory, of which no body entertains any doubt, is not ſo well atteſted as that of Chriſt. Upon the whole, it is removing the difficulty further back, without ſolving it; for it would be much harder to conceive, that a number of men ſhould have joined together to fabricate this book, than a ſingle perſon ſhould furniſh out the ſubject to its authors. Jewiſh writers would never have fallen into that ſtyle, or that ſyſtem of morality; and the goſpel hath ſuch ſtrong and ſuch inimitable marks of truth, that the inventor would be more ſurpriſing than the hero. Yet notwithſtanding all this, this ſame goſpel abounds with things ſo incredible, and ſo repugnant to reaſon, that it is impoſſible for any man of ſenſe, either to conceive or to admit them *. Amidſt theſe difficulties, what is to be done? Be modeſt and circumſpect, my child; pay a ſilent reverence to what you can neither reject nor comprehend, and humble yourſelf before that great Being, to whom only the truth is open.

* See what the learned Dr. Clark ſays of the truth of revealed religion.

Such

Such is the involuntary ſcepticiſm, in which I have remained; but this ſcepticiſm is no way troubleſome to me, becauſe it does not extend to points eſſential in practice, and I am fully ſettled in regard to the principles of my duty. I ſerve God in the ſimplicity of my heart. I deſire to know no more than relates to my duty; with regard to doctrines that have no influence, either on our actions, or on our morals, and concerning which ſuch a number of people make themſelves ſo uneaſy, I give myſelf no manner of trouble. I look upon all particular religions, as ſo many ſalutary inſtitutions, which in every country preſcribe an uniformity of divine worſhip, and may be all of them founded either in the climate, in the government, or genius of the people, or in ſome other local cauſe, which renders one preferable to the other, according to time and place. I believe them all good, when God is ſerved in a proper manner; the eſſential worſhip is that of the heart. God does not reject that homage, if ſincere, under whatever form it be offered to him. Being called in the religion I profeſs to the eccleſiaſtic ſtate, I fulfill the ſeveral duties preſcribed to me, with all the exactneſs poſſible, and my conſcience would reproach me, were I voluntarily to neglect any one point. After a long ſuſpenſion, you know I obtained, by means of M. de Mellarede, the permiſſion of reſuming my function to enable me to live. Formerly I ſaid maſs with great levity; a failing into which we are all ready to fall, even in the moſt ſacred ſolemnities, if too often repeated. Since the eſtabliſhing of my new principles, I perform this act of religion with greater devotion; I am ſtrongly affected with the majeſty of the ſupreme Being, with his preſence, and with the imbecillity of the human mind, which has ſuch inadequate conceptions of every thing relating to its author. From a notion, that I offer up the vows and prayers of a people to him under a certain form, I carefully follow

follow all the rites and ceremonies; I recite them with attention; and I uſe my utmoſt diligence never to omit the leaſt tittle; when I draw near to the ceremony of conſecration, I collect my whole attention, in order to perform it with the diſpoſition which the church, and the grandeur of the ſacrament, require; I endeavour to annihilate, as it were, my underſtanding before the ſupreme Intelligence; I ſay to myſelf, who art thou, thus to meaſure infinite power? With awful reverence I pronounce the words of conſecration, and I join them with all the faith dependent on my will, to render them of due effect. Whatever may be the caſe, in regard to this incomprehenſible myſtery, I do not apprehend, that at the day of judgment I ſhall be puniſhed for having profaned it in my heart.

Honoured with the ſacred miniſtry, though in the very loweſt rank, I ſhall never ſay, or do any thing, that can render me unworthy of diſcharging its higheſt duties. I ſhall conſtantly preach up virtue to mankind, and exhort them to practical morality; and ſo long as I am able, and my abilities will permit me, I ſhall ſet them the example. I ſhall uſe my utmoſt endeavours to make them enamoured with religion; I ſhall likewiſe make it my ſtudy to confirm their faith, in doctrines really uſeful, and which every man is obliged to believe: but God forbid I ſhould ever fill their heads with the bloody doctrine of perſecution; that I ſhould learn them to deteſt their neighbour, or to tell other men, they ſhall be damned *. Were I poſſeſſed of a higher rank, this reſerve might bring me into trouble; but

* The duty of conforming to the religion of one's country, does not extend to doctrines contrary to ſound morality, ſuch as that of non-toleration. This is the terrible dogma, that ſets people upon cutting one another's throats, and makes them enemies to their ſpecies. The diſtinction between civil and theological toleration, is ſilly and puerile. Theſe two kinds of toleration are inſeparable, and the one cannot be admitted without the other. Angels themſelves would not live in peace with men, whom they looked upon as enemies of the Deity. I am

I am too inconſiderable to be under any apprehenſion, and I cannot fall much lower than I am. Let what will happen, I ſhall not blaſpheme againſt the divine juſtice, nor lie againſt the Holy Ghoſt.

Long have I aſpired to the honour of being a pariſh prieſt; I ſhould ſtill be glad of the dignity, but I no longer expect it. My good friend, I ſee no poſt ſo honourable as that. If he be a good man, he is a miniſter of goodneſs; as a good magiſtrate is a miniſter of juſtice. A pariſh prieſt never need to do any miſchief; if he is not always able to do good himſelf, ſtill when he ſollicits others to do it, he is acting a part of his office; and he frequently obtains it, when he knows how to make himſelf reſpected. How happy ſhould I be, were it my fate ever to have a little cure in our mountains, inhabited by good honeſt people; for I think I ſhould ſtudy nothing but the felicity of my pariſhioners! I ſhould not enrich them, but I would ſhare their poverty; I would remove their ignominy and contempt, which are far more intolerable than indigence. I ſhould render them fond of concord and equality, by which human miſery is frequently diſpelled, but always alleviated. When they came to ſee that I did not live better than they, yet was chearful and content, they would learn to be eaſy under their condition, and to follow my example. In my diſcourſes from the pulpit, I ſhould not confine myſelf ſo much to the ſpirit of the church, as to that of the goſpel, where the doctrine is ſimple, and the moral ſublime; where you ſee only a few external acts of religion, but a great many works of charity. Before I inſtructed them in their duty, I would endeavour to practiſe it myſelf, to the end that they might be convinced of my ſincerity. If I had any proteſtants in my neighbourhood, or in my pariſh, I ſhould not make a diſtinction between them and my real pariſhioners, in whatever relates to Chriſtian charity; I ſhould exhort them all alike to mutual love, to look on one

another as brethren, to revere all religions, and to live peaceably in their own. I apprehend, that to ſollicit any man to quit the religion in which he was educated, is enticing him to act wrong, and of courſe is acting wrong myſelf. Till we are favoured with ſtronger light from above, let us pay a regard to public order; in every country let us reſpect the laws, and give no diſturbance to the eſtabliſhed worſhip, nor excite the inhabitants to diſobedience; for we really know not whether it would be an advantage for them to change their opinions; whereas we are very certain of its being wrong, to diſobey the laws.

I have diſcloſed to you, my young friend, my profeſſion of faith, with the utmoſt candour, as God can witneſs; you are the firſt I ever revealed it to, and perhaps will be the laſt to whom I ſhall make this diſcovery. So long as there is any ſincere belief among men, we ſhould not diſturb peaceable ſouls, nor alarm the weak and ſimple with difficulties, which it is impoſſible for them to ſolve, and only create uneaſineſs without inſtruction. But when once the whole is ſhaken, we ought to ſave the trunk at the expence of the branches; conſciences that have been diſturbed, and thrown into ſuch a ſtate of fluctuation and uncertainty as yours, have need to be ſtrengthened and awaked; and in order to ſettle them once more on the baſis of eternal truths, we ſhould pull away the floating piles, on which they ſtill ſeem to depend.

You are now in the critical time of life, when the mind is open to certainty, when the heart receives its form and impreſſion, and when the conduct of our whole life is determined, either to good or evil. Later than this ſtage, the ſubſtance is hardened, and refuſes to imbibe any new impreſſions. While your ſoul, O young man, is ſtill flexible, let it be ſtamped with the ſeal of truth. Had I a greater certainty in theſe matters, I ſhould have addreſſed myſelf to you

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in a dogmatical and deciſive tone; but being frail and ignorant, what could I do? I have unboſomed myſelf to you without reſerve; what I look upon as certain, I delivered to you as ſuch; I have given my doubts as doubts, my opinions as opinions; and I told you my reaſons for doubting and believing. It is now your province to judge; you have taken time; it was a wiſe precaution, and it makes me think well of you. Begin with diſpoſing your conſcience to gain inſtruction. Be ſincere with yourſelf. And in regard to my notions, adopt as many of them as you believe to be true, and reject the reſt. You are not as yet ſo corrupted by vice, as to be in danger of making an ill choice. I ſhould have propoſed for us two to confer together; but as ſoon as a perſon begins to diſpute, he grows warm; then vanity and obſtinacy are introduced, and ſincerity is excluded. My friend, I adviſe you not to diſpute; for by diſputing we neither gain, nor give inſtruction. For my part, I did not fix my principles till after many years meditation; I now ſtick firmly by them; my conſcience is eaſy, and my heart is at reſt. If ever I wanted to examine my ſentiments anew, I could not enter upon that inquiry with a purer love of truth; and my mind being leſs active, would be incapable of attaining it. I will remain as I am, leſt the reliſh of contemplation ſhould inſenſibly become an indolent paſſion, and render me indifferent in regard to my duties; and leſt I ſhould relapſe into my former pyrrhoniſm, without recovering ſufficient ſtrength to get rid of it. More than one half of my life is elapſed; I have now only as much time as is requiſite to lay out the remainder to a good uſe, and to cancel my paſt errors, by future virtues. If I am miſtaken, it is againſt my will. He who ſees the very bottom of my heart, knows full well that I do not deſire to be in an error. Incapable of being undeceived by my own light; the only way I have left, to come at the truth, is to lead a good life; and if from the very

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ſtones God is able to raiſe up children to Abraham, every man has a right to expect inſtruction, when he endeavours to deſerve it.

If my reflections ſhould lead you to think as I do, to entertain the ſame ſentiments, and to have the ſame profeſſion of faith, let me give you this advice: Do not expoſe yourſelf any longer to the temptation of miſery and deſpair; do not drag on a moſt wretched life, at the mercy of foreigners; but ceaſe to ſubſiſt meanly on alms. Return to your own country, return to the religion of your anceſtors, embrace it in the ſincerity of your heart, and never forſake it: I admire it for its great ſimplicity and holineſs; and of all the religions upon earth, I believe it has the pureſt morality, and is moſt agreeable to reaſon. With regard to the expences of the journey, do not trouble your head about that; you ſhall be provided. Neither would I have you be aſhamed of ſubmitting to the mortification with which your return will be circumſtanced; we ſhould bluſh to commit a fault, but not to repair it. You are as yet at a period of life, where all paſt failings may be pardoned; but none are committed afterwards with impunity. When you are diſpoſed to liſten to the voice of conſcience, it will inſtantly remove a thouſand frivolous obſtructions. You will be convinced, that under our preſent ſtate of uncertainty, it is an unpardonable preſumption to profeſs a different religion from that in which we were educated; and hypocriſy not to practiſe ſincerely the doctrine we profeſs. If we are miſtaken, we deprive ourſelves of a very good excuſe at the ſupreme tribunal. Will not that all-knowing judge be more ready to excuſe the error in which we were bred, than that of our own chuſing?

Keep your ſoul, my child, ever in a ſtate of wiſhing there was a God, and you will never doubt of his exiſtence. But whatever party you embrace, be ſure you remember, that the real duties of religion are independent on human inſtitution; that an upright

right heart is the true temple of the divinity; that in all countries, and in all ſects, to love God above all things, and our neighbour as ourſelves, is the ſummary of the law; that no religion whatever diſpenſes with moral duties; that none but theſe are truly eſſential; that the internal adoration is the firſt of thoſe duties; and that without faith no real virtue exiſts.

Be ſure to avoid the company of thoſe, who, under the pretence of explaining nature, inſtill into the heart of man moſt pernicious doctrines, which, though in appearance of the ſceptic kind, are infinitely more poſitive and dogmatical, than the determined tone of their adverſaries. Under the inſolent notion that they alone are enlightened, and ſincere lovers of the truth, they oblige us to yield to their arbitrary deciſions, and attempt to obtrude their own nonſenſical whimſies for the real principles of things. In the heighth of their pride, they turn every thing topſy-turvy, and trample even the moſt ſacred rites under foot, depriving the wretched of the laſt conſolation under their afflictions; freeing the opulent and powerful from the only reſtraint to their paſſions; baniſhing the remorſe of guilt, and the hope of virtue from the human breaſt; and boaſting, moreover, of being the only benefactors to our ſpecies. The truth, ſay they, can never be prejudicial to mankind: I grant it cannot; and, in my humble opinion, it is a ſtrong argument, that their doctrine is not agreeable to truth *.

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* The two parties attack each other with ſuch a number of ſophiſms, that it would be an endleſs and mad undertaking to refute them all; it is very well if we take notice of ſome as they occaſionally offer. One of the moſt uſual ſophiſms of the philoſophie party, is to ſet a ſuppoſed nation of true philoſophers in oppoſition to another of bad Chriſtians; as if it were more eaſy to form a whole nation of true philoſophers, than one of true Chriſtians. I know not whether among individuals, one be eaſier to find than the other; but this I very well know, ſince there is a queſtion about nations, that you muſt ſuppoſe ſome who would abuſe philoſophy without religion, as ours abuſe religion without

My good youth, be ſincere and tell the truth, without affectation or pride; learn to be ignorant, for thus

without philoſophy; and this, in my opinion, greatly alters the ſtate of the queſtion.

Bayle has proved extremely well, that fanaticiſm is of more pernicious conſequence than atheiſm, and this is undeniable; but he did not take notice of a circumſtance equally true, that fanaticiſm, though delighting in cruelty and blood, is a magnanimous paſſion; that it animates the human breaſt, inſpires it with a contempt of death, and gives it an extraordinary ſpring, and that it only wants a proper direction, to be productive of the ſublimeſt virtues; whereas irreligion, and in general the philoſophic turn of thoſe you call free-thinkers, creates an attachment to life, effeminates and debaſes the mind, and concenters all the paſſions in the mean principle of private intereſt, and that abject thing, called ſelf; by which means it gradually ſubverts the true foundation of human ſociety, for individuals have ſo very little in common, that it will never be able to balance their private intereſts.

If atheiſm does not produce the effuſion of human blood, it is not ſo much owing to the love of peace, as to an indifference to good; for let the world go as it will, little does it concern the pretended ſage, provided he can remain quiet in his ſtudy. His principles do not ſet men upon cutting one another's throats, but they hinder their propagation, by ſubverting morality, which tends to multiply them, by eſtranging them from their ſpecies, and by reducing all their affections to a ſecret egotiſm, as prejudicial to population as to virtue. Philoſophic indifference reſembles the public tranquillity in a deſpotic government; it is the tranquillity of death, more deſtructive by far than war itſelf.

Thus fanaticiſm, though more fatal in its immediate effects, than the preſent philoſophic turn, or mode of free-thinking, is a great deal leſs ſo in its conſequences. Beſides, it is eaſy to make a pompous diſplay of fine maxims in books: but the queſtion is, whether they are ſtrictly connected with the main doctrine, and neceſſarily flow from thence; which has not been cleared up as yet. There remains now to know, whether, if philoſophy were at its eaſe, and poſſeſſed of the ſupreme power, it would ſubdue all thoſe little paſſions of mankind, as glory, intereſt, and ambition, and practiſe that gentle humanity, of which it boaſts ſo greatly on paper.

In theory, philoſophy can do no one good, which religion is not capable of doing much better; and religion does a great deal, that is out of the power of philoſophy.

In practice, it is another thing; but here we muſt alſo have recourſe to inquiry. No man whatever, though he believes in a religion,

thus you will neither deceive yourſelf, nor any body elſe. If ever the improvement of your abilities ſhould qualify

religion, conforms intirely to it; this is very certain: moſt people have very little religion, and do not at all live up to that which they profeſs; this is likewiſe certain: but there are ſome who believe in a religion, and conform to it, at leaſt in part; and it is beyond all doubt, that religious motives often prevent them from acting wrong, and ſet them upon virtuous and laudable actions, which, had it not been for thoſe motives, would never have been performed.

Suppoſe a monk denies his having received a depoſit; what follows, but that he was entruſted with it by a fool? Had Paſchal made ſuch a denial, this would prove that Paſchal was an hypocrite, and nothing further. But a monk! ..... Are thoſe who make a trade of religion, the people who believe it? The iniquity of the clergy, there as elſewhere, does not prove the inutility of religion, but that very few have any religion at all.

Our modern governments are undoubtedly indebted to Chriſtianity for the ſolidity of their power, and the infrequency of their revolutions; it has even rendered them leſs ſanguinary, which is proved, in fact, by comparing them with ancient monarchies. The increaſe of religious knowledge has baniſhed fanaticiſm, and ſoftened the manners of Chriſtian countries. This alteration is not owing to letters; for where theſe flouriſhed, humanity was not more reſpected than in other parts; witneſs the cruelty of the Athenians, the Egyptians, the Roman emperors, and the Chineſe. What a number of works of mercy are owing to the goſpel! What a multitude of reſtitutions and indemnifications ariſe from auricular confeſſion among the Roman catholics! How many reconciliations and charitable diſtributions proceed from preparations for the holy communion amongſt the proteſtants? Did not the Hebrew jubilee throw a great damp upon the avidity of uſurers? What a number of miſeries it prevented! The whole nation were united by a common band of legal brotherhood; not a ſingle beggar was to be ſeen amongſt them; as there are none among the Turks, where pious foundations are without number. By a principle of their religion, they ſhew their hoſpitality even to the enemies of their worſhip.

"The Mahometans, ſays Sir John Chardin, pretend, that "after the judgment which is to follow the general reſurrection, "the bodies will all paſs over a bridge, called *Poul-Serrho*, built "on the fire everlaſting; a bridge, that, according to them, "may be ſtiled the third and laſt examination, or the laſt judg-"ment, becauſe there the wicked will be ſeparated from the "righteous, ... &c.

qualify you for ſpeaking in public, be ſure you always ſpeak according to your conſcience, without troubling your head about human applauſe. The abuſe of learning is productive of incredulity. The learned are above thinking with the vulgar, each man would fain have a ſyſtem of his own. Diſdainful philoſophy leads to infidelity; as blind devotion does to fanaticiſm. Avoid thoſe extremes; be ever ſtedfaſt in the ways of truth, or what appears to you in that light from the ſimplicity of your heart, and be not

" The Perſians, continues the ſame author, are vaſtly fond of " this bridge; ſo that when a perſon ſuffers an injury, for which " it is impoſſible for him to obtain ſatisfaction, his laſt conſola- " tion is to ſay: *Well, well; by the living God, thou ſhalt pay me* " *double the value at the laſt day; thou ſhalt not paſs over the Poul-* " *Serrho, without making me ſatisfaction: I ſhall faſten to thy gar-* " *ment, and cling to thy legs.* I have ſeen a great many perſons of " eminence, and of all profeſſions, who being apprehenſive leſt " there ſhould be a hue-and-cry after them in paſſing over this " formidable bridge, ſollicited thoſe who complained of their con- " duct to forgive them; of this I have know an hundred inſtances " myſelf. People of quality, who had been prevailed upon to " act with me differently from what I could have wiſhed, ac- " coſted me, ſome time after, when they imagined my chagrin " had ſubſided, and ſpoke to me thus: *I beg of you, halal becon* " *antchifra*, that is, *juſtify that affair*, or *render it lawful.* Some " of them even made me preſents, and did me ſervices, with a " view that I might forgive them, and declare it freely from my " heart; for which they could have no other motive, than the " perſuaſion that they ſhall not paſs the bridge of hell, till they " have made full ſatisfaction to thoſe whom they have op- " preſſed." Tom. 7. in 12mo. p. 50.

Can I believe that this bridge, which repairs ſo many iniquities, never prevents any? Now if you were to deprive the Perſians of this notion, and to perſuade them that there was no ſuch bridge as a *Poul-Serrho*, or any thing like it, where the oppreſſed were revenged of their tyrants after death, is it not evident that this would render the latter quite eaſy, and free them from the ſollicitude of appeaſing the unhappy? It is therefore falſe, that this doctrine would not be pernicious; conſequently it cannot be conformable to truth.

Philoſopher, thy moral laws are very beautiful; but ſhew me, I pray you, their ſanction. Ceaſe a moment to beat about the buſh, and let me know what thou doſt ſubſtitute in the room of *Poul-Serrho*.

diverted

diverted from it, either by vanity or weakneſs. Dare to acknowledge a deity among the philoſophers; and to preach humanity among perſecutors. You will perhaps be the only one of your party; but at the ſame time you will feel an inward ſatisfaction, ſuperior to all human regard. Whether they love or hate you, whether they peruſe or neglect your writings, it imports not. Tell the truth, and do what is right; the point of importance to man, is to diſcharge his duty upon earth; by forgetting himſelf, he promotes his own intereſt. My child, private intereſt deceives us; but in the expectation of the righteous alone there is no deception,

I HAVE tranſcribed this whole piece, not as a rule to be followed in matters of religion, but as a pattern of the manner in which you may reaſon with your pupil, to prevent a deviation from the method, which I have been endeavouring to eſtabliſh. So long as we are not ſwayed by human authority, or by the prejudices of the country in which we are born, the ſole light of reaſon cannot, in the inſtitution of nature, conduct us any further than natural religion, and there I ſtop with my Emilius. If he muſt have another, I have no right to be his guide; his buſineſs then is to chuſe for himſelf.

We act in conjunction with nature, ſo that while ſhe is employed in ſtrengthening the body, we endeavour to improve the mind; but our progreſs is different. The body is already ſtrong and robuſt, when the mind is yet weak and feeble; and let the art of man do what it will, the bodily conſtitution is always ſure to get the ſtart of reaſon. To reſtrain the one, and excite the other, has hitherto been our utmoſt care; to the end that man might always be as uniform as poſſible. While his natural affections were unfolding, we reſtrained their growing ſenſibility; and rendered it ſubject to the empire of

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reaſon. Intellectual objects moderated the impreſſion of thoſe of the ſenſible kind. Aſcending to the principle of things, we have freed it from the ſubjection of the ſenſes; and it was extremely ſimple to riſe from the ſtudy of nature, to the inquiry after its author.

As ſoon as we attained this point, we perceived we had gained a conſiderable aſcendant over our pupil; and found new ways to addreſs ourſelves to his heart. Then only does he find it his intereſt to be virtuous; to do good actions without any regard to man, and without being compelled by the laws; to be juſt between God and himſelf; to diſcharge his duty, even at the expence of his life; and ever to bear the image of virtue imprinted in his heart, not only from the love of order, to which every man prefers that of himſelf; but from the love of his Creator, which is mingled with the love of himſelf; to the end that he may enjoy that laſting felicity in the other life, of which a good conſcience, and the contemplation of a ſupreme Being, are ſure pledges in this. If I depart from this point, I ſee nothing left but injuſtice, falſhood, and hypocriſy; ſelf-intereſt prevailing over every other competition, teaches every man to diſguiſe his vices under the cloak and maſk of virtue. Let the reſt of mankind do my buſineſs at their own expence; let every thing be referred to me only as its ultimate end; let all mankind periſh, in pain and miſery, to ſave me a moment's uneaſineſs, or a little hunger; ſuch is the language, which the atheiſt and unbeliever makes uſe of to himſelf. Yes, I ſhall maintain it all my life; whoever ſays in his heart, there is no God, and makes uſe of a different language, is either a liar, or madman.

Reader, it is all in vain, I am very ſenſible that you and I ſhall never ſee my Emilius under the ſame appearance; you will always fancy him to be like your young people; giddy, pert, and flighty, wandering from one feaſt and entertainment to another,

without being ever able to fix himſelf. You will laugh to ſee me transform a young man, full of ſpirit, and in the ſpring and vigour of life, into a contemplative philoſopher, or rather into a downright divine. You will ſay, this viſionary ſtill purſues his favourite dream; in giving us a pupil after his manner, he not only faſhions, but creates him; he forms him out of his own brain, and imagining always that he is copying from nature, he deviates from her every inſtant. For my part, comparing my pupil to yours, I can ſcarce perceive any one thing they can have in common. His education being ſo different, it is almoſt a miracle if he bears the leaſt reſemblance to them. As he has paſſed his infancy in that intire liberty, in which they indulge themſelves in their youth, he begins in his youth to take up with that regularity, to which they were obliged to ſubmit in their childhood: this regularity they conſider as a ſcourge, they hold it in abomination, they look upon the ſtage of life, wherein they obſerved it, as a time of ſervitude in which they were tyrannically uſed by their maſters; they think they are not got out of their leading ſtrings, till they have ſhaken off this yoke *; it is then they make themſelves amends for the long reſtraint in which they were held, juſt as a priſoner is apt to extend his limbs, when releaſed from his fetters.

Emilius, on the contrary, is proud of drawing towards manhood, and ſubjecting himſelf to the yoke of dawning reaſon; his body being now quite formed, has no longer need of the ſame motions, and begins to fix its growth; while his underſtanding, being half fledged, tries its pinnions. Thus puberty is to one, the ſtage of debauchery, to the other that of reaſon.

* Infancy is ever looked upon with the greateſt contempt, by thoſe who are juſt out of it; as in no country are ranks obſerved with greater affectation, than where the inequality is not great, and where each is afraid of being confounded with his inferior.

Should you be deſirous to know which of theſe educations is preferable in the order of nature, conſider the difference in thoſe who deviate more or leſs from them: obſerve the young people in country villages, and ſee whether they are as pert and impudent as in great cities. *The infancy of ſavages*, ſays the Sieur le Beau, *is always ſpent in action, and in different paſtimes which exerciſe the body; but as ſoon as they enter the age of puberty, they grow tranquil and penſive; and thenceforward they apply themſelves only to ſerious games, or thoſe of hazard**. Emilius having been educated with the ſame freedom as the children of peaſants and ſavages, will of courſe make the ſame alteration in his carriage as they, when he grows up to maturity. The whole difference is, that inſtead of uſing action merely for the ſake of play or for his ſupport, he has learnt to think, even in the midſt of his laborious or playful exerciſes. Being thus arrived at this period, he is intirely diſpoſed for the ſcene into which I am about to introduce him; the reflections I ſet before him, excite his curioſity, becauſe they are not only in themſelves extremely beautiful, but quite new to him, and he is moreover capable of underſtanding them. On the contrary your young people, being quite ſurfeited and tired with moral lectures, and tedious catechiſms, will ſurely expreſs their diſlike to mental application which had been rendered ſo dull to them, to tireſome precepts with which their ears had been ſtunned, and to meditations on their Creator, who had been repreſented as an enemy to their pleaſures. To all this they have conceived the utmoſt averſion, and diſlike; conſtraint has ſurfeited them; how then can it be expected, that they will conform to it again, when they begin to be their own maſters? There muſt be ſomething new to pleaſe them, different from what is inculcated to children. It is all the ſame in regard to my pupil; when he

* Adventures of the Sieur C. le Beau, advocate in parliament.

grows

grows up to man's eſtate, I talk to him as a man, and tell him nothing but what is new; and the things he hears, being tireſome to others, are for this very reaſon agreeable to his taſte.

Thus I make him doubly gain time, by retarding the progreſs of nature to improve that of reaſon: but have I really retarded that progreſs? No, I have only prevented the imagination from taking its flight too ſoon; the untimely leſſons which a youth receives from other quarters, I have balanced by inſtructions of a different kind. While the torrent of our inſtitutions impels him one way, to draw him into a contrary direction by different precepts, is not removing him, but fixing him in his ſituation.

At length the critical moment of nature arrives, and arrive it muſt. Since man is mortal, he muſt needs be reproduced, to the end that the ſpecies continue, and the order of this material world be preſerved. As ſoon as you perceive this criſis by the ſigns above mentioned, lay aſide your former tone and authority. He is ſtill your diſciple, but not your pupil. He is your friend, he is a man; and treat him henceforward as ſuch.

What! muſt I abdicate my authority, when I ſtand moſt in need of it? Muſt I reſign the youth to his own conduct, at the very time he is leaſt able to conduct himſelf, and moſt liable to go aſtray? Muſt I renounce my rights, when it behoves him moſt that I ſhould aſſert them? Your rights! who told you to renounce them? It is now they commence in reſpect to him. Hitherto you obtained nothing but by force or artifice; he had no notion of authority, or duty; to make him obey, you were obliged either to compel or to deceive him. But ſee with how many new ties you have bound his heart. Reaſon, friendſhip, gratitude, and a thouſand affections, all ſpeak to him in ſuch a tone as he cannot but underſtand. Vice has not yet rendered him deaf to their language; he feels only the ſoft paſ-

ſions of nature. The firſt of all, that of ſelf-love, makes him intirely yours; and this ſubjection is confirmed by habit. If he ſhould break looſe but for a moment, his remorſe will ſoon bring him back; his attachment to you is the only fixed ſentiment he has; all the others paſs away, and are alternately effaced. Do not ſuffer him to be corrupted, and he will be always docile; he will not begin to be rebellious, till he has been perverted.

I acknowledge indeed, that if you were openly to oppoſe his growing deſires, and be ſo weak as to treat thoſe new wants as vicious inclinations, he would not liſten to you long: but if you once quit my method, I can anſwer for nothing. Remember always that you are the miniſter of nature, and you will never be her enemy.

But how ſhall I act? there is only one alternative, either to favour, or to combat his inclinations; to be his tyrant, or his ſycophant: and the conſequences of both are ſo very dangerous, that it is difficult to determine the choice.

The firſt way of ſolving this difficulty, is to marry him quickly; and this is certainly the ſafeſt and moſt natural. I queſtion however, whether it be the beſt, or the moſt uſeful; and I will give you hereafter my reaſons; in the mean time I agree that young people ought to marry, as ſoon as they come to a proper age; but this age has been anticipated in their favour; it is we that have rendered them ripe before the time; we ought to wait for their maturity.

Were we only to liſten to their inclinations, and be directed by their outward tokens, there would be no great difficulty; but there the laws of nature, and thoſe of ſociety, are vaſtly oppoſite in many reſpects, ſo that we are obliged to twiſt and twirl continually, in order to reconcile them. We muſt have recourſe to a vaſt deal of art, to hinder the ſocial from becoming the artificial man.

From

From the reaſons above laid down, I am of opinion, that by the means there mentioned, and others of the ſame kind, we may prolong the ignorance of deſires and the continence of the ſenſes to the age of twenty. And this is ſo far true, that among the Germans, a young man who lay with a woman before that time, was conſidered as infamous; and to the chaſtity of thoſe people, authors juſtly attribute their vigorous conſtitutions, and extraordinary propagation.

This period may even be lengthened; and not many centuries ago, nothing was more common even in France. Among other inſtances well atteſted, Montaigne's father, a man of no leſs veracity and truth, than of ſtrength and goodneſs of conſtitution, ſwore, that he had never known woman when he married at the age of thirty-three, after having ſerved a conſiderable time in the wars of Italy; and in the ſon's writings you may ſee what chearfulneſs and vigour his father retained, when he was paſſed ſixty. The contrary opinion is founded more on our cuſtoms and prejudices, than on the knowledge of the human ſpecies in general.

I may therefore wave the example of the young people of our times, it is no manner of proof in regard to a perſon not educated like them. When I come to reflect that nature has fixed no term on this occaſion, which may not be either anticipated or retarded, I think, that without deviating from her laws, I may ſuppoſe that Emilius continues, through my care, in his primitive innocence, and I ſee this happy period ready to expire. Surrounded with dangers, which every day come thicker upon him, he is ready to break looſe from me, do what I will. Upon the very firſt occaſion (and this will ſoon offer itſelf) he yields to the blind impreſſion of his ſenſes; and a thouſand to one but he is going to be undone. I have made too many reflections on human nature, not to be ſenſible of the influence which this critical moment

moment muſt have on his morals the remainder of his life. If I diſſemble, and pretend to ſhut my eyes, he avails himſelf of my weakneſs; thinking he deceives me, he holds me cheap, and I am acceſſary to his ruin. If I endeavour to reclaim him, it is no longer time, he pays no attention to me; I become odious and intolerable in his preſence; and it will not be long before he gets rid of me. There remains therefore only one prudent method for me to follow; which is to render him accountable to himſelf for his actions; to guard him at leaſt againſt the ſurprizes of error; and to ſhew him plainly the perils with which he is environed. Hitherto his ignorance has ſaved him, but now he muſt be reſtrained by his own good ſenſe.

Theſe new inſtructions being of great importance, I think it proper to trace the ſubject ſomewhat higher. This is the time to give in my accounts to him, to ſhew him in what manner his time and mine have been employed; to acquaint him with his ſtation and mine; with our actions, with our obligations to each other, with all his moral relations, with the engagements he has entered into in regard to others, and others to him, with the degree he is arrived at in improving his faculties, the road he is to follow hereafter, the difficulties he will meet with, and the manner of ſurmounting them; to ſhew him how far I am ſtill capable of aſſiſting him, and how far he is able to help himſelf; in a word, to point out to him the critical ſituation, and the new perils that ſurround him, and to lay before him all the ſolid reaſons, which ſhould engage him to watch with the utmoſt attention over his conduct, before he indulges his youthful deſires.

Imagine to yourſelf, that to conduct a pupil at this age, you are to follow quite a contrary method, to what you uſed during the time of his infancy. Make no ſcruple to inſtruct him in thoſe dangerous myſteries, which you ſo long and ſo carefully concealed

cealed from his ſight. Since he muſt know them, it is proper his knowledge ſhould come, not from himſelf, or from any other perſon, but from you only: and ſince henceforward he will be obliged to fight, it is requiſite, for fear of a ſurprize, that he ſhould be appriſed of his enemy.

Young people who appear to be ſkilled in theſe matters, without our knowing how they came by their knowledge, ſeldom have acquired it with impunity. Inſtructions ſo indiſcreetly immodeſt, muſt at leaſt defile the imagination of thoſe who receive them, and incline them to the vices of thoſe, by whom they are moſt infamouſly inſtructed. This is not all; the ſervants inſinuate themſelves into the good graces of the child, gain his confidence, and make him look upon his governor as a ſour crabbed man; and one of the favourite topics of their private confabulations, is to load him with ſlander and abuſe. When the pupil is arrived at that pitch, the maſter may go about his buſineſs, he has nothing further to do.

But how happens it that the child chuſes private confidantes? It is owing to the tyranny of thoſe who govern him. Why ſhould he conceal his mind from them, if he is not obliged to be upon the reſerve? Why ſhould he complain of them, if he has no ſubject of complaint? Naturally ſpeaking they are his firſt intimates; by the eagerneſs with which he comes to tell them his thoughts, it plainly appears that he fancies his notions to be incomplete till he unboſoms himſelf to them. Depend upon it, that if a child is neither afraid of your ſermons and rebukes, he will acquaint you with every thing; and that ſervants will not venture to entruſt him with a ſecret, when they are convinced that you have his intire confidence.

What induces me to depend the more on my method, is, that by examining into the effects of it as near as poſſible, I can ſee my pupil in no ſituation

in

in life, in which he does not appear in an agreeable light. Even in the very moment when he gives looſe to the warmth of his deſires, and rebelling againſt the hand that attempts to curb him, he beats about on every ſide, and is juſt ready to get from me; in his tranſports and agitations, I ſtill can trace his original ſimplicity; his heart, undefiled as his body, knows no diſguiſe, no more than vice; neither reproaches nor contempt have diſpirited him; daſtardly fear never taught him to diſſemble; he has all the indiſcretion of innocence; he is ingenuous without any ſcruple; and he knows not, as yet, of what advantage it is to deceive. There is not the leaſt emotion in his ſoul, but either his lips or eyes will reveal; and I am oftentimes much ſooner apprized, than he himſelf, of his inward ſentiments.

While he thus continues to diſcloſe his mind to me with the utmoſt freedom, and to tell me his thoughts with pleaſure, I have nothing to fear; but if he grows more timid and reſerved; if from his converſation I find him under the leaſt embarraſſment, nature begins to operate, and I have not one moment to loſe; if I do not make haſte to give him ſome inſtruction, he will be inſtructed preſently, againſt my will.

Many of my readers, even of thoſe who adopt my notions, will imagine, that I mean here no more than a tranſient converſation; and then all is over. Ah! it is not thus the heart is governed! All that you ſay is of no avail, unleſs you time it well. Before you ſow, you muſt plough the ground: the ſeed of virtue riſes with great difficulty; there muſt be long preparations for it to take root. One thing that chiefly defeats the end of ſermons, is their being preached indiſcriminately to all the world. How is it poſſible to imagine, that the ſame diſcourſe ſhould ſuit ſuch a number of auditors, ſo variouſly diſpoſed, of ſuch different geniuſſes, tempers, ages, ſexes, ſtates, and opinions?

opinions? Perhaps there are not two, to whom a general exhortation is adapted; and our paſſions are all ſo fluctuating, that I queſtion whether any man living was twice affected in the ſame manner, by the ſame diſcourſe. Judge then, whether it be a right ſeaſon to liſten to the grave lectures of the wiſe, juſt when the underſtanding is clouded, and the will tyrannized, by the agitation of ſenſual paſſions. Never, therefore, talk of reaſon to young people, even at the age of reaſon, till you enable them to underſtand it. More diſcourſes are thrown away by the fault of the maſters, than by that of the diſciples. The pedant and the prudent tutor ſay nearly the ſame things; but the former ſays them on every occaſion; the latter only, when ſure of their producing a good effect.

As the man that walks in his ſleep, ſkims along the border of a precipice, from which he would tumble down, if he were ſuddenly awaked; thus my Emilius, in the ſlumbers of ignorance, eſcapes ſome dangers, of which he is not aware: if I awake him by ſurpriſe, he is ruined. Let us, firſt of all, endeavour to remove him further off from the precipice, and then we will awake him, to ſhew it to him at a diſtance.

Books, ſolitude, idleneſs, a ſedentary and effeminate life, the company of women and young people; theſe are the things he is to avoid at this age, being the rocks againſt which he is in continual danger of ſplitting. With other objects I amuſe his ſenſes; and by pointing out another courſe to the mind, I divert it from that which it was beginning to purſue; by inuring the body to laborious exerciſes, I check the activity of the fancy by which he is impelled. When the arms are exerted in hard labour, the imagination is at reſt; and when the body is very much tired, the paſſions are not inflamed. The beſt precaution is to remove our pupil from the ſeat of danger. And firſt of

in life, in which he does not appear in an agreeable light. Even in the very moment when he gives looſe to the warmth of his deſires, and rebelling againſt the hand that attempts to curb him, he beats about on every ſide, and is juſt ready to get from me; in his tranſports and agitations, I ſtill can trace his original ſimplicity; his heart, undefiled as his body, knows no diſguiſe, no more than vice; neither reproaches nor contempt have diſpirited him; daſtardly fear never taught him to diſſemble; he has all the indiſcretion of innocence; he is ingenuous without any ſcruple; and he knows not, as yet, of what advantage it is to deceive. There is not the leaſt emotion in his ſoul, but either his lips or eyes will reveal; and I am oftentimes much ſooner apprized, than he himſelf, of his inward ſentiments.

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or a ſhelter for patridges: where the one hears nothing but the warbling of nightingales, and the ſweet tunes of the feathered choir; the other imagines to himſelf the ſound of the echoing horn, and the opening of the hounds: the one thinks only of dryads and nymphs, the other dreams only of prickers, kennels, horſes, and every thing belonging to the jovial chace. Take a walk into the country with a couple of gentlemen of this ſtamp, you will ſoon perceive by their diſcourſe, that the earth puts on a different trim, and wears a different face in regard to them; and that they differ as much in the mode and turn of their thoughts, as in the choice of their pleaſures.

I can conceive extremely well, in what manner theſe taſtes and inclinations unite, and how people, at length, find time for every thing. But youthful paſſions are not thus divided; let your pupil have one occupation that he likes, and all the reſt will be quickly forgot. The variety of deſires proceeds from that of knowledge, and the firſt pleaſures we learn, are for a long time the only ones we purſue. It is not my intention that Emilius's youthful days ſhould be ſpent intirely in killing wild beaſts, nor do I even pretend abſolutely to juſtify this ferocious diverſion; it is ſufficient for me that it ſuſpends the influence of a paſſion far more dangerous, ſo that my Emilius will be able to hear me diſcourſe of its power, without finding any bad effect, and give me leiſure to paint its charms, without feeling any emotion.

There are incidents in life, that ought never to be forgot. Such is that of the inſtruction I have been mentioning, in regard to my Emilius; it ſhould influence the remainder of his days. Let us, therefore, endeavour to imprint it in his memory, ſo as never to be effaced. One of the reigning errors of our age, is to have recourſe too often to pure reaſon, as if men were mere ſpirits. By neglecting the uſe of ſigns which addreſs the imagination, we have loſt the moſt

energetical

of all I carry him out of town, far from the cauſes of temptation. But this is not ſufficient: in what deſart, in what wilderneſs will he flee from the images by which he is purſued? It ſignifies nothing to remove him from all dangerous objects, if I do not likewiſe make him forget them; if I do not find out the art of weaning him from every thing, even from himſelf, I might as well have left him where he was.

Emilius has learnt a trade, but this is not our reſource; he underſtands and is fond of agriculture, but this is not ſufficient; the occupations he already knows, are become too familiar to him, he exerciſes them by rote, and as if he were idle; he thinks on quite another thing, his head and arms act ſeparately. He muſt have ſome new exerciſe, which ſhall engage him by its novelty, keep him fully employed, and adminiſter to his pleaſure and diverſion. Now the only one that ſeems to unite all theſe conditions, is hunting. If the chace be ever an innocent pleaſure, or ſuitable to man, now is the time we ſhould have recourſe to it. Emilius has every qualification requiſite for this noble amuſement; ſuch as agility and ſtrength of body, with indefatigable patience. He will certainly take a delight in this exerciſe, and apply himſelf to it with all the ardour of youth: thus he will eſcape, at leaſt for ſome time, the dangerous inclinations that ariſe from effeminacy. The chace ſteels the heart as well as the body; it inures the mind to cruelty and blood. Diana is repreſented as an enemy to love, and the allegory is very juſt; the languiſhments of that paſſion take their riſe in the ſoft arms of repoſe; violent exerciſe extinguiſhes the tender ſentiments. In the midſt of groves and plains, the lover and the huntſman are ſo differently affected, that they have quite contrary images of the ſame objects. The vocal grove, the cooling ſhade, where the former ſeeks his ſweet retreat, are viewed by the latter only as paſture for deer, a hold for wild boars,

emblems, created a veneration for the perſon that wore them; without troops, or menaces, he ſpoke and was obeyed. What is the conſequence of their affecting to aboliſh thoſe emblems *? The idea of royal majeſty is obliterated in the breaſts of the people. Kings are no longer obeyed than they have troops to enforce their commands; and the veneration of ſubjects intirely conſiſts in the fear of puniſhment. Monarchs have not the trouble of wearing their diadems, nor grandees the enſigns of their dignity; but they muſt have a hundred thouſand arms always in readineſs, to ſecure the execution of their orders. Notwithſtanding this may look magnificent, perhaps, in their eye; it is eaſy to foreſee that the exchange will not in the end turn out to their advantage.

The eloquence of the ancients was productive of the moſt ſurpriſing effects; but this eloquence did not conſiſt merely in an elegant arrangement of expreſſions: on the contrary, it never was more perſuaſive, than when the orator had leſs recourſe to words. The moſt animated part was not expreſſed by ſpeech, but by ſigns; it was not ſpoken, but demonſtrated. This exhibition of the object, ſtrikes the imagination, excites curioſity, keeps the mind in ſuſpence, and oftentimes is ſufficient of itſelf to perſuade. Thraſybulus and Tarquin cutting off the heads of poppies,

* The Roman catholic clergy have very judiciouſly retained thoſe ſigns, and after their example a few republics, among others that of Venice. Hence the Venetian government, notwithſtanding its preſent decline, ſtill enjoys the intire affection and veneration of the people, by preſerving the external appearance of its ancient grandeur. And next to the pope, adorned with his triple crown, there is not perhaps a king, potentate, or man upon earth, ſo greatly reſpected as the doge of Venice, though poſſeſſed of no power or authority, but rendered ſacred by his external pomp, and attired under his ducal cap with a woman's head-dreſs. The ceremony of the bucentaur, which ſets ſo many fools a laughing, would make the Venetian populace ſpill every drop of their blood, for the ſupport of that tyrannical government.

Alexander applying his ſeal to the mouth of his favourite, Diogenes walking before Zeno, expreſſed themſelves much ſtronger, than if they had made long harangues. What circumlocution muſt they have uſed to expreſs thoſe ideas! Darius having marched his army into Scythia, received a meſſage from the king of that country, with a bird, a frog, a mouſe, and five arrows. The meſſenger delivered the preſent, and turned back without ſaying a word. In our days, this man would have paſſed for a fool. This terrible harangue was underſtood, and Darius uſed all poſſible expedition to get back to his own country. Subſtitute a letter in the place of thoſe ſigns; the more it abounded in menaces, the leſs it would have intimidated; it would have been only a rodomontade, capable of exciting Darius's laughter.

How great the attention of the Romans to the language of ſigns! Veſtments according to the difference of age and condition; the toga, or the ſagum, the bulla and the prætexta, the laticlaves, the curule chairs, lictors, faſces, axes, crowns of gold, of oaken boughs, or wreaths of laurel, ovations, triumphs; every thing, in ſhort, with them, was pomp and ceremony, and made an impreſſion as ſuch on the minds of the citizens. It was a matter of conſequence to the ſtate, that the people ſhould, or ſhould not aſſemble in ſuch a place; that they either ſaw, or did not ſee the Capitol; that they either did, or did not turn towards the ſenate; and that their debates ſhould be on ſuch a particular day, preferably to all others. Perſons accuſed of crimes, changed their dreſs; candidates for offices did the ſame; warriors did not boaſt of their exploits, but ſhewed their wounds. If one of our modern orators were to attempt to excite the paſſions of the people, upon the death of Cæſar, he would exhauſt all the common places of his art, in giving a pathetic deſcription of his wounds, and of his body all covered with blood: Antony, though famed for eloquence, did not ſay a

word of this; he cauſed the dead body to be expoſed before the people. How perſuaſive a rhetoric!

But I have inſenſibly ſtrayed from my ſubject, like a great many others; and my digreſſions are too frequent to be long and tolerable. I return now to the point.

Never enter into mere reaſoning with young people. Cloath your reaſon with an outward garment, if you are willing it ſhould have an effect. The language of the mind muſt penetrate the heart, to ſecure conviction. I repeat it once more, that bare arguments may determine our opinion, but not our actions; they make us believe, but do not put us in motion; they demonſtrate what we ought to think, but not what we ſhould do. If this be true, in regard to the ſtate of manhood, how much ſtronger is the argument with reſpect to young people, ſtill captivated by their ſenſes, who do not exert their rational powers ſo often as they give looſe to their imagination.

I ſhall therefore take care, even after the preparations above mentioned, not to bolt ſuddenly into Emilius's apartment, and to make him a long heavy diſcourſe on the ſubject in which I intend to inſtruct him. I ſhall begin with ſtriking his imagination; I ſhall chuſe a proper time and place, and ſuch objects as are moſt likely to favour the impreſſion I intend to make; I ſhall invite all nature, as it were, to be witneſs to our converſation; I ſhall call on the ſupreme Creator of the univerſe to atteſt the truth of my diſcourſe; I ſhall chuſe him for a judge between Emilius and me; I ſhall mark the place where we are, the rocks, the groves, the mountains that environ us, as monuments of our mutual engagements; my eyes, my accent, my geſture, ſhall breathe that enthuſiaſtic ardour, with which I want to inſpire him. Then I ſhall talk to him, and he will liſten to me; I ſhall be affected, and he will feel himſelf moved. Fired with the ſanctity of my office, I ſhall give him a much ſtronger ſenſe of his duty; I ſhall animate the force of reaſoning with

images and figures; I ſhall not be tedious and diffuſe with inſipid arguments, but full of ſentiments, the overflowings of my ſoul; my reaſons ſhall be grave and ſententious, but my heart ſhall never know when to finiſh. Then upon mentioning all that I have done for him, I ſhall repreſent it in ſuch a manner, as if it were done for myſelf: in the tenderneſs of my affection, he will behold the reaſon of all my cares. What a ſurpriſe and agitation muſt I occaſion in his breaſt, by changing my language all of a ſudden! Inſtead of narrowing his heart by continually talking to him about his intereſt, I intend henceforward to mention only my own, and ſhall make a ſtronger impreſſion upon him; I ſhall animate him with thoſe tender ſentiments of friendſhip, generoſity, and gratitude, which I have raiſed and cheriſhed with ſuch care, in his youthful breaſt. I ſhall preſs him to my boſom, my eyes bedewed with tears of affection. I ſhall tell him, "O my child, in thee I place my whole "good; for thee I have laboured, from thee I ex-"pect my happineſs; ſhouldſt thou diſappoint my "hopes, thou bereaveſt me of twenty years of life, "and muſt render my old age unfortunate!" This is the way of gaining a youth's attention, and imprinting your words in the bottom of his heart.

Hitherto have I endeavoured to give examples of the manner in which a governor ought to inſtruct his pupil on critical occaſions. I had a mind to do the ſame on this; but after ſeveral eſſays, I gave up the point, being convinced, that the French tongue is too delicate to bear the ſimplicity of the firſt inſtructions on ſome particular ſubjects, when committed to writing.

The French, you will ſay, is the chaſteſt of all languages; for my part, I believe it to be the moſt obſcene; for the chaſtity of language does not, as I apprehend, conſiſt in carefully avoiding ſome immodeſt turns of ſpeech, but in not having them at all. Indeed, to avoid them, we muſt have them in our thoughts;

thoughts; and in no language is it more difficult to talk with decency on every ſubject, than in French. The reader more dexterous in diſcovering, than the author in avoiding, obſcene meanings, is ſcandalized and frightened at every thing. Is it poſſible for an expreſſion to paſs through impure ears, and not to be fouled with ſome part of their ordure? On the contrary, a people of good morals have proper terms for every ſubject; and theſe are always modeſt, becauſe they are never employed but in a modeſt ſenſe. It is impoſſible to imagine a chaſter language than that of the Bible; and this is, becauſe every thing is mentioned there with great ſimplicity. To render thoſe very expreſſions immodeſt, you have only to tranſlate them into French. The words I ſhould make uſe of to my Emilius, would be intirely modeſt and chaſte to his ear; but none but perſons of his purity of heart would find them ſo in the peruſal.

I am of opinion, that reflexions on the real purity of language, and on the falſe delicacy of vice, might find a proper place in diſcourſes on morality, to which our ſubject leads us; for in learning the language of modeſty, a youth ought likewiſe to acquire that of decency, and know why there happens to be ſo great a difference between thoſe two. Be that as it may, I maintain, that, inſtead of the idle precepts with which the ears of youth are continually ſtunned, and which are derided at an age when they would be more ſeaſonable, if we were to wait for the proper time, and to prepare our pupil for receiving inſtruction; if we were then to ſet before him the laws of nature in their full extent; if we were to acquaint him with the ſanction of thoſe very laws in the phyſical and moral evils, which are inflicted on the guilty tranſgreſſors; if in ſpeaking to him of the inconceivable myſtery of generation, we were to connect the idea of allurement, which the author of nature has given to this operation, with that of excluſive attachment, which renders it ſo delicious, and that of the

duties of fidelity and modeſty, by which it is ſurrounded, and which greatly heighten its charms; if in giving him a picture of marriage, we were to repreſent it not only as the moſt delightful ſtate in human ſociety, but likewiſe as the moſt ſacred and inviolate of all contracts; and if we were alſo to tell him all the reaſons which render this tie ſo ſacred and ſo reſpectable to mankind, and which devote thoſe to infamy, who preſume to violate the marriage-bed; if we were to paint the horror of debauchery in its true colours, to repreſent its brutal ſtupidity, and the inſenſible bias by which the firſt diſorder leads to all the reſt, and at length hurries us on to that which proves our deſtruction; if, I ſay, we were to demonſtrate to him, in what manner chaſtity is connected with bodily health, with ſtrength, courage, and other virtues, even with love itſelf, and all the real bleſſings of life, I maintain, that we ſhould make him fall in love with this ſame chaſtity, and find him extremely ready to embrace the means, which he has been taught to preſerve it; for ſo long as it is preſerved, we reſpect it; never is it deſpiſed, till after it is loſt.

It is not true, that our proclivity to evil is unconquerable, and that we are not at liberty to ſurmount it, before we have acquired the habit of yielding to its impulſe. Aurelius Victor mentions ſeveral men, ſo tranſported with love, as to purchaſe a night's enjoyment with Cleopatra, at the loſs of their lives; a ſacrifice not at all inconſiſtent with the intemperance of paſſion. But ſuppoſe the greateſt madman whatever, one who had the leaſt command over his paſſions, was to ſee the apparatus of his execution, and was ſure to periſh in the moſt exquiſite torture within a quarter of an hour; this man, from that inſtant, would not only be ſuperior to ſuch a temptation, but would find very little difficulty in ſurmounting it; the frightful idea with which it was accompanied, would divert him from it; ſo that meeting with a continual repulſe, it would be tired of renewing its attacks.

attacks. It is the want of will that conſtitutes our weakneſs; we are always ſtrong enough, if we have but a good will. *Volenti nihil difficile.* Oh! that our deteſtation of vice was but as ſtrong, as our love of life, we ſhould then refrain from an agreeable crime with the ſame eaſe, as we would from a deadly poiſon adminiſtered in a delicious draught.

How comes it that the inſtructions given to a youth on this ſubject, are all ineffectual? Is it not obvious, that this is owing to their not being proportioned to his years, and that it behoves every ſtage of life to have reaſon adorned with ſuch a dreſs, as ſhall render it lovely to the eye? Speak to him with an air of gravity when you think proper; but let your words have always ſuch an attractive force, as ſhall induce him to hear you with attention. Do not combat his deſires with a ſtoical indifference, do not ſtifle his fancy, but aſſiſt it as a guide, for fear it ſhould generate monſters. Talk to him of love, of women, of pleaſures; let him find ſuch charms in your converſation, as ſhall win his youthful heart; ſpare no pains to gain his confidence; thus, and thus only, you will really become his maſter; you need not be then afraid that he will be tired of your converſation; on the contrary, he will make you talk more than you care for.

There is not the leaſt doubt, but that if I have been able to take all the neceſſary precautions agreeable to theſe maxims, and to converſe with my Emilius in the manner ſuitable to his preſent progreſs in years, he will advance of himſelf to the point to which I would conduct him: impatient to put himſelf under my protection, and frightened at the perils with which he is ſurrounded, he will ſay to me, with all the fire and ſenſibility of youth: "O, "my friend, my protector, my maſter! reſume "the authority you want to reſign, at the very critical "time when it behoves me moſt you ſhould pre- "ſerve it; hitherto you have enjoyed it on the ac- "count of my weakneſs, now you poſſeſs it from

" my choice, and I ſhall therefore hold it more ſa-
" cred. Defend me againſt all my enemies that en-
" compaſs me, and eſpecially againſt thoſe whom I
" carry about me, and by whom I am betrayed;
" watch over your own work, that it may do you
" honour. I am willing to obey your laws, I am
" willing to obey them for ever; this is my firm re-
" ſolution: if ever I diſobey your orders, it will be
" againſt my will; ſet me free, by upholding me
" againſt my paſſions, which attack me with vio-
" lence; do not permit me to be their ſlave, but
" oblige me to be my own maſter, by not ſubmitting
" to my ſenſual deſires, but to the dictates of rea-
" ſon."

When you have conducted your pupil ſo far, (and if you miſcarry in this, it is your own fault) have a care you do not take him too quick at his word, leſt, if ever your authority ſhould appear too heavy a yoke, he ſhould think himſelf intitled to ſhake it off, under a notion of having been ſurpriſed. Here it is that reſerve and gravity will be properly placed; and your talking to him in that tone, will be ſo much the more effectual, as it will be the firſt time that he obſerved it.

You will therefore ſay to him; " Young man, you
" enter very lightly into painful engagements; you
" ought thoroughly to underſtand their nature, before
" you can obtain a right to form them; you know
" not with what impetuoſity the ſenſual paſſions drag
" ſuch youths as you into the gulph of vice, by the
" allurement of pleaſure. You have not an unge-
" nerous ſoul, I know full well; you will never break
" your faith; but how often, perhaps, will you be
" ſorry for having pledged it? How often will you
" curſe him who loves you, when to reſcue you from
" the evils by which you are menaced, he will find
" himſelf obliged to pierce you to the heart! As
" Ulyſſes, allured with the inchanting voice of the
" Syrens, called out to his people to untie him, juſt

" ſo

" ſo will you deſire to break your chains, when once " you give way to the inticement of pleaſure; you " will importune me with your complaints; you " will reproach me with my tyrannical behaviour, " when I ſhall be affectionately employed about your " preſervation; ſtudying to procure your happineſs, I " ſhall incur your averſion. O, my Emilius! I ſhall " never be able to bear the pain of being odious in " your ſight; even your happineſs is too dear at that " price. My good young man, do not you ſee, that " by laying yourſelf under an obligation to obey me, " you will oblige me, to conduct you, to forget myſelf, " in order to devote my whole time to your welfare; " to be deaf to your murmurings and complaints, " and to be perpetually at war both with your deſires " and mine? You ſubject me to a yoke much heavier " than your own. Before we engage in this under- " taking, let us both conſult our ſtrength; take your " time, and let me have leiſure to reflect on it; and " remember, that he who is ſloweſt in promiſing, is " always the moſt exact obſerver of his word."

You ſhould alſo remember, that the more difficulties you ſtart, in regard to this engagement, the eaſier it will be carried into execution. The youth, by all means, ſhould be made ſenſible that he promiſes a great deal, and you ſtill more than he. When the critical moment is arrived, and he has ſigned, as it were, the contract, then you muſt change your language, and ſhew as much lenity in your adminiſtration, as you ſeemed to threaten ſeverity. You will ſay to him thus: " My young man, you want expe- " rience, but I have taken care you ſhould have no " want of reaſon. You are capable of ſeeing tho- " roughly into the motives of my conduct; and for " this you need only to wait till your head be quite cool. " Be ſure you begin always with obeying my orders, " and then you may aſk me my reaſon, which I " ſhall be ready to give you, as ſoon as you are in a " condition to underſtand me; and I ſhall never be

" afraid

" afraid to take you for my judge. You promiſe to
" be docile, and for my part I engage to make uſe
" of this docility, only to render you the happieſt of
" mortals. The ſituation you have hitherto enjoyed,
" ſhall be a ſecurity for my performing my word.
" Shew me a perſon of your youthful years, that has
" ſpent his time ſo agreeably as you, and I will pro-
" miſe you nothing further."

As ſoon as my authority is eſtabliſhed, my firſt care ſhall be to guard againſt any neceſſity of making uſe of it. I ſhall ſpare no pains to conciliate his affection every day more and more, to gain the empire of his heart, and to be the ſupreme ruler of his pleaſures. Inſtead of oppoſing, I ſhall conſult, his youthful inclinations, in order to have them under my direction; I ſhall enter into his deſigns, to the end that I may conduct them; and I ſhall not endeavour to procure him a diſtant good, at the expence of his preſent happineſs. I am not willing that he ſhould be happy only for once, but if poſſible for ever.

Thoſe who pretend to be the ſage conductors of youth, and to preſerve them from the danger of ſenſual pleaſures, are always ſure to give them a horrid picture of love, and to repreſent it as a crime for them to think of it at their age; as if this noble paſſion were made only for old fellows. The heart contradicts theſe falſe leſſons, and is never perſuaded. The youth, directed by a ſurer inſtinct, laughs in his ſleeve at the muſty rules, in which he pretends to acquieſce, and only waits for the proper opportunity to render them abortive. This is all contrary to nature. By purſuing a different method, I ſhall be ſurer to attain the ſame end. I ſhall not be afraid to flatter that agreeable paſſion with which he is ſo vaſtly affected; I ſhall repreſent it to him as the ſupreme happineſs of life, becauſe it is really ſuch; and in drawing this picture of it, I ſhall conſent to his indulging this inclination. By rendering him ſenſible of the charms which an union of hearts adds to the allurement

allurement of ſenſe, I ſhall give him a diſreliſh to debauchery, and render him wiſe, by inſpiring him with love.

A perſon muſt be very weak-ſighted, indeed, to diſcern no more than one obſtacle to the leſſons of reaſon in the growing deſires of youth! For my part, thoſe deſires plainly point out to me the real method of rendering him docile to reaſon. The paſſions can never be maſtered but by themſelves: by their empire you muſt combat their tyranny; and the proper inſtruments for regulating them, muſt be drawn from nature itſelf.

Emilius was not formed to live always a ſolitary life; as a member of ſociety, he ought to fulfill its duties. Framed to live and converſe with men, he ſhould know them. He knows mankind in general; it remains for him to be acquainted with individuals. He has a knowledge of what is doing in the world; he muſt now learn their manner of life. It is time to ſhew him the outſide of this great ſtage, after he has had a thorough inſight into all its internal machinery. He will not behave with the ſtupid admiration of an ignorant youth, but with the diſcernment of a man of ſenſe. His paſſions may deceive him, no doubt; and where is the inſtance of their not deceiving every body that indulges them? But this, at leaſt, may be ſaid, he will not be ſeduced by thoſe of others. If he perceives them, he will view them with the eye of a ſage, without being led away by example, or deluded by prejudice.

As there is a proper age for ſtudying the ſciences, ſo there is a time of life for learning to know the world. Whoever enters upon the latter too young, will follow it all his life without judgment, reflection, or choice; and though with ſelf-conceit, yet without well knowing what he is about. But he who learns this knowledge, and ſees into its reaſons, will behave with more prudence and diſcernment, and of courſe more politely and with a better grace. Give me a child

child at twelve years of age, intirely ignorant of letters, and at fifteen I ſhall make him as knowing as yours, whom you inſtructed from his earlieſt years; with this difference, that your boy's knowledge will conſiſt altogether in his memory, whereas that of my pupil will depend on his judgment. In like manner, ſuppoſe you introduce a youth of twenty into the world; if he is under good direction, he ſhall in a year become more amiable, and be more judiciouſly poliſhed, than he who has been bred there from his infancy: for the former being able to perceive the reaſon of the ſeveral proceedings relative to age, ſtate, and ſex, which conſtitute this knowledge, may reduce them into principles, and extend them to caſes unforeſeen; whereas the latter going by rote, without any other rule, is puzzled as ſoon as ever he departs from it.

In France, the young ladies are all brought up in convents, until they are diſpoſed of in wedlock. Does it appear that they have any difficulty to learn thoſe new airs and behaviour? And will the married women in Paris be accuſed of having an aukward carriage, and no knowledge of the world, becauſe they were not initiated into it in their infancy? This is a prejudice of the people of the world themſelves, who knowing nothing of more importance than this petty ſcience, have a miſtaken notion, that a perſon cannot begin too early to acquire it.

True it is, that we muſt not, on the other hand, defer this part of education too long. Whoever ſpends his whole youth quite retired from the world, is ſure to diſtinguiſh himſelf the remainder of his days, by an air of force and conſtraint, by a perpetual blundering in his diſcourſe, by a clumſineſs and inelegance of manners, which his future habit of life will never be able to remove; on the contrary, his endeavouring to get rid of thoſe blemiſhes, will only expoſe him to greater ridicule. Every kind of inſtruction has its proper ſeaſon, which we ought to know,

know, and its dangers which we ought to avoid. On this occaſion eſpecially they all unite; neither do I expoſe my pupil to them without precaution, in order to preſerve him from harm.

Whenever my method anſwers all the different views of the ſame object, and by guarding againſt one inconveniency prevents another, then I judge that it is the true method, and that I am in the right. This is the caſe in regard to the expedient, which it ſuggeſted to me on the preſent occaſion. Should I attempt to be auſtere and harſh with my pupil, I loſe his confidence, and he will ſoon conceal his ſentiments from me. Should I be complaiſant and eaſy, or ſhut my eyes, of what uſe is it to him to be under my care? I only give a ſanction to his irregularity, and ſoothe his conſcience at the expence of my own. If I introduce him into life, only with the intent of inſtruction, he will learn a great deal more than I would have him. If I keep him away till the very latter end of all, what ſhall he have learnt of me? Every thing perhaps but the art moſt neceſſary for him, both as a man and as a citizen, that of knowing how to live and converſe with his equals. Should I point out too remote a proſpect to his endeavours, he will ſet very ſlight on it, for he values nothing but the time preſent; if I am content to ſupply him with amuſements, what advantage does he receive from me? He grows effeminate, and gains no inſtruction.

But this is not at all the caſe: my method alone provides againſt every inconveniency. "Thy heart, "I ſay to the youth, has need of a female com- "panion; let us go in ſearch of one that will be "ſuitable to thy ſtate; perhaps it will not be ſo eaſy "to find her; real merit is always ſcarce; but let "us not be in a hurry, let us not be diſcouraged. "No doubt but ſuch a one exiſts, and we ſhall "find her at laſt, or at leaſt one bordering upon her "perfections. With a proſpect ſo pleaſing to his

"fancy,

" fancy, I introduce him into the world; what need " I ſay more? Do not you perceive that I have done " the buſineſs?"

In drawing the picture of the perſon I deſign for his ſpouſe, I leave you to imagine, whether I ſhall be able to conciliate his attention; whether I ſhall be capable of giving him a taſte and inclination, for thoſe qualifications which he ought to love; whether I ſhall have it in my power to determine him, in regard to the object worthy of his purſuit? I ſhould be the moſt unfit for my office of any man in the world, if I did not make him fall in love with her, without knowing her perſon. Little does it import whether the object I deſcribe to him be imaginary or not, it is ſufficient if it gives him a diſlike to every other, that may happen to lay ſnares for him; it is ſufficient if, wherever he goes, he finds ſuch compariſons as ſhall induce him to prefer his chimera to the object before him: and what is real love itſelf, but chimera, deception, and dream? We are more in love with the image we frame to our minds, than with the object to which it is applied. Were we to behold what we love, exactly as it is, love would be baniſhed from the face of the earth. When we ceaſe to love, the object continues ſtill the ſame as before, but we do not view it in the ſame light. The curtain of deception drops, and the paſſion vaniſhes. Now by ſupplying him with an imaginary object, I am maſter of the compariſons, and I eaſily prevent the deluſion of real objects.

I would not for all that be for deceiving a young man, by ſketching out to him ſuch a model of perfection, as no where exiſts; but I ſhall pitch upon a ſpouſe for him with ſuch defects, as ſhall hit his taſte, ſhall pleaſe him, and help to correct his own. Neither would I tell him a lie, by affirming falſely, that the object whoſe picture I have drawn does really exiſt; but if he likes the picture, he will be deſirous of ſeeing the original. From deſire to ſuppo-

ſition, the tranſition is eaſy; this will only coſt you a few artful deſcriptions, which, with the help of ſome maſterly ſtrokes, will cloath the imaginary object with a greater reſemblance of truth. I would go ſo far as to name her; I ſhould tell him ſmiling, let us call your future ſpouſe Sophia; Sophia is a name of good omen; if the perſon you chuſe to be your companion, does not bear that name, at leaſt ſhe will be worthy of it; and we may previouſly honour the lady with this title. After all theſe particulars, if without affirming or denying, you get off by evaſions, his ſuſpicions will be changed into certainty; he will really believe, that you are making a myſtery of the perſon you deſign to be his ſpouſe, and that he ſhall ſee her at a proper time. When once you have got him ſo far, and have drawn a right ſketch of her features, all the reſt is eaſy; you may introduce him into life almoſt without danger; only guard his ſenſes, his heart is quite ſafe.

But whether the model, which I have endeavoured to render amiable to him, be realized or not, if it be drawn in a maſterly manner, it will inſpire him with as ſtrong an attachment to every thing that reſembles it, and as great a diſlike to what has no reſemblance, as if the object was real. What an advantage this muſt be, to preſerve his heart againſt the dangers, to which his perſon muſt be expoſed; to reſtrain his ſenſes by means of his imagination; and eſpecially to reſcue him from the hands of thoſe miſtreſſes of education, who make a youth pay for it ſo very dear, and form him to politeneſs, by diveſting him of his modeſty! Sophia is ſo baſhful and chaſte! with what eye will he view their forward advances? Sophia has ſo much ſimplicity! how will he be able to put up with their airs? There is ſo great a diſtance between the ideal object, and thoſe he ſees in life, that there is no danger of his being hurt by the latter.

All

All thoſe who treat of the government of children, follow the ſame prejudices and maxims, becauſe they are ill obſervers, and worſe reflectors. The firſt irregularities of youth, are not owing to their conſtitution, or to ſenſual paſſion, but to opinion. Were we treating here of boys educated in colleges, or of young ladies brought up in convents, I could ſhew that this remark is true even in reſpect to them; for the firſt leſſons they both learn, and the only ones productive of effect, are thoſe of vice; and it is not nature that corrupts them, but example: but let us leave the boarders in colleges and nunneries to their bad behaviour; it is paſt remedy. I am ſpeaking only of domeſtic education. Take a youth that has been prudently brought up, under his father's eye, in ſome diſtant province, and examine him the moment he comes to Paris, and enters into life; you will find he has a juſt notion of virtue and decency, and that even his inclinations are as uncorrupt as his underſtanding. You will ſee he has a contempt for vice, and an horror for debauchery. At the bare mentioning the name of a proſtitute, you may perceive his innocence put to the bluſh. I maintain there is not a youth thus educated, that could have the reſolution, to enter by himſelf into the haunts of thoſe unfortunates, even if he were to know the uſe of them, and to feel an impulſe of nature.

But at the end of ſix months, obſerve the young ſpark again, and you will not know him to be the ſame perſon. From his looſe diſcourſe, his proud conceits, his air, his gait quite diſengaged, you would conclude him to be ſomebody elſe, if his jeſting on his former ſimplicity, and his bluſhing whenever he is put in mind of it, did not prove his identity, and that he is aſhamed of it. How ſtrangely is he metamorphoſed in ſo ſhort a time? And whence proceeds this great and ſudden change? From his conſtitution. His conſtitution ſurely would not have made

made that progreſs at home, nor would he have learnt thoſe conceits, and thoſe inſolent airs. From the firſt pleaſures of enjoyment? Quite the contrary. When firſt a youth indulges thoſe deſires, he is afraid, he is uneaſy; he ſhuns the light, and every noiſy interruption. The firſt pleaſures are ever myſterious; they are ſeaſoned with modeſty, and taken by ſtealth; the firſt miſtreſs a youth enjoys, does not render him impudent, but rather inſpires him with fear. Quite abſorbed in the novelty of his ſituation, he thinks only of the pleaſure it affords him, and is under continual apprehenſion of loſing it. If he is tumultuous, he has not yet felt the delicate paſſion; ſo long as he boaſts of favours, you may conclude he has not taſted the ſweets of fruition.

Theſe differences are intirely owing to another way of thinking. His heart is ſtill the ſame, but his opinion is changed. His ſenſations, being more difficult to alter, will alter at length of themſelves, and then only he will be really debauched. Scarce is he introduced into the world, when he receives a ſecond education, quite oppoſite to the firſt; whereby he learns to deſpiſe what before he eſteemed, and to eſteem what he deſpiſed; he is made to look upon the inſtructions of his parents and maſters, as pedantic jargon; and the duties they have preached up to him, as rules only for the conduct of boys, which he ſhould hold in contempt, when he comes to be a man. He thinks himſelf obliged in honour to alter his whole behaviour; and thus he enters into gallantry without either affection or deſire, and grows inſipid through falſe ſhame. He ridicules a moral conduct, before he has acquired a reliſh for vice; and boaſts of debauch, without knowing how to be a debauchee. I ſhall never forget the confeſſion of a young officer in the Swiſs guards, who was greatly tired with the tumultuous pleaſures of his comrades, yet durſt not but come into them,

for fear of being laughed at. "Though I hate this "noiſe, I accuſtom myſelf to it, as I do to taking "ſnuff, one muſt not be always a child."

Thus you ſee, that a young man on his entering into the world, requires greater care to preſerve him from the prejudices of vanity, than from ſenſual pleaſures; becauſe he is more apt to yield to the inclinations of others, than to his own; and ſelf-love makes more libertines than love.

This being premiſed, I would fain know whether there be a youth upon earth better armed than mine, againſt every thing that is capable of hurting his morals, his ſentiments, and principles of good conduct? Whether there be another more prepared to ſtem the torrent? For where is the evil or the ſnare, againſt which he is not guarded? If his inclinations attract him towards the fair-ſex, he does not find the object he is in purſuit of; ſo that his heart being prepoſſeſſed, he is reſtrained from indulging his deſires. If he is uneaſy under the impulſe of paſſion, how will he be able to gratify it? His averſion to adultery and whoredom, is equally a check to his engaging either with common, or with married women; and it is generally with of one of thoſe two conditions, that the debauchery of youth commences. A young maid may be a coquette; but ſhe will not be void of ſhame; ſhe will not proſtitute herſelf to a young man, who may poſſibly eſpouſe her, if he thinks her virtuous; and beſides, ſhe has ſomebody to inſpect her conduct. Emilius, on the other hand, will not be entirely left to himſelf; both of them will have at leaſt the guard of fear and ſhame, inſeparable from the firſt deſires; they will not paſs all at once to the laſt familiarities, nor will they have time enough to proceed gradually without obſtructions. Before he can behave otherwiſe, he muſt have been inſtructed by his comrades, he muſt have learnt of them to make

a jeſt of modeſty, and to imitate their inſolence. But what man upon earth is leſs an imitator than Emilius? What man is leſs ſwayed by raillery, than he who has no prejudices, and can make no allowance for thoſe of others? I have laboured hard full twenty years, to arm him againſt ſcoffers, ſo that it muſt be a good while before they will be able to make him their dupe. In regard to ridicule, he conſiders it as the reaſon of fools; and nothing renders a man more inſenſible to raillery, than to be ſuperior to opinion. Inſtead of pleaſantry and jeſts, he requires ſound arguments; and ſo long as he adheres to that notion, I am not afraid of his being carried off by young fops. I have conſcience and truth on my ſide. If prejudice muſt be concerned, an attachment of twenty years is ſomething; he will never be made to believe, that I have taken up his time with unprofitable lectures; and when there is an upright and affectionate heart, the advice of one honeſt faithful friend, will prevail over the inſinuations of twenty ſeducers. As the point then is only to convince his underſtanding, that they intend to deceive him, and that by treating him as a man, they really behave to him as an infant; I ſhall affect to be always plain, but grave and perſpicuous in my arguments, to the end that he may perceive it is I who treat him as a man. I ſhall tell him: "You ſee, that my advice is owing to the regard I have for your intereſt, which indeed is alſo mine. But why do thoſe young people endeavour to perſuade you? It is, that they would fain impoſe upon you: they have no affection for your perſon, they take no ſhare in what concerns you; their only motive is a ſecret envy and ſpite, to ſee that you are in greater eſteem than themſelves; they want to lower you to their little ſtandard, and they upbraid you with ſuffering yourſelf to be governed, only that they may govern you. Can you expect to be any gainer by this change? Is their know-

" ledge ſo ſuperior, and their attachment ſo much
" ſtronger than mine? To give weight to their rail-
" lery, they ſhould have ſome authority; now what
" authority or experience have they to pretend,
" that their rules are preferable to mine? They
" only follow the example of other giddy fellows, in
" hopes of being imitated one day in their turn. To
" raiſe themſelves above the pretended prejudices of
" their parents, they are enſlaved to thoſe of their
" companions. I do not ſee what they can gain by
" this, but I plainly perceive that they forego two
" conſiderable advantages; that of paternal affection,
" whoſe counſels are tender and ſincere; and that of
" experience, which makes us judge of what we
" know; for parents have been children, but chil-
" dren have not as yet been parents.

" But do you believe that they are at leaſt ſincere in
" their fooliſh maxims? They are even far from that,
" my dear Emilius; they deceive themſelves to deceive
" you; they are quite inconſiſtent. They are inceſ-
" ſantly contradicted by their conſcience, and fre-
" quently by their lips. Such a perſon turns every
" thing modeſt and virtuous into ridicule, though he
" would be ſtark mad, if his wife were to be of the
" ſame way of thinking. Another will carry his indif-
" ference concerning morals, even ſo far as the perſon
" to whom he is betrothed, and to complete his in-
" famy, even to his actual wife; but proceed a little
" further, talk to him about his mother, aſk him
" whether he ſhould chuſe to be the fruit of adul-
" tery, or to be the ſon of a proſtitute, in order to
" uſurp the name of a family, and to diveſt the legi-
" timate heir of his right; in a word, whether he
" would patiently ſubmit to be deemed a baſtard?
" Is there one of them all that would chuſe his
" daughter ſhould undergo the ſame diſgrace, as
" that which he brings upon another man's? Is
" there one of them all, but would make an attempt
" againſt your life, were you to put thoſe princi-

" ples

"ples in practice, in regard to him, with which "he has been endeavouring to poiſon your mind? "Thus do they at length betray their inconſiſtency, "and prove evidently, that not one of them believes "what he affirms. Theſe are my reaſons, dear Emi-"lius; weigh theirs, if they have any, and compare "them. Were I to make uſe of contempt and rail-"lery, as they do, you would ſee them as open to "ridicule as I, and perhaps much more ſo. But I "am not afraid of a ſerious inquiry. The triumph "of ſcoffers is ſhort-lived; truth remains, and their "fooliſh laughter vaniſhes like ſmoke."

You cannot imagine, that Emilius would have ſo much docility at the age of twenty. How differently do we think! But I am incapable of conceiving, how he could be ſo docile at ten; for what influence had I over him at that time of life? It required fifteen years labour and care, for me to gain this influence. I was then concerned in his education. I was preparing him to be my pupil; he has now received a ſufficient ſtock to be docile, he knows the voice of friendſhip, and is capable of paying a due deference to reaſon. It is true, I let him enjoy the appearance of independence; but he was never more ſubmiſſive to me, becauſe his ſubmiſſion is owing to his own will. While I was incapable of gaining the dominion of his will, I was maſter of his perſon; and I never ſuffered him to be out of my ſight. Since he is grown up, I leave him ſometimes to himſelf, becauſe I have him always under my government. At parting I embrace him, and ſay to him with an air of confidence: Emilius, I commit thee to the care of my friend; I conſign thee to his honeſt heart; he will be anſwerable for thee.

It is not eaſy to debauch a ſound mind, that has not been previouſly vitiated, or to cancel the principles immediately flowing from the light of reaſon. If any change ſhould happen during my abſence, it

would not be of long duration; neither could it well be concealed from my knowledge, ſo as to prevent my foreſeeing the danger, and being in time to remedy the evil. As youth are ſeldom depraved, but by degrees, neither do they all at once learn to diſſemble; and if ever man was unſkilled in this art, it is Emilius, who never in his life had occaſion to make uſe of it.

By theſe and ſuch like precautions, I think him ſo well guarded againſt external objects, and worldly maxims, that I had much rather ſee him in the midſt of the worſt company at Paris, than alone in his apartment, or in a grove, a prey to inquietude, ſo natural to perſons at his time of life. In vain do you ſtrive againſt the ſtream; of all the enemies capable of diſturbing the happineſs of a young man, the moſt dangerous, and the only one he cannot get rid of, is himſelf: yet that this enemy is ſo dangerous, is our own fault; for as I often mentioned to you, it is the fancy alone that awakens the ſenſes. Their wants are not properly phyſical or real. If a laſcivious object had never preſented itſelf before our eyes, if a leud idea had never come into our heads, perhaps we ſhould never have felt this pretended want, and ſhould have continued chaſte, without either temptation, ſtruggle, or merit. You know not what fermentations are privately excited in youthful blood, under ſome particular circumſtances, and at certain exhibitions, without their being capable of diſcovering the cauſe of that firſt inquietude, which is not ſo eaſy to pacify, and which ſoon redoubles its fury. For my part, the more I reflect on this important criſis, the more I am convinced that an hermit brought up in a deſart, without books, inſtructions, or women, would be chaſte till the day of his death, happen when it would.

But a ſavage of that kind is out of the queſtion. In educating a human creature for ſociety, it is improper,

proper, nay it is impoſſible, to bring him up always in that ſalutary ignorance; and to be only half learned, is the greateſt hinderance to wiſdom. The remembrance of the objects, by which we were agreeably affected, and the pleaſing ideas we have acquired, follow us into our retreat, and diſturb it with images far more luſcious and bewitching, than the objects themſelves: ſolitude then becomes as fatal to the perſons haunted by thoſe images, as it is uſeful to ſuch, as have always lived alone.

You muſt therefore watch the youth with the utmoſt care, he will be able to guard againſt every thing elſe; but it is you that muſt defend him againſt himſelf. Never leave him alone, either by day or by night; at leaſt I would adviſe you to lie in his apartment. As ſoon as you confine yourſelf no longer to inſtinct, place no confidence in it; while it acts alone, it is a good director; but it becomes ſuſpected, when it is intermixed with human inſtitutions: you muſt not deſtroy it, but bring it under regulation; and this perhaps is more difficult, than to demoliſh it. Were it ever to teach your pupil, how to deceive his ſenſes, and to ſupply the opportunities of ſatisfying them, it would be extremely dangerous; when once he knows this hazardous experiment, he is utterly undone. His body and mind become enervated; and while he lives, he will feel the effects of that habit, the moſt pernicious that a youth can be enſlaved to. Without doubt it would be much better.... If the heat and impetuoſity of thy conſtitution becomes irreſiſtible, my dear Emilius, I lament thy fate, but I ſhall not heſitate a ſingle moment; I cannot ſuffer the intention of nature to be eluded. If thou art to be overpowered by a tyrant, I had much rather thou ſhouldſt ſubmit to him, from whoſe yoke I am able to ſet thee free; let what will happen, I can reſcue thee more eaſily from the fair, than from thyſelf.

Till the age of twenty, the body continues to grow, and has need of its whole ſubſtance; continence is then agreeable to the order of nature, and the violation of it is generally detrimental to the conſtitution. After twenty, this ſame virtue becomes a moral duty; its importance is ſhewn, by learning us the art of ſelf-government, and that of maſtering our paſſions and appetites; but moral duties have their modifications, their exceptions, and rules. When human imbecillity renders an alternative unavoidable, of two evils prefer the leaſt; in all conditions whatever, it is more eligible to commit a fault, than to contract a vicious habit.

Remember I am not ſpeaking at preſent of my pupil, but of yours. As you have ſuffered his paſſions to ferment, they overpower you; therefore make your ſubmiſſion to him openly, and do not diſguiſe your defeat. If you are capable of repreſenting his victory to him, in its full light, he will be rather aſhamed than proud of it; and he will ſuffer you to lead him through the mazes of error, ſo as to prevent his tumbling from precipices. The diſciple ought to do nothing but what the maſter knows and conſents to, not even a bad action; it is a hundred times better, that the governor ſhould be miſtaken in approving a fault, than if he were deceived by his pupil, and the fault committed without his being privy to it. He who thinks himſelf obliged to connive at ſome things, will ſoon be reduced to the neceſſity of winking on every occaſion; the tolerating of the firſt abuſe brings on another, and ſo on, till you arrive at the contempt of law, and general ſubverſion of order.

Another error I have already combated, but which is impoſſible to be extirpated out of weak minds, is conſtantly to affect a magiſterial air, and to ſeem as if you wanted to paſs for an accompliſhed man in the eye of your diſciple. This method is contrary to good ſenſe. Is it not obvious, that by endeavouring

thus to ſtrengthen, you deſtroy your authority; that to command attention, you muſt put yourſelf in the place of the perſon you addreſs, and that you muſt be a man to talk perſuaſively to the human breaſt? None of thoſe accompliſhed maſters have the art of perſuaſion; thoſe who hear them, ſay to themſelves: it is eaſy to combat paſſions, without the leaſt degree of ſenſibility. Diſcloſe your foibles to your pupil, if you are willing he ſhould be cured of his; let him ſee that you undergo the ſame conflict as he; let him learn of you to conquer, and not ſay like the reſt: theſe old fellows are vexed that they have loſt their youthful vigour, and therefore want to treat young people as if they were of the ſame age as themſelves; becauſe their powers are extinguiſhed, they pretend to look upon ours as criminal.

Montagne takes notice, that he aſked the Lord de Langey, how often he had made himſelf drunk for the King's ſervice, during his negotiations in Germany? I ſhould be glad to aſk the governor of a certain young gentleman, how often he entered into a place of ill repute for the ſervice of his pupil? How often? Surely I am miſtaken. If the young libertine does not from the very firſt time loſe all deſire of returning, if he does not bring back with him the ſtrongeſt ſentiments of ſhame and remorſe, if he does not bedew your boſom with a flood of tears, quit him immediately; either he is a monſter, or you are a fool, and conſequently incapable of doing him any ſervice. But let us have done with theſe dangerous, theſe melancholy expedients, which being uſed only in caſes of extremity, have no ſort of relation to our plan.

What an immenſe deal of precaution muſt be taken with a young gentleman, before we ſuffer him to launch out into the dangerous ſea of this corrupt world! This precaution is troubleſome, but very neceſſary: a neglect of this point is the ruin of youth; by the irregularities

larities of the early part of life, mankind degenerate, and become the wretched beings we behold them at preſent. Mean and daſtardly even in their vicious purſuits, they have but little ſouls, becauſe their bodies have been enervated by early debauchery; they ſcarce have ſtrength ſufficient to move. Their flimſy thoughts expoſe the futility of their minds; they are incapable of lofty and noble ſentiments; they have neither force nor ſimplicity of expreſſion. Abject to the loweſt degree, and baſely wicked, they prove themſelves to be a compound of vanity, knavery, and falſhood; they have not even courage ſufficient for brave wicked men. Such are the contemptible wretches, formed by the corruption of the age. Should there happen to be but one youth among them, who would behave with temperance and ſobriety, and preſerve himſelf untainted by the contagion of bad example, at thirty years of age he would be able to cruſh all thoſe inſects, and to become their maſter with leſs trouble, than he underwent to be his own.

This youth would Emilius be, if he pleaſed; were birth or fortune to favour him but ever ſo little: but he would hold thoſe wretches in too great contempt, to be at the trouble of making them his ſlaves. Let us now take a view of him, in the very midſt of them, as he enters into life, not with an intent to make a figure in it, but to know it, and to find a help-mate worthy of himſelf.

Whatever may be his rank, or fortune in life, into whatever ſociety he may be introduced, his firſt ſetting out ſhall be plain and ſimple. God forbid he ſhould be ſo unhappy as to want to ſhine: he has not thoſe qualities which ſtrike at firſt ſight. He ſets too ſmall a value on the judgment of mankind, to ſubmit to their prejudices; and he does not wiſh to be eſteemed before he is known. His manner of accoſting is neither modeſt nor vain, but natural and true; he knows no reſtraint or diſguiſe; and in the midſt of an aſſembly, he is juſt the ſame as when he is by himſelf.

himſelf. Will he be therefore rude, or ſcornful, and void of all regard to company? Quite the contrary; though when he lived in retirement, he looked upon the reſt of mankind as nothing; does it follow, that he ſhould conſider them in the ſame light when he mingles in ſociety? He does not give them the preference in his outward behaviour, becauſe he does not prefer them in his heart; but on the other hand, he does not expreſs an indifference towards them, which he is far from entertaining; if he has not the forms of politeneſs, he has the ſtudy of humanity. He does not love to ſee any perſon ſuffer; he will not offer his place to another through affectation, but he will willingly reſign it to him out of good nature, if he thinks him mortified by neglect; for it is leſs pain to my young man to ſtand of his own accord, than to ſee another compelled to that ſituation.

Though in general Emilius has no eſteem for mankind, yet he will not behave towards them with contempt; for he really pities their weakneſs, and has an affection for the whole ſpecies. As he cannot inſpire them with a reliſh for real good, he lets them enjoy thoſe imaginary goods with which they are contented; leſt if he ſhould diveſt them of theſe, without ſubſtituting any thing in their ſtead, he ſhould only make them more wretched than before. Hence he neither diſputes nor contradicts; neither does he behave with flattery or complaiſance; he delivers his opinion, without combating that of any man, for he loves liberty above all things, and freedom of ſpeech is one of its chief prerogatives.

He ſays little, becauſe he does not chuſe that others ſhould employ their thoughts about him: for the ſame reaſon, what he ſays, is attended with utility; otherwiſe, who would engage him to ſpeak? Emilius is too well bred, ever to be a babbler. Loquacity muſt needs proceed, either from a pretenſion to wit; of which hereafter; or from the value

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we ſet on trifles, thinking fooliſhly that other people hold them in the ſame eſteem as we. He who has a ſufficient knowledge of things, to make a proper eſtimate of them, never will be guilty of ſpeaking too much; for he knows alſo how to value the attention with which he is heard, and the intereſt which the company may have in regard to his diſcourſe. Generally ſpeaking, ſuperficial people are great talkers; and men of real knowledge, ſay but little: it is quite natural, that an ignorant fellow ſhould look upon every thing he knows as important, and tell it to all the world. But a man of underſtanding does not eaſily open his ſtore; he would have too much to ſay; and he diſcerns a great deal that is to be ſaid after him; therefore he is ſilent.

Inſtead of reſtraining the cuſtoms or manners of others, Emilius gladly conforms to them; not with a view of appearing well acquainted with their cuſtoms, nor of affecting the airs of a polite gentleman, but, on the contrary, to avoid being diſtinguiſhed; and he is never eaſier, than when people take no notice of him.

Though he is ſtepping into the world, he is abſolutely unacquainted with its manners; yet this does not render him in the leaſt timorous; if he conceals himſelf, it is not owing to embarraſſment, but becauſe, to take a proper view, a perſon muſt be inviſible: what other people think of him, does not give him the leaſt uneaſineſs; nor is he at all afraid of ridicule. Hence it is, that being always tranquil and cool, he is not diſturbed by an untimely baſhfulneſs. Whether he is obſerved or not, he does what he is about, to the beſt of his abilities; and being always concentered within himſelf, in order to remark properly on others, he catches the manners or cuſtoms of the world with an eaſe, which ſlaves to opinion could never poſſibly acquire. It may be ſaid, that he learns the modes of the world the ſooner, becauſe he ſets but little value on them.

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Be not, however, miſtaken, in regard to his countenance, and do not go to compare it to that of your young fops. He is firm, and not conceited; his manners are diſengaged, but not haughty: inſolent airs belong only to ſlaves; independence has nothing affected. I never beheld a man that had real boldneſs, expreſs it in his deportment: this is an affectation peculiar to groveling ſouls, who have no other way of impoſing upon the world. I have read ſomewhere, that a ſtranger having one day preſented himſelf before the celebrated Marcel, the latter aſked him his country? *I am an Engliſhman*, anſwered the ſtranger. *You an Engliſhman!* replied the dancer; *you a native of that iſland, where private citizens have a ſhare in the public adminiſtration, and conſtitute a part of the legiſlature* *! *No, ſir; that downcaſt look, that mean air, that aukward deportment, plainly denote you to be the titled ſlave of an elector.*

I know not whether this judgment ſhews an adequate knowledge of the juſt relation between the internal ſtate of a man, and his external appearance. For my part, who am not a dancing-maſter, I ſhould have thought quite the reverſe. I ſhould have ſaid: *This Engliſhman is not a courtier; I never heard it ſaid that courtiers have a downcaſt look, a mean air, an aukward deportment: a man may be very baſhful at a dancing-maſter's, and yet behave with great boldneſs in the houſe of commons.* Surely this M. Marcel muſt look upon his countrymen as Romans!

Thoſe who are in love, deſire to meet with a return; Emilius has an affection for mankind, and therefore is

* As if there were any citizens, who were not members of the city or community; and as ſuch, had not a ſhare in the legiſlature, or ſupreme authority. But the French having taken it into their heads to uſurp this reſpectable appellation of citizens, formerly due to the members of the cities in Gaul, have quite altered the idea of it, ſo that it is no longer intelligible. A perſon who lately wrote me a letter, containing ſeveral abſurdities againſt the new Eloiſa, ſigned himſelf, *A citizen of Paimbeuf*, thinking it to be an excellent joke.

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willing to pleaſe them. The reaſon is ſtill ſtronger why he ſhould be deſirous of pleaſing the fair-ſex. His youthful age, his manners, his deſigns, all concur to cheriſh this inclination. I ſay manners; for they have in this caſe a very ſtrong effect; men of good manners are real adorers of the ladies. They do not expreſs themſelves, like the others, in a ridiculous jargon, by way of gallantry; but they have a more real, a more tender officiouſneſs, which comes from the heart. A man of good manners, and that had a command of his paſſions, might be eaſily diſtinguiſhed in the company of a young lady, from a thouſand debauchees. Judge, then, what Emilius muſt be, with a conſtitution quite undebauched, and ſo many reaſons to keep it under ſubjection. As to his behaviour towards the fair, I believe he will be ſometimes timid and baſhful in their company; but ſurely this baſhfulneſs will not be diſagreeable to them; nay, the leaſt knowing of the ſex will but too often divert themſelves with his innocent bluſhes. His officiouſneſs, however, will change its form, according to the difference of conditions. He will behave with greater modeſty and reſpect towards married women, and with more ſpirit and affection towards young maids. He does not loſe ſight of his main object, but always pays more attention to whatever puts him in mind of it.

No body can be more exact in the ſeveral rules of decorum founded on nature, or even on the good order of ſociety; but the former he will ever prefer to the latter: thus he will pay a greater reſpect to a private perſon older than himſelf, than to a magiſtrate of his own age. Being therefore, for the general, one of the youngeſt in company, he will be one of the moſt baſhful; not from an affected humility, but from a natural ſenſation, founded on reaſon. He has not the impertinent airs of a young coxcomb, who, thinking to divert the company, talks much louder than thoſe who know more than himſelf, and interrupts

rupts his ſeniors in the middle of their diſcourſe. He will not approve, for his part, the anſwer of an old gentleman to Lewis XIV. who aſked him which he preferred, the paſt, or the preſent age: *Sire, I ſpent my youth in paying my reſpects to old men; and now I muſt paſs my old age in ſhewing my regard to children.*

Endowed with an affectionate diſpoſition, and great ſenſibility, but forming no eſtimate of things merely from opinion; though he is fond of pleaſing others, yet he is very indifferent about their eſteem. Whence it follows, that he will be more affectionate than polite, that he will ſhew no airs of inſolence and pride, and that he will be more ſenſibly moved with one embrace, than with a thouſand elogiums. For the ſame reaſons he will not neglect his manners, nor outward deportment; he may even take a little pains about his dreſs, not to appear a man of taſte, but to render his perſon more agreeable; he never will have recourſe to the gold clock in his ſtockings, nor will he wear ſuch a tawdry dreſs, as ſhall appear to be only a token of his wealth.

It is obvious that theſe particulars do not require, on my ſide, a great diſplay of inſtructions, but are the effect of his original education. Some people make a great myſtery of the knowledge of the world, as if at the age in which we acquire this knowledge, it were not learnt naturally, and its firſt principles ought not to be founded in honeſty. Real politeneſs conſiſts in expreſſing our benevolence to mankind; it is eaſily diſtinguiſhed by thoſe who are polite themſelves; and it is for thoſe who are not, that we are obliged to reduce its forms into an art.

The moſt pernicious effect of the politeneſs in faſhion, is to teach the art of diſpenſing with the virtues which it only imitates. Let humanity and benevolence be inſtilled into youth by their preceptors, and they will have either politeneſs ſufficient, or no occaſion for it.

If they are not maſters of that politeneſs which diſplays itſelf in a graceful behaviour, they will have that which

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ſhews the man of honour and the citizen; there will be no occaſion for their having recourſe to falſhood and deception.

Inſtead of uſing artifices to pleaſe, it will be ſufficient to be good; inſtead of being deceitful to humour the foibles of others, they need only be indulgent.

They, with whom you behave in this manner, will neither be puffed up with pride, nor debauched; they will be rather grateful to you on this account, and become better men *.

If any kind of education be capable of producing the politeneſs required here by M. Duclos, I think it is that whoſe outlines I have been drawing.

I grant, notwithſtanding, that with principles ſo widely different, Emilius will not be like the reſt of the world; and God forbid he ſhould: but thoſe articles, in which he differs from others, will neither render him ridiculous nor peeviſh; the difference will be ſenſible without creating any inconveniency. Emilius will ſhew himſelf, if you will, an amiable ſtranger. At firſt they will excuſe his ſingularities, and ſay, *he will improve.* When afterwards they become accuſtomed to his manners, and ſee that he does not change, they will continue to excuſe him, and ſay, *he was brought up in this manner.*

He will not be careſſed as an amiable perſon, but he will be beloved without knowing why; no body will extol his underſtanding, yet he will be eaſily appointed umpire between men of genius; his wit will be clear and regular, his ſenſe good, his judgment ſound. As he never is fond of hunting after new ideas, he will not boaſt of his ſagacity and wit. I have made him ſenſible, that all the ideas conducive to the advantage and real uſe of man, were the firſt known; that in all ages they have been the only band of ſociety; and that your ſuperior geniuſſes can diſtinguiſh themſelves only by ſuch notions and principles,

* Conſiderations on the Manners of the Age. By M. Duclos.

as

and fatal to mankind. This manner of raiſing admiration he does not like: he knows where his happineſs lies, and how far he can be inſtrumental in the felicity of others. The ſphere of his knowledge does not extend much further than to real utility. The road he purſues is narrow, but very ſafe; as he is never tempted to get out of it, he is confounded with thoſe who jog on the ſame way; he neither is deſirous to go aſtray, nor to make a glittering figure. Emilius is a youth of good ſenſe, and he aims at nothing further; in vain would you attempt to affront him with this appellation; he will always think it an honour.

Though the deſire of pleaſing others, does not permit him to be abſolutely indifferent in regard to their opinion, yet he will mind it no more than as it immediately concerns his perſon, without troubling his head about arbitrary eſtimates, founded in mode or prejudice. Whatever he does, he will have the pride of doing it well; and even of deſiring to do it better than any body elſe. At running, he would be glad to be the ſwifteſt, at wreſtling the ſtrongeſt; at work the ableſt; and at games of ſkill the moſt dexterous: but he will give himſelf very little trouble about advantages, which are not in themſelves evident, and muſt be determined by the judgment of others, as to have more wit than another, to be more eloquent, more learned, &c. and much leſs about thoſe which do not depend on his perſon, as to be of a higher birth, to be reputed more opulent, to be more in credit and eſteem, and, in ſhort, to make a greater figure. Having a love for mankind, as his fellow-creatures, his affections will be chiefly placed on thoſe who reſemble himſelf the moſt; becauſe he will be ſenſible of his own goodneſs, and judging of that reſemblance, by a conformity of taſtes on moral ſubjects, in whatever partakes of the nature of good, he will be glad to meet with approbation. He will not ſay to himſelf, I rejoice, becauſe I am approved

of, but becauſe my good actions have met with approbation; I am pleaſed that the people who do me honour, do honour to themſelves; ſo long as they judge ſoundly, it will be a credit to gain their eſteem.

Endeavouring to attain a knowledge of mankind from their manners in public life, which he had hitherto attempted to gain from a ſtudy of their paſſions in hiſtory, he will have frequent occaſion to reflect on the ſeveral cauſes of flattery and offence. This will lead him to inveſtigate the principles of taſte; a ſtudy ſuited to his preſent period of life.

The further we go in ſearch of the definition of taſte, the more we are bewildered: taſte is only the faculty or power of judging what pleaſes or diſpleaſes the greateſt number. Go beyond that, and you are out of your depth. It does not follow from thence, that there are more men of taſte than others; for although the majority form a juſt judgment of every object, there are few who judge in the ſame manner of every thing; and though the moſt general concurrence of taſtes conſtitutes a good one, there are few people of taſte; juſt as there are but few handſome perſons, though beauty conſiſts of an aſſemblage of the moſt common features.

It is to be obſerved, that we do not mean here to ſpeak of what is liked for its utility, or hated for a contrary reaſon. Taſte relates only to things indifferent, or at the moſt to matters of amuſement, and not to things connected with our wants; to judge of theſe, taſte is not neceſſary, the appetite alone is ſufficient. This it is that renders the real determinations of taſte ſo difficult, and at the ſame time ſo arbitrary in appearance; for without the inſtinct which determines it, you ſee not the reaſon of thoſe deciſions. You muſt likewiſe diſtinguiſh between its moral laws and thoſe on natural ſubjects. In the latter, the principles ſeem to be abſolutely inexplicable; but it is neceſſary to obſerve, that there is a kind of morality

morality in every thing connected with imitation *: thus do we explain thoſe beauties which appear to be natural, and really are not. I ſhall further add, that taſte has its local rules, which render it dependent, in a thouſand reſpects, on climates, manners, government, and poſitive inſtitutions; that there are others, which depend on age, ſex, or character; and in this ſenſe, it is ſaid, we muſt not diſpute of taſtes.

Taſte is natural to all mankind; but they are not all poſſeſſed of it in the ſame degree: it does not equally diſplay itſelf in all; and in all it is from various cauſes ſubject to alteration. The degree of taſte we are capable of acquiring, depends on the ſenſibility we have received from nature; its culture and form are connected with the people among whom we live. In the firſt place, we muſt reſide in numerous ſocieties, to make a great many compariſons: ſecondly, we muſt have ſocieties of amuſement and idleneſs; for thoſe of buſineſs are not regulated by pleaſure, but by intereſt: thirdly, there muſt be ſocieties, in which there is not too great an inequality, where the tyranny of opinion is moderate, and where pleaſure is more predominant than vanity: for where it happens to be otherwiſe, faſhion deſtroys taſte, and we no longer endeavour to pleaſe, but to diſtinguiſh ourſelves above others.

Neither is it true in the latter caſe, that good taſte is that of the majority. And why ſo? Becauſe the object changes. The multitude have then no judgment for themſelves; they judge only from thoſe whom they look upon as more knowing; they approve, not what is good, but what thoſe have approved. Let every man have his opinion at all times; and that which in itſelf is moſt agreeable, will be ſure to have the plurality of ſuffrages.

The performances of artiſts are beautiful only by imitation. All true models of taſte are from nature.

* This has been proved in an Eſſay on the *Principle of Melody*, which the reader will find among my writings.

The more we deviate from the maſter, the more our pictures are disfigured. Then it is that we draw our models from the objects we love; and the beauty of fancy, ſubject to caprice and authority, is only juſt what is agreeable to our guides.

Our guides are the artiſts, the great, the opulent; and their guides are either their intereſt or vanity: the one to diſplay their wealth, the others to partake of it, are continually in purſuit of new modes of expence. Thus does luxury eſtabliſh its empire, and raiſe our deſires for what is coſtly and difficult; then the pretended beautiful, inſtead of imitating nature, is reckoned ſuch by departing from its rules. Thus are luxury and bad taſte inſeparable; for expenſive taſte is ever falſe.

Taſte, whether good or bad, is chiefly formed by the communication between the two ſexes; its improvement is a neceſſary effect of that union. But when the facility of enjoying damps the deſire of pleaſing, taſte muſt degenerate; and this is, in my opinion, another very good reaſon, why goodneſs of taſte ſhould be connected with that of manners.

You muſt conſult the taſte of women in natural things, ſuch as depend on the determination of the ſenſes: men you are to conſult in moral matters, which are more dependent on the underſtanding. When women behave as they ought, they confine themſelves to ſubjects within their own ſphere, and then they are ſure to judge well: but ſince they have interfered with literature, and undertaken not only to paſs their opinion on books, but even to ſcribble as faſt as they can, they betray their want of judgment. Authors who conſult the learned of the fair-ſex, in regard to their works, are ſure to be ill adviſed: gallants who take their opinion, with reſpect to dreſs, are ridiculouſly equipped. I ſhall quickly have occaſion to treat of the real abilities of the fair-ſex, with the method of improving them,

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and of the ſubjects on which a deference ſhould be paid to their deciſions.

Such are the conſiderations which I ſhall lay down as principles, in reaſoning with my Emilius upon a ſubject, which is far from being indifferent to him under the circumſtances of his preſent inquiry; and indeed it ſhould be indifferent to no perſon whatever. The knowledge of what may be agreeable or diſagreeable in ſociety, is neceſſary, not only to the perſon who ſtands in need of mankind, but likewiſe to him who is deſirous to do them ſervice; it is even neceſſary to pleaſe, in order to ſerve them; hence the art of writing is far from being an idle ſtudy, when employed only in conveying truth.

To improve the taſte of my pupil, were I to chuſe either a country where no improvements of taſte had yet been made, or another that had begun to degenerate in this reſpect, I ſhould follow the retrograde order; I ſhould begin to faſhion him among the latter, and finiſh with the former. My reaſon is, that taſte is vitiated by an exceſſive delicacy, which renders a perſon ſenſible to things, that eſcape the generality of mankind: this delicacy leads to a ſpirit of inquiry; for the more the objects are ſubtilized, the more they are multiplied; the ſubtilty of the object increaſes the delicacy of the touch, and renders it leſs uniform. This produces as many taſtes as there are men. In diſputes about preference of taſte, knowledge is enlarged; and thus we learn to think. Refined obſervations can be made only by perſons well acquainted with the world, becauſe they occur the laſt of all; and perſons not much accuſtomed to company, are entirely taken up with the moſt obvious things. Perhaps there is not a civilized town upon earth, where the general taſte is worſe at preſent than at Paris; yet this is the place for making improvements in taſte; and there are few books of any eſteem lately written in Europe, the author of which has not been to form his taſte in that capital.

They who think it ſufficient to read the books written in that city, are miſtaken; a great deal more is learnt by the converſation of authors, than by their books; and the authors themſelves are not the perſons of whom you learn moſt. Society unfolds our thoughts, and makes us carry our views as far as our capacity will allow. If you have any ſpark of genius, go and ſpend a year at Paris: you will ſoon know all you are able to attain, or you will never know any thing.

You may learn to think in places where a corrupt taſte prevails; but you muſt not think in the ſame manner as they who are infected with that corrupt taſte, though it is difficult to avoid it, if you reſide too long among them. You muſt make uſe of their aſſiſtance to improve the inſtrument that judges; but take care you do not employ it in the ſame manner as they. I ſhall be ſure not to poliſh Emilius's judgment, ſo as to alter it: and when his touch is become ſo nice, as to feel and compare the different taſtes of mankind; to determine his, I ſhall reduce him to a greater ſimplicity of objects.

In order to preſerve his taſte pure and ſound, I ſhall take another courſe. Amidſt the hurry and diſſipation of life, I ſhall enter into a converſation with him upon uſeful topics; and ſtill having an eye to objects that ſuit his fancy, I ſhall take care to render our diſcourſe equally amuſing and inſtructive. This is the time for reading agreeable books; this is the time for learning him to analyſe a diſcourſe, and to initiate him into all the elegance of diction. It is a trifling affair to learn languages on their own account; their uſe is not ſo important as people imagine; but this ſtudy leads to that of general grammar. You muſt learn Latin, to know French; you muſt ſtudy and compare both, to underſtand the rules of rhetoric.

Beſides, there is a certain ſimplicity of taſte which penetrates the heart, and is to be found only in the writings

writings of the ancients. In eloquence, in poetry, in every ſpecies of literature, as well as in hiſtory, he will find them abounding in matter, and ſparing of their reflections. Our modern authors, on the contrary, ſay but little in a great many words. To give us their judgment perpetually as a law, is not the way to form ours. The difference of thoſe taſtes is viſible in public monuments, and even on tomb-ſtones. Ours are covered with elogiums; on theirs you might read facts.

Sta viator, heroem calcas.

Were I to meet with this epitaph on a monument, I ſhould immediately conjecture it to be modern; for nothing is ſo common with us as heroes, whereas they were very rare among the ancients. Inſtead of mentioning that a man was an hero, they would have ſaid, that he was formed to be one. To that hero's epitaph, compare this of the effeminate Sardanapalus:

I built Tarſus and Anchiale in a day, and now I am dead.

Which do you think is moſt expreſſive? The bombaſt of our monumental ſtile is only proper for the repreſentation of dwarfs. The ancients drew men to the life, and ſhewed that they were men. Xenophon, honouring the memory of ſome warriors treacherouſly murdered in the retreat of the ten thouſand, ſays, *That they died irreproachable in war and friendſhip.* That is all: but in that plain, conciſe elogium, you may eaſily perceive the fulneſs of the author's heart. Wretched muſt he be, who is not ſtruck with the beauty of this paſſage!

The following words were engraved on a marble ſtone at Thermopylæ:

Traveller, go and tell Sparta that we periſhed here, to obey her ſacred laws.

It is obvious, that theſe words were not compoſed by the Academy of Inſcriptions.

As my pupil ſets ſo little value on words, I am much miſtaken, if his firſt attention will not be directed to theſe differences, and that they will influence his choice of authors. Struck with the maſculine eloquence of Demoſthenes, he will ſay, Here is an orator; but reading Cicero, he will obſerve him to be a barriſter.

In general, Emilius will conceive a greater taſte for the writings of the ancients, than for thoſe of the moderns, for this reaſon only, that the ancients having the priority of time, approach nearer to nature, and have more invention. Let La Motte and the Abbe Terraſſon ſay what they will, there is no real progreſs of reaſon in the human ſpecies, for all the advantage obtained one way, is loſt the other: beſides we all ſet out from the ſame point; and our time being employed on other people's thoughts, inſtead of learning how to think of ourſelves, we have more erudition, and leſs reflection. Our underſtandings are like our arms, accuſtomed to every thing with inſtruments, but nothing of themſelves. Fontenelle uſed to ſay, that the whole diſpute about the ancients and the moderns, might be reduced to this one point, Whether the trees in former ages were larger than thoſe in our time? If there had been a change in agriculture, this would not have been an improper queſtion.

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I carry him to the theatres, not to ſtudy manners, but taſte; for there chiefly it diſplays itſelf to thoſe who

who are capable of reflexion. I ſhould ſay to him then, leave precepts aſide, this is not the ſchool of morality. The ſtage was not built for truth, it was made to flatter and to amuſe mankind; there is no other place where you can ſo eaſily attain the art of pleaſing the human affections. The ſtudy of the ſtage leads to that of poetry, for they have both exactly the ſame object. If he has but the leaſt ſpark of taſte for it, with what pleaſure will he cultivate the poetical languages, the Greek, the Latin, and Italian! Theſe ſtudies will amuſe, but not conſtrain him, which will be the means of his making a quicker progreſs in them; they will afford him pleaſure and delight at an age and ſituation, when the heart ſo warmly purſues the ſeveral beauties that engage its affection. Imagine to yourſelf, on the one ſide, my Emilius, and on the other, a college-boy reading the fourth book of the Eneid, or Tibullus, or Plato's Banquet; what a difference! How greatly the heart of one muſt be moved with what does not in the leaſt affect the other! O my youth! forbear reading, I pray thee; lay down thy book; I perceive thou art too much affected: I agree that thou ſhouldſt be pleaſed, but not bewildered by the language of love; ſhew thy ſenſibility, but at the ſame time exert thy prudence. If thou haſt only one of theſe without the other, thou art no body. I am very indifferent, however, whether he ſucceeds or not, in the dead languages, in polite literature, or in poetry. He will not be the worſe man, if he knows nothing of all theſe trifles; and theſe are not the matters in queſtion, when we treat of his education.

My chief deſign in learning him to feel, and to love the beautiful in every kind, is to fix his affection and taſte therein, to prevent his natural appetite from changing, and to hinder him from ſeeking for the means of happineſs in his affluent fortune, when he can find them within himſelf. I have obſerved

obſerved ſomewhere elſe, that taſte is no more than a quick diſcernment in regard to little things, and this is very true; but ſince the pleaſure and felicity of life depend on the connection of many little things, an attention of that kind is far from being a matter of no concern; we learn thereby to acquire a multitude of good things, which lie within our reach, ſo far as they are capable of bearing the name of good in regard to human beings. I am not ſpeaking of moral good, which depends on the diſpoſition of the mind, but only of phyſical good, or the pleaſures of the ſenſe, ſetting prejudice and opinion aſide.

May I be permitted, the better to explain my meaning, to part for a moment from my Emilius, whoſe uncorrupted heart can no longer ſerve for a rule to any body elſe; and to look into my own breaſt for a more ſtriking example, ſuch as will be more ſuitable to the manners of the reader.

There are certain conditions in life, which ſeem to change our nature, and to new-mould thoſe who enter them, either into a better or worſe diſpoſition. Thus a poltroon acquires courage, upon enliſting in a regiment of veterans. But it is not in the army alone, that people are animated with the ſpirit of the whole corps; neither are its effects always felt in a good ſenſe. A hundred times have I thought with great concern, that if I had the misfortune of being inveſted with an employment in a certain country, I ſhould to-morrow be almoſt inevitably a tyrant, an extortioner, a ravager of the people, an enemy to the prince, a foe, by my ſtate and condition, to all humanity, juſtice, and every kind of virtue.

In like manner, were I poſſeſſed of wealth, I ſhould have done all that is neceſſary to attain it; I ſhould therefore be inſolent and mean; ſenſible and tender, in regard to myſelf alone; ſevere and mercileſs to all the world; a ſcornful ſpectator of the miſeries of the rabble; for by no other name ſhould I call the poor, that it might be forgot I ever be-

longed

longed to that claſs. In a word, I ſhould render my fortune the inſtrument of my pleaſures, in which I ſhould be intirely employed; and ſo far I ſhould be like all other rich men.

But what I ſhould differ from them in very much, is, that I ſhould be ſenſual and voluptuous, rather than inſolent and vain: I ſhould abandon myſelf rather to the luxury of effeminacy, than to that of oſtentation and vanity. I ſhould even be aſhamed to make too great a diſplay of my riches; and I ſhould always think I heard the man who envies me, and whoſe heart I would willingly break with my contemptious behaviour, whiſpering to his neighbours; *See, what a great rogue is there! how afraid he is to be known!*

Out of this immenſe profuſion of bleſſings, with which the earth is overſpread, I ſhould ſeek for whatever is moſt agreeable to me, and what I could beſt appropriate to myſelf: therefore the uſe of my riches, would be to purchaſe leiſure and liberty, to which I would add health, if it could be purchaſed; but as it is the fruit of temperance only, and without it there is no real pleaſure in life, I ſhould be temperate from a principle of ſenſuality.

I ſhould follow the guidance of nature, as near as poſſible, in order to gratify the ſenſes, which I received from her bounty; convinced that my enjoyments would be the more ſolid in proportion as they were more natural. In chuſing objects of imitation, I ſhould always take her for my model; in my appetites, I ſhould give her the preference; in my taſtes, I ſhould always conſult her; in my repaſts, I ſhould chuſe thoſe that were dreſſed by her, and that paſſed through feweſt hands in coming to my table. I ſhould prevent the frauds and artifices of ſervants, and go half way to meet pleaſure. My houſe-ſteward ſhould never be enriched by my brutal gluttony; he ſhould not ſend me up poiſon with my fiſh, and make me pay its weight in gold; my table ſhould not

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its unripe fruits, which it gives involuntarily, and with curſe and regret, and being deſtitute both of quality and flavour, are neither capable of nouriſhing the ſtomach, nor of gratifying the palate. Nothing is more inſipid than forward fruits: you may ſee people of fortune at Paris, who put themſelves to a conſiderable expence of hot-beds and glaſſes, and after all, their table is ſerved up the whole year with bad vegetables, and bad fruit. Were I to have cherries when the earth is frozen, and perfumed melons in the depth of winter, with what pleaſure could I taſte them when my palate has no need of being cooled and moiſtened? In the midſt of the dog-days would the heavy cheſnut afford me any delight? Should I prefer it to the gooſeberry, the ſtrawberry, and other cooling fruits, which the earth preſents to me, without ſo much care and expence? To load one's chimney in the month of January with forced vegetations, with pale flowers void of ſmell, is not embelliſhing winter, but ſtripping the ſpring of its ornaments; it is depriving yourſelf of the pleaſure of going into the wood or park, to pluck the firſt violet, to obſerve the earlieſt bud, and to cry out with tranſports of joy. Mortals, you are not forſaken, nature ſtill vegetates!

In order to be well ſerved, I would have few domeſtics; this has been mentioned already, and it is proper to repeat it. A plain citizen has more real attendance from a ſingle ſervant, than a duke and peer of France, from a ſtring of ten fine fellows in livery. I have often reflected, that when I am at table with only a dumb-waiter, I drink when I pleaſe; whereas, if I had a great ſide-board and ſervants, I ſhould be obliged to call out twenty times for liquor, before I could quench my thirſt. Whatever is done by a ſubſtitute, is ill done, in whatever manner you take it. I would not ſend to the tradeſmen, I would go myſelf. I would go, to prevent my ſervants from entering into a private compact with them to my prej-

dice;

dice; I would go, in order to pick out the beſt, and to pay cheapeſt; I would go, on account of exerciſe, and to ſee how the world went; a viſit of this kind diverts, and ſometimes inſtructs; in fine, I would go, for the ſake of going abroad, and that is always ſomething: the vapours and ſpleen are occaſioned by too ſedentary a life; a perſon that uſes a good deal of exerciſe, is ſeldom troubled with this complaint. Porters and footmen are very bad interpreters; I ſhould not chuſe to have thoſe fellows for ever interpoſing between me and the reſt of the world; nor ſhould I like to drive always about in a chariot, as if I were afraid of being ſpoke to. A man that makes uſe of his legs, has his horſes always harneſſed; if they are fatigued or ill, he knows it before any body elſe; and he is not afraid of being obliged to ſtay at home under that pretext, if his coachman has a mind to make a holiday; when he is abroad, he is not vexed to death with a thouſand ſtoppages, nor obliged to ſtand ſtock-ſtill, at the very time he wants to move as quick as lightning. In fine, ſince no body is capable of ſerving us ſo well as ourſelves, were you as potent as Alexander, or as rich as Cræſus, you ought to be beholden to others for no kind of ſervice, but that which you cannot perform yourſelf.

I would not reſide in a palace; for there I ſhould occupy but one room; the common apartments belong to no body, and as to the rooms of my ſervants, I ſhould be as great a ſtranger to them, as to thoſe of my next neighbour. The eaſtern nations, though extremely voluptuous, are very plain in their apartments and furniture. They look upon life as a journey, and their houſe in the nature of an inn. This is a notion that ſeldom ſeizes us rich fellows; we regulate our affairs as if we were to live for ever: but I ſhould have a different reaſon for the ſimplicity of my lodging, which would be productive of the ſame effect. To fix myſelf in ſo magnificent a reſi-

a reſidence, would ſeem to me as if I were baniſhed from all the reſt, and in ſome meaſure impriſoned in my palace. The world is a palace ſufficiently beautiful: has not the rich man whatever he can wiſh? *Ubi bene, ibi patria*, that is his motto; his houſhold gods are where money is all powerful; his country is wherever his ſtrong box can gain admittance; as Philip looked upon every fortreſs as his own, where a mule, loaded with money, could be introduced. Why then ſhould we go and circumſcribe ourſelves with walls and gates, as if we were never to ſtir from this incloſure? Should an epidemical diſorder, an hoſtile incurſion, or a revolt eject me out of one place, I remove to another, and I find my palace has got there before me. Why ſhould I be at the trouble of erecting one for myſelf, when I can find them ready built for me in all parts of the world? Since life is but a ſpan, why ſhould I form a ſcheme for ſuch diſtant pleaſures, when I can have equal enjoyment this preſent moment? It is impoſſible to paſs through life agreeably, if we are perpetually at variance with ourſelves. Hence it is that Empedocles reproached the Agrigentines with running after pleaſures, as if they had only a ſingle day to live; and with building as if they were to live for ever.

Beſides, of what uſe would ſo extenſive a palace be to me, with ſo ſmall a family, and ſo little furniture? My moveables would be plain as my taſte; I ſhould have neither a gallery, nor library; eſpecially if I loved reading, and was a connoiſſeur in painting. In that caſe, I ſhould know that the like collections are never complete; and the want of what I had not, would give me greater uneaſineſs, than if I had made no collection at all. In this reſpect, abundance is productive of miſery; a truth which every collector of this kind muſt have experienced. When we are ſenſible of this, we ſhall make none: a perſon ſeldom has a cabinet of curioſities to ſhew to others, when he knows how to make uſe of them himſelf.

Gaming is not properly an amuſement of the rich, but the reſource of the indolent; now my pleaſures would take up too much of my time, for me to employ it ſo ill. I never play at all, being prevented from it by my ſolitude and poverty, except ſometimes at cheſs, and even that is rather too much. Were I a rich man, I ſhould play ſtill leſs, for a trifle, and for the ſake of company. When intereſt ceaſes to be a motive of gaming among people of fortune, it can never be carried to exceſs, but by perſons of a very wrong turn of mind. The winnings which a wealthy perſon may make at gaming, do not affect him ſo much as his loſſes; and as by the nature of low gaming, he who holds the bank, muſt at length run away with the money, a perſon cannot conſiſtently grow very fond of an amuſement, where the riſks of every kind are againſt him. He who flatters himſelf with the expectation of good fortune, may indulge his vanity on nobler objects; beſides, the turns of fortune are as viſible in low, as in high play. The paſſion of gaming is the fruit of avarice and idleneſs, and takes root only in people who are void of thought and affection; I think I ſhould have enough of both, to be able to paſs my time without ſuch amuſement. You rarely ſee perſons of a thoughtful diſpoſition take delight in play, becauſe it either ſuſpends this habit, or diverts it to dry calculations; hence one, and perhaps the only advantage ariſing from the taſte of literature, is in ſome meaſure to ſtifle this ſordid paſſion: many would chuſe rather to prove the utility of play, than to play themſelves. For my part, I ſhould argue againſt it in the company of gameſters, and I ſhould have more pleaſure to laugh at ſeeing them loſe, than if I were to win their money.

I ſhould be the ſame in public, as in private life. My fortune ſhould procure me eaſe, without marking my ſuperiority. The tinſel of dreſs is inconvenient in many reſpects. To preſerve all poſſible freedom in company, I ſhould chuſe to be apparelled in ſuch a manner,

manner, that in all companies I might appear in my proper place, and be diſtinguiſhed in none; that without affectation, or change of habit, I ſhould either rank with low company at an eating-houſe, or with the higheſt in the Mall. Thus acquiring a greater maſtery of my conduct, I ſhould be able to ſhare the pleaſures of every condition and ſtate in life. It is ſaid there are ſome ladies, who ſhut their door againſt gentlemen that wear cambrick ruffles, and will admit no viſiters but in Flanders lace; then I ſhould go and amuſe myſelf ſomewhere elſe: but if thoſe ladies were young and pretty, I might poſſibly put on lace ruffles, to ſpend an evening or two in their company.

The only band of all my friendſhips would be mutual attachment, a conformity of taſte, and agreeableneſs of temper; I ſhould cultivate them as a man, not as a perſon of fortune; and never would I ſuffer thoſe ſocial pleaſures to be poiſoned by ſelfiſh views. If my opulence left me any humanity, I ſhould extend my benefits and kind offices to a conſiderable diſtance; but near me I ſhould chuſe to have a ſociety, and not a court; of friends, and not of clients; I ſhould not be the patron of my gueſts, but their hoſt. My connexions being founded in independence and equality, would be ſeaſoned with candour and benevolence; and where neither duty nor intereſt were concerned, pleaſure and friendſhip alone ſhould give law.

Neither friendſhip nor love can be purchaſed. It is eaſy, indeed, to have women for money; but this is the way to be beloved by none. Money, inſtead of conciliating affection, inevitably deſtroys it. Whoever pays a woman for enjoyment, were he the moſt amiable man in the world, from this mercenary conſideration cannot be long poſſeſſed of her love. He will ſoon pay for ſomebody elſe, or rather this ſomebody elſe will ſoon be hired with his money; and during this double connexion of intereſt and debauchery, without either love, honour, or real pleaſure, the greedy,

faithleſs, wretched woman, will be treated in the ſame manner by the baſe fellow that receives her money, as ſhe uſes the poor fool who gives it, and will quit ſcores with both. It would be charming to ſhew our liberality to the object we love, if it were not mercenary: I know but one way of indulging this inclination with a miſtreſs, without its proving the bane of love; this is to give her all, and to depend on her for a maintenance. But where will you find the woman, to whom you could behave in this manner, without being guilty of the utmoſt extravagance?

He who ſaid; I poſſeſs Lais, though ſhe does not poſſeſs me; made uſe of a ſenſeleſs expreſſion. Unleſs the poſſeſſion be mutual, it is nothing at all; at the moſt it is poſſeſſing the ſex, and not the individual. Now where the moral part of love is not conſidered, why ſhould you make ſo great an affair of the reſt? Yet nothing is more common. A hog-driver in this reſpect is happier than a prince.

Oh! could I but lay open the fallaciouſneſs and inconſiſtency of vice, and ſhew, that when we have obtained the deſired object, how far it falls ſhort of our expectations! Whence this barbarous avidity of corrupting innocence, of ſacrificing a young and lovely object, whom you ought to have protected, and who by this firſt ſtep is inevitably drawn into a gulph of miſery, from which nothing but death can relieve her! It ariſes only from brutality, vanity, and folly. The pleaſure does not even proceed from nature, but from the opinions of the vile, ſince it leads to ſelf-contempt. He who feels himſelf to be the laſt of mankind, is afraid of every other compariſon, and deſires to be eſteemed the firſt, to the end that he may be leſs odious. See whether they, who are moſt greedy after this imaginary ragoo, be agreeable youths, worthy of affection, and in whom a delicacy of this kind would be more excuſable. No; an agreeable perſon, poſſeſs'd of merit and good ſenſe, is very little afraid of his miſtreſs's experience; he tells her confidently: thou

art

art no ſtranger to pleaſure; but my heart promiſes thee ſuch as thou haſt never taſted.

But an old battered rake, void of all agreeableneſs in his perſon, of all decency in his behaviour, incapable of pleaſing, and unworthy of a woman that underſtands any thing of love, thinks to make himſelf amends with an innocent young creature, by anticipating experience, and making the firſt impreſſion on her ſenſes. His laſt expectation is to pleaſe by the favour of novelty; and this is ſurely his private motive: but he is miſtaken, the horror he excites is as much in the order of nature, as the paſſion he would fain inſpire, is againſt it: he is likewiſe diſappointed in his fooliſh expectation; for nature takes care to aſſert her right: every girl that ſells herſelf, has diſpoſed of her perſon already, and this having been her own choice, ſhe has made the compariſon of which he is ſo much afraid. He therefore purchaſes an imaginary pleaſure, and is equally an object of horror.

For my part, it would be in vain for me to alter my conduct, when I come to be rich; there is one point in which I ſhould never change. If I had no morals, no virtue left, yet I ſhould retain at leaſt ſome taſte, ſome ſhare of ſenſe, a little delicacy; and this would prevent my ſquandering my fortune like a fool, in the purſuit of chimeras; from exhauſting my purſe and my health, only to be betrayed and laughed at by a parcel of girls. Were I in my prime of life, I ſhould court the pleaſures of youth; and eager to enjoy them in perfection, I ſhould not attempt to acquire them as a man of fortune. If I remained as I am, that is another thing; I ſhould prudently confine myſelf to pleaſures proportioned to my years; I ſhould taſte ſuch amuſements as I am capable of enjoying, and relinquiſh all that muſt end in my own diſgrace. I ſhould not expoſe my grey locks to the ſcorn and laughter of young girls; I could not bear to ſee them ſhocked at my loathſome embraces, to be the ſubject of the moſt ridiculous ſtories, which they would be ſure

to propagate at my expence, and to fancy myſelf liſtening to their accounts of the filthy pleaſures of an old baboon, in ſuch a manner as to revenge their having endured them. But if the neglect of reſiſting bad habits, ſhould have converted them into wants, I ſhould perhaps indulge my deſires, but with ſhame and confuſion. I ſhould ſeparate paſſion from want; I ſhould provide myſelf as well as I could, and there I would ſtop; I would no longer let my weakneſs be my whole buſineſs, and eſpecially I ſhould take care to have no more witneſſes than one. Human life has other pleaſures, when theſe are gone; by vainly purſuing thoſe that are fled, we deprive ourſelves even of the few that are left behind. Let us change our taſtes with our years; let us no more attempt to change the ages of life, than to invert the ſeaſons: we ought at all times to act in character, and not to ſtruggle againſt nature; theſe vain efforts wear life away, and prevent us from enjoying it.

The common people, leading an active life, are ſeldom troubled with the ſpleen; if their amuſements on the one hand are not varied, on the other they are rare; after a fatigue of ſeveral days, they are eager to taſte the ſweets of a few feſtivals. A reciprocal ſucceſſion of long labour and ſhort leiſure, ſerves to ſeaſon all the amuſements of their ſtate. As for the rich, their grand ſcourge is the ſpleen: in the midſt of ſuch a number of pleaſures, procured at a great expence, in the midſt of ſo many people adminiſtering to their diverſion, they pine away and die with wearineſs; they ſpend their days, in endeavouring to avoid this malady, and yet are continually afflicted with it; they ſink under its weight; the women eſpecially, who no longer know how to employ or amuſe themſelves, are eaten up with it under the name of vapours; it is transformed into a dreadful diſorder, which ſometimes bereaves them of their reaſon, and at length puts an end to their life. For my part, I know no fate more dreadful, than that of a pretty woman at Paris, next

to

to that of an agreeable little fellow, who dangles after her, and who being metamorphoſed into a female by his indolence, is thus doubly removed from his ſtate, the vanity of being looked upon as a man of a large fortune, enabling him to endure the moſt tedious and moſt melancholy hours, that ever human creature paſſed upon earth.

Ceremonies, modes, and cuſtoms, dependent on luxury and politeneſs, confine the courſe of mortal life to an inſipid uniformity*. The pleaſure we are deſirous to have in the eye of others, is loſt to all the world; neither they nor ourſelves enjoy it. The ridicule which opinion dreads above all things, is ever cloſe by its ſide, to tyrannize and to puniſh it. We are never ridiculous but by ſettled forms; he who knows how to ſhift the ſcene, and to vary his pleaſures, quickly effaces every impreſſion; he is no body as it were in the public opinion, but he enjoys life; he is intire to himſelf at every hour, and in every thing he does. My only conſtant form would be that; and whatever ſituation I happened to be in, I ſhould employ myſelf wholly about that, and no other; I ſhould conſider every day in itſelf as independent of another. As I ſhould rank with the reſt of the citizens if I lived in town, ſo in the country I ſhould join in company with the peaſants; and if I talked of huſbandry, they ſhould have no occaſion to laugh at me. I ſhould not attempt to build a town in the country, nor to plant ſuch a garden as the Tuilleries, in the corner of a province. On the declivity of ſome pleaſant ſhady hill, I would have a ſmall villa, a white houſe

* Two women of quality, by way of high amuſement, lay it down for a law, not to go to-bed before five o'clock in the morning. In the middle of winter their ſervants paſs the night in the ſtreets waiting for them, and with difficulty preſerve themſelves from being frozen to death. One evening, or rather morning, a perſon entered into the apartment, where theſe two ladies, ſo fond of amuſement, let the hours ſlip away without telling; they were found with no other company but themſelves, each of them aſleep in an eaſy chair.

with green ſhutters; and though a thatched covering be in all ſeaſons the beſt, yet ſhould I magnificently prefer, not the gloomy ſlate, but the tile, becauſe it has a neater and chearfuller look than ſtraw, and as it is the method of covering the roofs in my country, it would ſoon remind me of the happy days of my youth. My court-yard ſhould be ſtocked with poultry, and my ſtable ſhould be a cow-houſe, in order to have milk, of which I am vaſtly fond. No other garden ſhould I have, but that for the uſe of my kitchen, and inſtead of a park I ſhould have a handſome orchard, like that which we ſhall hereafter deſcribe. The fruit ſhould be at the diſcretion of thoſe who walked in my grounds, they ſhould be neither ſold, nor plucked by my gardener; neither ſhould I be ſo avariciouſly magnificent, as to make a diſplay of ſuperb eſpaliers, which no body muſt preſume to touch. Now this little prodigality would not be expenſive, becauſe I ſhould chuſe to retire to ſome diſtance, where people have but little money, and plenty of proviſions, and where abundance and poverty enjoy a happy reign.

There ſhould I form a ſociety, more choſen than numerous; a ſociety of friends that loved and underſtood pleaſure; of women that were able to ſtir out of their eaſy chairs, and accommodate themſelves to rural recreations; that, inſtead of counters and cards, could ſometimes handle the fiſhing-line, the lime-twig, the haymaker's rake, and the vintager's baſket: there ſhould we forget the ſmoky towns, and becoming villagers, amuſe ourſelves with a thouſand little innocent ſports; theſe would be attended with no other trouble every evening, but that of chuſing for the next day. Exerciſe would procure us a freſh appetite, and freſh deſires: all our meals would be feaſts; where plenty would create more pleaſure, than we could receive from dainties. Chearfulneſs, rural labour, and innocent paſtimes, are the only cooks in the world, ſo that exquiſite ragoos are ridiculous to people that have been in continual exerciſe ever ſince break

of

day. At table there ſhould be no more order
n elegance; our place for dining ſhould be every
ere, in the garden, in a boat, or under a tree;
metimes we ſhould be at a diſtance from the houſe,
lined on the verdant graſs, under a grove of
ers, or filbert trees, and by the ſide of a cryſtal
ntain, where a ſet of jovial gueſts, ſinging a chear-
ſong, ſhould introduce the preparations for the
ertainment; the green turf ſhould ſerve for our
le and chairs, the borders of the fountain for a
ſet, and the deſſert ſhould be pendent from the
es. The diſhes ſhould be ſerved up without order,
appetite would diſpenſe with ceremonies; each
ferring himſelf in public to every body elſe,
uld freely allow every one elſe to do ſo too: ſo
dial and modeſt a familiarity, void of rudeneſs,
eption, or conſtraint, would be productive of an
ocent conteſt, infinitely more engaging than po-
neſs, and better adapted to conquer the heart.
ere ſhould be no impertinent lackeys watching
diſcourſe, remarking our behaviour, ſwallowing
ry bit we eat with their greedy eyes, diverting
mſelves with making us wait for liquor, and mur-
ring at our being ſo long at dinner. We ſhould
ſe to wait upon ourſelves, in order to be our
n maſters, each individual would be ſerved by the
ole company; the time would ſlide away inſen-
y, our repaſt ſhould be our repoſe, and continue
ong as the heat of the day. If there happened
paſs by us a peaſant, returning to his labour
h his tools on his ſhoulder, I ſhould exhilarate his
rt with a jeſt, and with a glaſs of good wine,
ich would help him to carry his burden with
ater chearfulneſs; I ſhould alſo have the pleaſure
feeling my bowels yearn, and of ſaying to my-
; I too am a man.
f rural ſports ſhould happen to aſſemble the in-
itants of the neighbourhood together, I ſhould
ly be one of the firſt along with my little company;

if ſome country marriages, more happy by far than thoſe of citizens, ſhould be celebrated in my neighbourhood, as they know I am fond of mirth and joy, they would invite me to the nuptial feaſt. On this occaſion I ſhould carry a few preſents to the good people, preſents as ſimple as themſelves, and which would contribute to the jollity of the day; in exchange I ſhould meet with bleſſings of ineſtimable value, that freedom and ſolid pleaſure, to which my equals are ſtrangers. Gaily ſhould I ſup at the upper end of their long table, join in the chorus to an old country ſong, and dance in the barn with more pleaſure, than at a ball or ridotto.

All this is vaſtly fine, you will ſay to me: but the chace? Can you be ſuppoſed to be in the country, without the diverſion of hunting? I underſtand, I wanted only a farm, but I was miſtaken. I ſuppoſe myſelf to be a man of fortune, then I muſt have excluſive, nay I muſt have deſtructive pleaſures; this is quite another affair. I muſt have lands, woods, guards, quit-rents, ſeignorial honours, and every mark of ſuperiority.

Extremely well: but near my landed eſtate, there may happen to be neighbours jealous of their privileges, and greedy to uſurp thoſe of others: our guards, and perhaps their maſters, ſhall have a ſkirmiſh; this is productive of altercations, and ill blood, and aſſuredly of a proceſs at law; all which is far from being agreeable. My vaſſals, or tenants, will not be pleaſed to ſee their corn trod down by my hares, and their beans by my wild boars; afraid to ſlay the enemy that deſtroys the product of their labour, they endeavour at leaſt to drive him off their grounds: after having ſpent the day in cultivating their lands, they muſt paſs the night in guarding them; they muſt have maſtiffs, drums, horns, bells; with all this clattering they will diſturb my ſleep; I ſhall reflect, in ſpite of me, on the miſery of thoſe poor people, and condemn myſelf as the

the cauſe of it. Had I the honour of being a prince, this would have no manner of effect upon me; but being an upſtart, a new child of fortune, my heart would ſtill beat with the ſentiments of a plebeian.

This is not all; plenty of game would be a temptation to poachers, ſo that I ſhould ſoon have occaſion to puniſh them for a treſpaſs; then I muſt have recourſe to priſons, goalkeepers, officers, and galleys: this to me has the appearance of great cruelty. The wives of thoſe unfortunate wretches would come and lay ſiege to my door, and importune me with their cries; I ſhould drive them away, and uſe them ill. The poor people who were no poachers, and whoſe harveſt had been foraged by my game, would come and make their complaint; ſome would be puniſhed for killing the game, and others ruined by ſparing it. What a melancholy alternative! On every ſide I ſhould ſee nothing but miſerable objects, my ears would be deafened with lamentations and groans; this I think would be a very ſtrong check to the pleaſure of deſtroying ſuch a multitude of partridges at your eaſe, and ſuch numbers of hares at every ſtep you tread.

If you are willing to ſeparate thoſe pleaſures from pain, take off the prohibition: the more open you leave them to the reſt of mankind, the more you enjoy them in their purity. I ſhould not therefore purſue the plan of life above deſcribed; but without changing my taſte, I ſhould follow my own at a leſs expence. My rural ſeat ſhould be in a country, where every body was at liberty to kill game, and where I myſelf might have the enjoyment without the trouble. There would be a greater ſcarcity of game; but more dexterity in finding, and more pleaſure in catching it. I ſhould remember the palpitations my father felt at the flight of the firſt partridge, and the tranſports with which he was ſeized, upon finding the hare he had been in purſuit of all day. Yes I maintain it, that he

he ſingle, with his dog, and gun loaded, his powder flaſk, and his little prey, came home in the evening, ſpent with fatigue, and lacerated with brambles, much better pleaſed than a genteel hunter, who mounted on a good ſteed, and followed by twenty ſervants with loaded fuſils, does no more than change his gun, fire, and kill all round him, without the leaſt knowledge of game, the leaſt addition to his honour, or even, I might almoſt ſay, without the benefit of exerciſe. Thus the pleaſure is not leſs, and the inconveniency is removed, when we have no grounds to guard, no poachers to puniſh, no wretches to torment. Therefore this muſt be a very ſufficient reaſon for giving it the preference. Do what you will, you cannot torture people any conſiderable time, without ſmarting for it ſome way or other yourſelf; for their long curſes will ſooner or later embitter your game.

Again I ſay it, all excluſion is the death of pleaſure. True amuſements are thoſe which you ſhare in common with the people; thoſe which you want to engroſs to yourſelf, change their nature. If the wall I build round my park, renders it a diſmal incloſure, I have been at a conſiderable expence, merely to deprive myſelf of the pleaſure of a walk; then I am obliged to go and take it ſomewhere elſe. The demon of property infects every thing he touches. A man of great fortune wants to lord it every where, and is never eaſy where he is; which is the reaſon of his ſhunning himſelf. As for me, I ſhould behave in my ſtate of opulence, juſt as I did in poverty. Richer in the enjoyment of other people's lands, than ever I ſhould be in my own; I ſhould take poſſeſſion of every thing that ſuited me in my neighbourhood: no conqueror would be more reſolute than I; even princes themſelves would not be ſafe from my uſurpation; I would ſeize indiſcriminately on all the open grounds that pleaſed me; I would give them particular names, the one I would call my park, the

other my terraſs, and thus I ſhould be lord and maſter of it: there I would walk without hindrance, and thither I would often return to maintain my poſſeſſion; I would make uſe of the ground as much as I pleaſed by frequent walks; and I ſhould never be perſuaded, that he who enjoyed the title, reaped more benefit than I from his eſtate. And if you began to vex me with ditches and hedges, it would not ſignify; I would take my park upon my ſhoulders, and go and place it ſomewhere elſe: different ſituations for it would not be wanting among my neighbours; and I ſhould be a long while robbing them, before I were at a loſs for a country retirement.

Here you have a ſketch of true taſte, to render your leiſure hours agreeable; this is the real ſpirit of enjoyment; all the reſt is illuſion, chimera, and fooliſh vanity. Whoever deviates from theſe rules, how rich ſoever he may be, will eat his gold on a dunghill, and never know the real value of life.

Some without doubt will object, that ſuch amuſements are within every body's reach, and that opulence is not neceſſary to enjoy them. This is the very point I was deſirous of coming to. We enjoy pleaſure, when we are willing to have it; opinion only, renders every thing difficult, and makes us miſerable even in the center of felicity; it is a hundred times eaſier to be, than to appear happy. A man of taſte, and really a voluptuary, has nothing to do with riches; it is ſufficient for him to be free, and to be his own maſter. Whoever has the enjoyment of health, and does not want the neceſſaries of life, is ſufficiently rich, if he ſets not his heart on goods of opinion; this is the *aurea mediocritas* of Horace. Ye hoarders of golden ſtore, ſeek out ſome other uſe for your riches; as to pleaſure, they are incapable of purchaſing it. Emilius will not be better acquainted with this truth than I; but having a purer and ſounder heart, he will be more

ſenſible

C.Eisen inv. CIRCE et ULISSE, Livre V. J.V.Schley fc.

EMILIUS;

OR, AN

ESSAY on EDUCATION.

The FIFTH BOOK.

WE are now arrived at the laſt ſtage of youth, but not at the unravelling of the piece.

It is not fit that man ſhould live alone. Emilius is a man; we have promiſed him a help-mate, and we muſt keep our word. This help-mate is Sophia. Where is her abode? In what part of the country ſhall we diſcover her reſidence? But to diſcover her, we muſt be acquainted with her character. In the firſt place, let us know who ſhe is, and then we ſhall be better able to judge of the place ſhe inhabits: and even when we have made the diſcovery, we have not as yet completed our work. *Since our young gentleman*, ſays Mr. Locke, *is got within view of matrimony, it is time to leave him to his miſtreſs.* And thereupon he concludes his work. But as I have not the honour of educating a young gentleman, I ſhall not imitate Mr. Locke's example.

SOPHIA;

SOPHIA;

OR,

The WOMAN.

SOPHIA muſt be a woman, as Emilius is a man; that is, ſhe muſt be endowed with every qualification ſuitable to her ſpecies and ſex, in order to act her part in the natural and moral ſyſtem. Let us begin with examining into the reſemblance and diſſimilitude between her ſex and ours.

In every thing that does not diſcriminate the ſex, woman is man; ſhe has the ſame organs, wants, and faculties; the machine is conſtructed in the very ſame manner, the parts are the ſame, they move by the ſame ſpring, their figure is very like, and under what relation ſoever we conſider them, there is no other difference between them, but that of *magis* and *minus*.

In every thing that diſtinguiſhes the ſex, man and woman have relations and differences; the difficulty of comparing them, ariſes from that of determining in the frame and make of each, what belongs to the ſex, and what does not. By comparative anatomy, and even by inſpection only, we obſerve general differences between them, which do not ſeem to depend on the ſex; and yet are connected with it, but by ties imperceptible to our eye. We know not how far theſe connexions may extend; the only thing we can tell with any certainty, is, that whatever they have in common, belongs to the ſpecies; and whatever they differ in, depends on the ſex. In this two-fold view, we obſerve ſuch a number of relations and contraſts between them, that perhaps it is one of the wonders of nature, to have been able to form two ſuch ſimilar beings, with ſuch different conſtitutions.

Theſe relations and differences muſt influence the moral order; this conſequence is obvious, agreeable to experience, and ſhews the idleneſs of the diſpute concerning the preference or equality of the ſexes: as if each of them purſuing the intent of nature, according to its particular deſtination, were not more perfect on that account, than if it bore a greater reſemblance to the other ſex. In that which they have in common, they are equal; in that wherein they differ, they do not admit of a compariſon: a perfect woman, and a complete man, ought not to reſemble each other more in mind than in their countenance; and perfection is not ſuſceptible of *magis* and *minus*.

In the union of the two ſexes, each concurs equally, but not in the ſame manner, to the common object. From this diverſity ariſes the firſt difference we can aſſign between the moral relations of both. One muſt be active and ſtrong, the other paſſive and feeble; one muſt neceſſarily have power and will; it is ſufficient that the other makes but a faint reſiſtance.

This principle being laid down, it follows that woman is framed particularly for the delight and pleaſure of man; if the latter muſt alſo be agreeable to the woman, it is only by an indirect conſequence: his merit conſiſts in his power; he pleaſes her only, becauſe he is poſſeſſed of ſtrength. This is not the law of love, I grant you; but it is that of nature, antecedent to love itſelf.

If woman is framed to pleaſe, and to live in ſubjection, ſhe muſt render herſelf agreeable to man, inſtead of provoking his wrath: her violence conſiſts in her charms; by theſe ſhe muſt conſtrain him to diſplay his power. The ſureſt way to rouze this power, is to render it neceſſary by reſiſtance. Self-love then unites with deſire, and one triumphs by a victory obtained by the aſſiſtance of the other. Hence ariſe the arts of attack and defence; the confidence of one ſex, and the timidity of the other; in ſhort, the modeſt

bluſh with which nature arms the weak to enſlave the ſtrong.

Who can imagine that nature has indifferently preſcribed the ſame advances to both ſexes, and that the firſt in forming, ſhould be alſo the firſt in diſcloſing its deſires? What a ſtrange depravity of judgment! Theſe advances being attended with ſuch different conſequences to the two ſexes, is it natural they ſhould have both the ſame aſſurance? With ſo great an inequality in what is beſtowed on each, if the baſhfulneſs of the one had not ſubjected it to that moderation which nature impoſes on the other, is it not obvious that this would ſoon be productive of the ruin of both, and that mankind would periſh by the very means appointed for their preſervation? Conſidering the facility with which women are capable of exciting our paſſions, and even of rekindling the fire in our hearts, when our conſtitutions are almoſt worn out, ſhould there happen to be any ſuch unfortunate climate, where this cuſtom had been philoſophically introduced, eſpecially in hot countries where there are more women born than men, the latter would at length be ſacrificed to female tyranny, and hurried headlong to deſtruction.

If the females of brute animals have not the ſame baſhfulneſs, what is the conſequence? Have they, like women, thoſe unbounded deſires, which that baſhfulneſs ſerves to reſtrain? Their deſires come only with their wants; the latter being ſatisfied, the former ceaſes; they do not then reject the male by way of feint *, but in downright earneſt: quite the reverſe of the daughter of Auguſtus, they admit no more paſſengers, when the ſhip has had its full cargo. Even when they are at liberty, their moments of dalliance are few, and ſoon over; they are excited, and ſtopped, by inſtinct: what will you ſubſtitute in

* I have already taken notice, that the affected denials, by way of irritation, are common to all females, even thoſe of brute animals, and when moſt diſpoſed to ſurrender: one muſt never have taken notice of their artifices, to diſpute the point.

the room of this negative inſtinct, if you diveſt women of their modeſty? To wait for their thinking no more about men, is ſtaying till they are good for nothing.

The ſupreme Being has thought proper, in every reſpect, to do honour to the human ſpecies; when he inveſted man with unlimited inclinations, at the ſame time he preſcribed a law by which they are to be regulated, to the end that he may be free, and command himſelf; in rendering him ſubject to immoderate paſſions, he endowed him with reaſon, to keep them under controul; in ſubjecting woman to unbounded deſires, he has favoured her with modeſty, for a check and reſtraint. Beſides, he has added an actual recompence to the good uſe of our faculties, namely, the pleaſure ariſing from virtue, when once we make it the rule of our actions. All theſe advantages are, in my opinion, equal to the inſtinct of brutes.

Whether, therefore, the female of the human ſpecies has the ſame deſires and the ſame will to indulge them as the other ſex, I will not pretend to determine; this, however, is certain, that ſhe coyly rejects his offers, and ever defends herſelf againſt his approaches, though not always with the ſame force, nor of courſe with the ſame ſucceſs: it is impoſſible for the aggreſſor to obtain the victory, unleſs the party acting on the defenſive is pleaſed to give her conſent; for what a number of artifices is ſhe not poſſeſſed of, to induce the aſſailant to have recourſe to force? The freeſt and ſweeteſt of all human actions, admits of no real violence; nature and reaſon both oppoſe it; the former, by ſupplying the weaker ſex with as much ſtrength as is neceſſary for reſiſtance, whenever ſhe pleaſes to make it; and the latter, becauſe real violence is not only the moſt brutal of all actions, but defeats its own end. For either by this proceeding man declares war againſt his companion, and authoriſes her to defend her perſon and liberty even at the hazard of the aggreſſor's life; or the female only being a judge of

her own ſituation, no child could have a father, if every man had a power to uſurp paternal authority.

Here we have therefore a third conſequence of the conſtitution of the two ſexes; which is, that the ſtrongeſt of the two is in appearance the moſt powerful, but in reality the weakeſt. This does not proceed from any frivolous law of gallantry, nor from the diſdainful generoſity of the protector, but from an invariable law of nature, which by inveſting the female with a greater facility of exciting the deſires of the male, than the latter has of ſatisfying them, makes him depend, whether he will or no, on the good pleaſure of the female; and obliges him, in his turn, to endeavour to conciliate her affections, to the end that ſhe may conſent to let him continue in poſſeſſion of the ſovereignty. In that caſe, the moſt agreeable circumſtance on the ſide of the victor, is the doubt he is under, whether his advantage be owing to the weakneſs, or to the voluntary ſurrender of the party vanquiſhed; and it is generally the artifice of females not to remove this doubt. In this reſpect, the ſpirit of the ſex is perfectly agreeable to their conſtitution: far from bluſhing, they boaſt of their weakneſs; their tender muſcles make no reſiſtance; they affect being unable to lift up even the lighteſt burden: they would be aſhamed to be robuſt; and for what reaſon? It is not merely to affect a delicacy in their frame, but with a more artful deſign; they prepare betimes to have an excuſe at hand, to have the privilege of being reckoned, upon proper occaſions, the weaker veſſel.

The progreſs of knowledge acquired by vice, has greatly changed the public opinion upon this very article; we ſeldom hear any talk of violence to the ſex, ſince there is ſo little neceſſity for it, and the males no longer give credit to the report *: whereas inſtances of

* It is poſſible there may be ſuch a diſproportion of age and ſtrength, as to admit of a real violence; but treating at preſent of

of violence occur very frequently in the Greek and Jewiſh antiquities, and the opinion concerning thoſe outrages is founded in the ſimplicity of nature, which nothing but the experience of debauchery could eradicate. If there are fewer rapes mentioned in our days, it is not owing to the greater temperance of the males at preſent, but to their leſſer credulity; and a complaint of grievance which would have formerly been ſwallowed down by a ſimple nation, in the preſent age would only excite deriſion and laughter; they gain more by holding their tongue. There is a law in Deuteronomy, by which a girl that had been debauched, was put to death, together with the ſeducer, if the fact had been committed in town; but if in the fields, or in any by-place, then the man alone was puniſhed; for ſays the law, *the damſel cried, and there was none to ſave her* †. By this favourable interpretation, young women learned not to ſuffer themſelves to be ſurpriſed in frequented places.

This diverſity of opinions has a very ſenſible effect on the public morals. Among the reſt, it has been productive of modern gallantry. Men perceiving that their pleaſures depended more on the good will of the fair-ſex than they had imagined, have endeavoured to captivate their affection by acts of complaiſance, for which they have been amply indemnified.

Thus from phyſical conſiderations we are led to thoſe of a moral nature; and thus we ſee how from the indelicate union of the ſexes inſenſibly aroſe the ſofter laws of love. Women are poſſeſſed of empire, not becauſe it was the pleaſure of men, but becauſe it was agreeable to nature; they were poſſeſſed of it, before they ſeemed to be in poſſeſſion: the ſame

of the relative ſtate of the two ſexes, according to the order of nature, I take them both in the common relation, by which that ſtate is conſtituted.

† Deut. xxii. This paſſage relates to a damſel betrothed to an huſband.

Hercules, who thought he had uſed violence to the fifty daughters of Theſpius, was obliged nevertheleſs to turn a ſpinning-wheel by the ſide of Omphale; and the ſtrong Samſon was conquered by Dalila. This empire is inherent in the fair; it cannot be wreſted from them, even when they abuſe it; were it poſſible for them to be deprived of it, this revolution would have happened long ago.

There is no ſort of parity between male and female, in regard to the importance of the ſex. The male acts as ſuch only in certain inſtances; the female as ſuch all her life, or at leaſt during the youthful part of it: every thing inceſſantly reminds her of her ſex; and in order to diſcharge the duties attending it, ſhe muſt have a particular government relative to that ſtate. During her pregnancy, a great deal of tenderneſs and care are neceſſary; in her lying-in, ſhe requires ſilence and reſt; to ſuckle her children, ſhe muſt lead an eaſy, ſedentary life; to bring them up, ſhe muſt be miſtreſs of great patience and ſweetneſs, and of ſuch invariable affection, as nothing can diſcourage; ſhe is the band that connects them and their father, ſhe alone renders them amiable in his eye, and inſpires him with the confidence to call them his own. What tenderneſs, what ſollicitude muſt ſhe not exert, for the preſervation of union and good order in the family! And this whole behaviour is not to proceed from virtue, but from taſte, without which, the human ſpecies would have been long ago extinct.

There neither is, nor can be, the ſame ſtrictneſs in the relative duties of the two ſexes. When the woman complains of the unjuſt inequality eſtabliſhed by man, ſhe is to blame: this inequality is not the effect of human inſtitution, or at leaſt it is not founded in prejudice, but in reaſon; the ſex which nature has entruſted with the depoſit of the offſpring, ought to be anſwerable for the genuineneſs of it to the other. No doubt but it is criminal in either ſide to violate their plighted faith, and every huſband who deprives his wife

wife of the only reward ſhe can receive for the ſevere duties of her ſex, behaves with barbarity and injuſtice. But the faithleſs wife has a more complicated guilt: ſhe diſſolves the family, and breaks the ties of nature; by impoſing children upon a man, that are not his own, ſhe betrays them both, and adds perfidiouſneſs to infidelity. I have hardly a name to expreſs the heinouſneſs of this offence. If there be a horrible ſituation upon earth, it is that of an unfortunate father, who repoſing no confidence in his wife, is afraid to indulge the ſoft ſentiments of his heart; who, when embracing his child, is in doubt whether his careſſes are not beſtowed on the offspring of another, on the pledge of his own infamy and diſhonour, the plunderer of his children's fortune. What idea can we have of a family reduced to this miſerable condition, but that of an aſſociation of falſe friends, or ſecret enemies, whom a perfidious woman has armed to each other's ruin, by obliging them to pretend to mutual affection?

It is therefore not only of importance that the wife ſhould be faithful, but that ſhe be eſteemed in that light by her huſband, by her relations, and all the world; that ſhe be modeſt, careful, and reſerved, and bear in the eye of others, as well as in her own conſcience, the teſtimony of her virtue. If it be neceſſary that the father ſhould love his children, there is of courſe a neceſſity that he have an eſteem for their mother. Such are the reaſons for which even the preſerving of appearances is placed among the duties of women, and reputation and honour are rendered as indiſpenſably neceſſary to them, as conjugal chaſtity. From theſe principles, added to the moral difference of the ſexes, ariſes a freſh motive of duty and propriety, by which the ſex are particularly bound to have a moſt watchful eye to whatever relates to their outward deportment, and good behaviour. The vague aſſertion that the two ſexes are upon a par, and their duties the ſame, is nothing to the purpoſe; we only loſe our-

ſelves in vain declamations, when we do not enter deeply into the ſubject.

Is it not a very fine way of reaſoning, to give exceptions for anſwers to general laws ſo well founded? Women, you ſay, are not always prolific: I grant they are not; but nature intended otherwiſe. And truly, becauſe there are about a hundred large cities in the world, where propagation is reſtrained by the licentiouſneſs of the women, you pretend that the ſex are not naturally prolific. And what would become of the great towns, if the diſtant counties, where the ſex live with greater ſimplicity and chaſtity, did not repair the loſs ſuſtained by the ſterility of the fine ladies? How many counties are there, where women that have only four or five children, are not reckoned fruitful *. But after all, whether this or that woman be prolific or not, what does it ſignify? Is this a reaſon why women were not deſigned to be mothers; and is it not by general laws that both nature and education provide for that ſtate?

Were the intervals between pregnancies to be even as long as ſome would ſuppoſe, is a woman able to paſs alternately and on a ſudden from one manner of living to another, without riſk or danger? Can ſhe be a nurſe to day, an Amazon to-morrow? Can ſhe change her inclinations and taſtes, as a chameleon does its colour? Shall ſhe make an abrupt tranſition, from domeſtic incloſure and family concerns, to the injuries of weather, to toil and labour, to the din and horror of war? Shall ſhe now be timorous †, now intrepid;

* Were it otherwiſe, the ſpecies would neceſſarily be extinct: to preſerve it from periſhing, it is requiſite, all things conſidered, that every woman ſhould have nearly four children; for out of the whole number that are born, about one moiety of them die, before they are able to produce others, and the two remaining are neceſſary to repreſent the father and mother. You may judge, then, whether this population is ſupported by the great cities.

† The timidity of women is likewiſe an inſtinct of nature, to guard againſt the two-fold danger they are expoſed to, during their pregnancy.

trepid; at one time delicate, another robuſt? If the youth, educated in Paris, with difficulty undergo the hardſhips of war; how ſhould women, who were never expoſed to the ſun, and ſcarce know how to walk, be able to bear it, after an effeminate life of fifty years? Will they take up with this laborious profeſſion, at the time when men reſign it?

There are countries, you will ſay, where women are brought to-bed almoſt without pain, and nurſe their children nearly without trouble: I allow it; but in thoſe very countries the men go half naked, encounter wild beaſts, carry a canoe like a knapſack, purſue the chace to the diſtance of ſeven or eight hundred leagues, ſleep in the open air and on the bare ground, in ſhort, ſuſtain every ſort of fatigue, beſides abſtaining from food ſeveral days. When the women grow robuſt, the men become ſtill more ſo; when the men are enervated, the women grow more delicate; when the two extremes change alike, the ſame difference continues.

Again you will object, that Plato, in his Republic, aſſigns the ſame exerciſes to women as to men: I believe it. After he had excluded private families from his form of government, he knew not what to do with the women, and therefore he was obliged to convert them into men. This great genius had made his calculations, and was aware of every thing that could be ſaid on the ſubject: he obviated an objection, which no man perhaps would have thought of ſtarting, yet he gave but a bad ſolution to that which was raiſed againſt him. I do not ſpeak at preſent of the pretended community of women, with which he has been ſo often reproached, and which ſhews, that they who bring this charge againſt him, never peruſed his works: I mean that civil promiſcuouſneſs, by which the two ſexes are conſtantly confounded in the ſame employments, and the ſame kind of work, from whence the moſt intolerable abuſes muſt ariſe: I mean the ſubverting of the moſt gentle emotions of nature,

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and ſacrificing them to an artificial ſenſation, which cannot poſſibly ſubſiſt without them; juſt as if it were not neceſſary to have a natural tie, to form thoſe of the conventional kind; as if the love of our neighbours were not the principle of that which we owe the ſtate; as if it were not the leſſer country, or, in other terms, our family, that formed the attachment between us and the larger country, or the government we live under; as if it were not the good ſon, the good father, the good huſband, that conſtituted the good citizen.

When once it is demonſtrated, that man and woman neither are, nor ought to be, conſtituted in the ſame manner, nor have the ſame turn and temper of mind, it follows from thence, that their education ſhould be different. In purſuance of the dictates of nature, they ought to act in concert, but not to be employed in the ſame operations; their labour may be directed to the ſame end, but the work itſelf ſhould be varied, and of courſe ſhould be under the direction of different taſtes. After we had endeavoured to form the natural man, that our work may not remain imperfect, let us ſee in what manner the woman, ſuitable to this man, is to be formed.

If you are deſirous of being always under a proper guidance, be ſure to follow the indications of nature. Whatever diſtinguiſhes the ſex, ought to be reſpected as her eſtabliſhment. I hear you continually ſaying: the women have this or that defect, from which we are exempt: you are miſtaken, they would be defects in you, but they are only particular qualities in them; things would not be ſo well conſtituted, if they had them not. Uſe your endeavours to prevent thoſe pretended defects from degenerating into vices, but take particular care not to deſtroy them.

The women, on the other hand, are apt to complain, that we bring them up to be vain and coquettiſh, that we continually amuſe them with childiſh toys, the more eaſily to maſter their minds; in ſhort, they blame

blame us for the imperfections, of which we accuſe them. But how fooliſh the charge! and how long is it ſince men have concerned themſelves about female education? Who debars their mothers from bringing them up in what manner they pleaſe? You will ſay, they have no colleges: a great misfortune, indeed. Would to God there were none for boys; they would be educated in a more judicious and more virtuous manner. Are your daughters compelled to ſpend their time in trifles and nonſenſe? Are they obliged to follow your example, in paſſing one half of the day at the toilette? Who hinders you from inſtructing, and employing others to inſtruct, them in, what manner you think proper? Is it our fault if we are pleaſed when they are handſome, if we are ſeduced by their affected airs, if we are attracted and flattered by thoſe wheedling arts they have learnt of you, if we like to ſee them richer decorated, if we allow them to whet thoſe weapons, by which they ſubdue our deluded ſex? Well, then, henceforward determine to bring them up as men; the latter will conſent to it with all their hearts! The more the fair-ſex endeavour to reſemble ours, the leſs power and influence they will have over us; and then it is that we ſhall be really maſters.

The abilities common to the two ſexes, are not equally divided between them; but upon the whole, the difference is compenſated: the woman has a much greater weight by the qualities of her own ſex, than by thoſe of ours; wherever ſhe aſſerts her own rights, ſhe has the advantage of us; wherever ſhe attempts to uſurp ours, the advantage then is on our ſide. It is impoſſible to anſwer this general truth any other way than by exceptions; a manner of arguing conſtantly uſed by the gallant admirers of the fair-ſex.

Were women to cultivate the manly qualities, and to neglect thoſe which belong to their ſex, they would evidently act contrary to their own intereſt: of this they are perfectly ſenſible, and they have too much art

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to be caught in ſuch a ſnare. While they endeavour to uſurp our rights, they do not relinquiſh their own. But from thence it follows, that not being able to manage them both, becauſe they are incompatible, they remain below their own ſtandard, without coming up to ours, and decreaſe in one half of their value. Ye mothers that have judgment, follow my advice; do not, in defiance of nature, bring up your daughters to be gentlemen, give them the education of ladies, and aſſure yourſelves, it will be much better both for them and for us.

But does it follow from thence, that a woman ought to be educated in abſolute ignorance, and confined to the interior management of a family? Shall man make a ſervant of his help-mate, and deprive himſelf in her company of the greateſt endearment of ſociety? The better to keep her under ſubjection, ſhall he debar her from all ſenſation and knowledge? Shall he make a mere machine of her? No, ſurely; this was never the intent of nature, who endowed the ſex with ſo much wit, and ſprightly fancy; on the contrary, nature requires they ſhould think, they ſhould judge, they ſhould learn, and improve their underſtandings as well as their perſons: theſe are the arms with which ſhe has ſupplied them, to compenſate for their want of that ſtrength, with which our ſex has been inveſted. They ought not to learn a great many things, but only ſuch as it is proper for them to know.

Whether I conſider the particular deſtination of the ſex, with their inclinations and duties, all concur in pointing out that form of education, which ſuits them beſt. Man and woman are formed for one another, but their mutual dependance is not equal: the men depend on the women by their deſires; the women on us, both by their deſires and their wants; we could ſubſiſt much better without them, than they without us. It is impoſſible for them to have neceſſaries, or to live agreeably to their condi-

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tion, unleſs they are ſupplied by our ſex, and we think them worthy of our aſſiſtance. They are dependent on our opinions, on the price we ſet upon their merit, and on the eſtimation we make of their charms and virtues. Even the law of nature has ſubjected both the women, and their offspring, to the juriſdiction of the male ſex. It is not ſufficient for them to be worthy of eſteem, they muſt be actually eſteemed; it is not enough for them to be beautiful, it is neceſſary they ſhould give pleaſure; it is not ſufficient that they are endued with wiſdom and virtue, they muſt be acknowledged to be wiſe and virtuous: their honour does not ſolely depend on their conduct, but on their reputation; and it is impoſſible that ſhe who conſents to part with her good name, ſhould ever be an honeſt woman. The good actions of a man depend ſolely on himſelf; he may bid defiance to the public judgment: but thoſe of a woman depend alſo upon others, ſince her reputation, which is nothing but opinion, is as dear to her as life. The conſequence is, that their ſyſtem of education ought to be different from ours. Opinion is the grave of virtue among men, but its throne with women.

The good habit and diſpoſition of children, is derived from that of their mothers; the early education of the males, is connected with the care taken of us by females; and on them alſo depend our manners, our paſſions, our taſtes, our pleaſures, and even happineſs itſelf. Thus the education of the fair-ſex ſhould be intirely relative to ours. To oblige us, to do us ſervice, to gain our love and eſteem, to rear us when young, to attend us when grown up, to adviſe, to conſole us, to ſoothe our pains, and to ſoften life with every kind of blandiſhment; theſe are the duties of the ſex at all times, and what they ought to learn from their infancy. Unleſs they are guided by this principle, they will miſs their aim, and all the inſtructions beſtowed on them, will neither contribute to their happineſs nor to ours.

But although every woman ſhould be willing, both by inclination and duty, to pleaſe our ſex, yet there is a wide difference between deſiring to oblige a man of worth, who is really deſerving of love, and endeavouring to be agreeable to thoſe little effeminate fops, who are the diſgrace of their own ſex, and of that which they fooliſhly attempt to rival. Neither nature nor reaſon can induce a woman to love a man for thoſe qualities, in which he reſembles herſelf; neither is it by imitating our manner, that ſhe is to endeavour to conciliate our affection.

Whenever therefore the women lay aſide the modeſty and decorums of their own ſex, to affect the airs of thoſe fribbles, inſtead of acting according to nature, they greatly deviate from it, and forfeit the very rights, which they would fain uſurp. Were we to behave otherwiſe, ſay they, we ſhould not be agreeable to the men: but they are miſtaken. They muſt be fools, to be in love with fools; the deſire of gaining the affection of ſuch men, ſhews the taſte of thoſe women. If we had no ſilly fellows among our ſex, the women would ſoon make us ſuch; and our weakneſſes would be much more owing to them, than theirs to us. The women who love real men, and deſire to pleaſe them, pitch upon ſuch means as are agreeable to their deſign. Woman is by nature a coquette, but her coquettry changes its form and its object, according to her different views; let us regulate theſe by nature, and then ſhe will have the education ſuitable to her ſex.

Girls, almoſt from their cradle, are fond of dreſs: not content with being pretty, they would be thought ſo; by their airs we perceive, that this is already an object of their attention; and ſcarce are they capable of underſtanding us, when they are governed by what is ſaid concerning their perſon and behaviour. But no ſuch conſideration has any influence on boys. Provided they can have their pleaſure, and be independent, they give themſelves but very little

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trouble about what the world may think of their conduct. It requires time, and a good deal of trouble, to ſubject them to the ſame law, as that by which the girls are intirely directed.

From whatever quarter the women receive this firſt leſſon, it is a very good one. Since the body is born, in ſome meaſure, before the mind, it requires the firſt culture: the above order is common to both ſexes, but the object is different; in one, this object is the improving its ſtrength; in the other, its charms. Not that theſe ought to be excluſive qualities in each ſex, but only the order is inverted: women muſt have a ſufficient power to perform all their actions with a graceful air; men muſt have ſufficient dexterity to do theirs with eaſe.

From the too great delicacy of women, that of men is derived. The former ought not to be robuſt for themſelves, but for our ſake, to the end that their male offſpring may be ſtrong and vigorous. On this account, it is preferable by far to educate young ladies in nunneries, where they have a very ſimple diet, but are permitted to play, to jump, and run about in the open air, and in the garden; than to bring them up at home, where they are fed with dainties; where they are conſtantly flattered or reprimanded; where ſeated under their mother's eye, in a cloſe apartment, they neither dare to riſe, nor to ſpeak, nor hardly to draw their breath; where of courſe they have not a moment's liberty to play, to run about, to make a noiſe, and fall into the little levities ſo natural to their age: they are either indulged in ſuch liberties as are dangerous, or checked by an injudicious ſeverity. In this manner are young people ruined, both in body and mind.

In Sparta the girls, as well as the boys, were exerciſed in military games, not with a view of being trained to war, but of bearing ſuch children, as ſhould be ſtout and robuſt, and able to ſuſtain every kind of fatigue. Not that I approve this method;

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to provide the government with troops, it is not at all neceſſary that their mothers ſhould have carried a muſket, and be expert at the Pruſſian diſcipline; but I find, that in this part the Greek education was extremely judicious. The young girls appeared often in public, not intermixed with the boys, but aſſembled by themſelves. There was ſcarce a feaſt, a ſacrifice, or any public ceremony, in which the daughters of the principal citizens were not ſeen to walk in bands, crowned with garlands, chanting of hymns, dancing in choruſſes, with baſkets, vaſes, and other offerings, whereby the ſenſual Greeks were entertained with a ſpectacle capable of counteracting the pernicious effect of that indecency practiſed in their gymnaſtic exerciſes. Whatever might be the impreſſion, which this cuſtom made in the hearts of men, it was highly commendable to confirm the bodily health of young girls, by ſuch exerciſes as were moderate and agreeable; to excite and form their taſte, by a conſtant deſire of pleaſing our ſex, without ever endangering their manners.

As ſoon as theſe young maidens were married, they ceaſed to appear in public: they ſhut themſelves up, and confined their whole care to domeſtic œconomy. Such is the form of living, which nature, as well as reaſon, preſcribes to the fair-ſex; and from thoſe mothers came a hardy offſpring, the ſoundeſt, and the beſt-made men in the world. And notwithſtanding the diſrepute of ſome iſlands, it is impoſſible to produce an inſtance of any nation upon earth, not even excepting the Romans, where the women were more modeſt and more agreeable, by a happy union of virtue and beauty, than in ancient Greece.

It is well known, that the eaſy dreſs of both ſexes contributed greatly to thoſe beautiful proportions, which we ſtill admire in their ſtatues, and which ſerve as a model to the artiſts, when nature has degenerated in her real productions. They had none

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of thoſe Gothic fetters, none of thoſe numerous ligatures, which check the circulation, and confine the different limbs. Their women were ſtrangers to the uſe of thoſe ſtays and bodices, by which ours rather counterfeit, than expreſs their true ſhape. In England, where this abuſe has been carried to a very great exceſs, I wonder it has not cauſed the ſpecies to degenerate; beſides I take upon me to affirm, that the pleaſure propoſed to the eye by that practice, is founded in a vicious taſte. It is not at all agreeable to ſee a woman cut in two like a waſp; it offends the eye, and gives pain to the imagination. A fine ſhape, like every thing elſe, has its proportions and meaſure, beyond which it is certainly a blemiſh: a defect of this kind would be very diſagreeable in a naked object; and why then ſhould it be reckoned a beauty, when under a garment?

I am almoſt aſhamed to mention the arguments, by which the women ſo obſtinately maintain this cuſtom of cloathing their bodies in armour: a breaſt hanging down, a prominent belly, &c. are, I grant you, diſagreeable in a girl of twenty, but ceaſe to be diſguſtful in a woman at thirty; and ſince at all times, what is agreeable to nature, muſt be pleaſing to the eye, and in that reſpect we are never miſtaken, theſe ſorts of blemiſhes are leſs diſguſtful at any age, than the fooliſh affectation of a maid at forty.

Whatever reſtrains or confines nature, is founded in a vicious taſte; this is true in regard to the decorations of the body, as well as to the accompliſhments of the mind. Life, health, reaſon, and real welfare, ought to take the lead in every thing; there is no ſuch thing as grace without eaſe; nor is there any delicacy in being languid; to be agreeable, it is not requiſite to be in bad health. Compaſſion may ariſe from ſufferings; but pleaſure and deſire are excited by the bloom of health.

The children of both ſexes have a great many amuſements in common, and this muſt ever be the caſe; but is it not the ſame, when they grow up to maturity? They have likewiſe their peculiar taſtes, by which the ſex is diſtinguiſhed. The boys like whatever is productive of motion and noiſe, as drums, tops, and hobby-horſes; the girls are fonder of decorations that pleaſe the eye, ſuch as looking-glaſſes, toys, and baby-cloaths. Dolls are the favourite amuſement of the ſex, which plainly indicates the deſign for which they were formed. The natural part of the art of pleaſing conſiſts in dreſs, and this is all that children are capable of learning.

It is curious to ſee how a little girl will ſpend whole days about her baby, continually changing its attire, dreſſing and undreſſing it a hundred times, ever contriving modes of ornament, whether well or ill choſen, it does not ſignify. Her fingers are not ſupple, her taſte is not formed, and yet her turn of mind begins to ſhew itſelf: amidſt this inceſſant occupation, the time inſenſibly glides away, the hours paſs unknown to her; ſhe even forgets her repaſt, and has a greater appetite for fine cloaths, than for nouriſhment. But you will tell me, that her care is about dreſſing her doll, and not her own perſon; no doubt, becauſe ſhe ſees her doll, and does not view herſelf; ſhe is incapable of entering upon any action on her own account; her taſte is not yet formed; ſhe has neither power nor abilities; in ſhort, ſhe herſelf is nothing, ſhe is intirely abſorbed in her child, on that ſhe places all her coquettry; but it will not abide there for ever; ſhe waits for the happy minute, when ſhe herſelf is to be the baby.

Here we have therefore an original taſte, of which there can be no ſort of doubt. Your buſineſs is only to trace it, and bring it under a proper regulation. It is very certain, that the little innocent would be glad with all her heart to know how to decorate her baby herſelf, to make its top-knots, its handkerchief, its furbelow,

furbelow, its lace: in all theſe articles, ſhe is under ſo ſtrict a neceſſity of depending on the good pleaſure of others, that it would be much more convenient to her, were ſhe indebted for the whole to her own induſtry. Thus do we account for the firſt leſſons that are given to little girls, they are not ordered to perform a hard taſk under heavy penalties, but indulged with particular favours. And indeed moſt girls ſhew a vaſt averſion to reading and writing; but it is with the greateſt pleaſure they learn their needle-work. They imagine themſelves grown women, and are delighted with the notion, that theſe abilities will one day contribute to render their perſons more agreeable by the decorations of dreſs.

When once this road is open, it is very eaſy to follow: needle-work, embroidery, lace, come of themſelves; but they are not ſo fond of tapeſtry. The taſte of furniture is too much out of their way; nor is it connected with their perſon, being a mere matter of opinion. Tapeſtry is the amuſement of grown women; young girls will never take any great pleaſure in it.

Theſe voluntary improvements may extend as far as deſigning, an art ſome-how connected with that of dreſſing in taſte. But I would not have them apply themſelves to landſkips, much leſs to portrait painting. It is ſufficient for them to deſign foliages, fruits, flowers, drapery, and whatever is capable of giving an embelliſhment to dreſs; and to draw a pattern of embroidery after their own fancy, when they cannot meet with one to their liking. If it be incumbent on men in general, to confine their ſtudies to practical knowledge, this is a point of ſtill greater importance to women: for the latter, from their manner of life, which, though leſs laborious, either is, or ought to be, filled up with more different cares, cannot poſſibly indulge their inclination for any particular amuſement, to the prejudice of their domeſtic duties.

Let thoſe who delight in pleaſantry ſay what they will, good ſenſe falls equally to the ſhare of both ſexes. The girls in general are more docile than boys; and we ought even to exert more authority over them, as I ſhall preſently obſerve: but it does not follow, that we ſhould exact any thing at their hands, without convincing them of its utility. It is the buſineſs, it is the art of mothers to point utility out to them, in every action they perform; and to effect this is ſo much the eaſier, as the underſtanding ripens much earlier in girls, than in boys. By this rule their ſex, as well as ours, is excuſed, not only from all ſtudies that are productive of no real advantage, or do not render them more agreeable in company, but even from thoſe in which the proſpect of utility is very diſtant, conſequently not adapted to a child's capacity, and is ſometimes unperceived even by thoſe who are more advanced in life. If I am not willing that a boy ſhould be obliged to learn to read, by a much ſtronger reaſon am I againſt uſing this compulſion with girls, before I ſhew to what uſe this reading is conducive; but in the manner this utility is commonly pointed out to them, we rather follow our own, than their ideas. Where is the neceſſity, after all, that a girl ſhould learn ſo early to read and write? Will ſhe have a family ſo ſoon to conduct? There are very few of the ſex, who do not rather abuſe, than make a good uſe of this dangerous invention; and they are all too curious not to learn it of their own accord, when they have a proper time and opportunity. Perhaps the firſt thing a girl ſhould endeavour to be miſtreſs of, is cyphering; for no one article can be of greater and more conſtant uſe, nor guard her againſt more errors of conſequence, than the knowledge of accompts. Were the little creature under a neceſſity of performing a ſum in arithmetic, in order to gain her afternoon's nunchion, I engage ſhe would ſoon learn to caſt up accounts.

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I remember an inſtance of a young girl, who learned to write before ſhe could read, and began to make letters with her needle, when ſhe knew not how to handle a pen. Out of the whole alphabet, ſhe would write at firſt no other letter but O. She was continually making great O's and little O's, O's of every ſhape, but always drawn the wrong way. One day however that ſhe was extremely buſy in this uſeful employ, ſhe happened unfortunately to ſee herſelf in the glaſs; and finding that the conſtraint of this attitude did not at all become her, like a ſecond Minerva, ſhe threw away her pen, and would write no more O's. Her brother was no more fond of writing than herſelf; but what gave him the moſt diſguſt, was the reſtraint, and not the diſagreeableneſs of the attitude. Yet another method was found out to bring the girl back to her writing; the little creature was ſo vain and delicate, that ſhe would not ſuffer her ſiſters to make uſe of her linnen; for this reaſon it had been marked, but now they would mark her ſhifts no longer; ſhe was therefore reduced to the neceſſity of marking them herſelf; the conſequence is obvious.

Always aſſign your reaſons for the employ you give to young girls, but be ſure you keep them conſtantly buſy. Idleneſs and indocility are two vices of the moſt dangerous tendency, and from which it is moſt difficult for girls ever to recover. They ought to be vigilant and laborious; but this is not all; they ſhould be inured betimes to bear the abridgment of their liberty. This misfortune, if it be one in regard to them, is inſeparable from their ſtate; and if ever they eſcape it, it is only to expoſe themſelves to ſeverer hardſhips. They will be ſlaves during their whole lives to a continual and moſt rigid reſtraint, namely, that of decency and good manners: they ſhould be therefore accuſtomed betimes to a reſtriction of their will, to the end that habit may render it eaſy to them; and the caprices of fancy be

brought into ſubjection to the will of others. Should they ſhew themſelves deſirous to be always at work, it will be ſometimes proper to oblige them to do nothing. Diſſipation, trifling and levity, are defects that eaſily flow from the corruption and conſtant indulgence of their firſt inclinations. To prevent this abuſe, teach them more particularly to conquer themſelves. Under our ridiculous inſtitutions, the life of a virtuous woman is a perpetual ſtruggle with herſelf; and it is but juſt, that this ſex ſhould give us a ſhare in the pain of thoſe evils, of which we are the cauſe.

Uſe all the art you can to prevent young girls from growing tired of their work, or from being paſſionately fond of their amuſements; as it generally happens in the common method of education, where, as Fenelon expreſſes it, the diſguſt lies all on one ſide, and pleaſure on the other. The firſt of theſe inconveniencies cannot happen, if the preceding rules be obſerved, except they ſhould conceive a diſlike to thoſe with whom they live and converſe. A girl that loves her mother or her aunt, will work with them all day, without being tired; the chat alone makes amends for the article of reſtraint. But if ſhe has taken a diſguſt to her governante, ſhe will be diſpleaſed with whatever ſhe does under her eye. Thoſe who are not better ſatisfied to be with their own mothers, than with any body elſe upon earth, ſcarce ever turn out good for any thing. But to judge of their real ſentiments, it is neceſſary to ſtudy their diſpoſition, and not to rely on what they ſay; for they are full of flattery and diſſimulation, and learn how to diſguiſe themſelves betimes. Neither ſhould we lay any injunction on them to love their mothers; affection never flows from duty, and therefore it is of no uſe, on this occaſion, to have recourſe to conſtraint. Inclination, tenderneſs, and even habit alone, will make a girl fond of her mother, if the latter has done nothing to incur her averſion. Even the very reſtraint in which

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ſhe is kept, if properly directed, inſtead of weakening, will ſtrengthen this inclination; for dependance being a ſtate natural to women, girls will ſoon perceive they were formed to obey.

As they ought to be allowed but very little liberty, hence that little they enjoy, they carry to exceſs; in every thing they are upon the extreme, which is the reaſon of their being more paſſionate and eager after their diverſions, than boys generally are; and this is the ſecond inconveniency I have juſt been mentioning. This eagerneſs ought to be checked; for it is the cauſe of ſeveral vices peculiar to women, and among the reſt, of that capricious fondneſs, through which a woman is to-day infatuated with what to-morrow ſhe will look upon with an eye of indifference. Fickleneſs in taſte is as fatal to them as exceſs; and both are derived from the ſame ſource. Do not debar them from gaiety and laughter, from their loud chat, and noiſy romp; but ſee that they be not ſo ſurfeited of the one diverſion, as to run to the other; do not ſuffer them to be free from all reſtraint a ſingle minute in their lives. Accuſtom them to be called away in the very middle of their play, and to return to their work without the leaſt murmur or regret. Habit alone is ſufficient alſo for this, becauſe it only ſeconds the operations of nature.

From this habitual conſtraint ariſes a docility which women ſtand in need of all their lives, ſince they never ceaſe to be ſubject either to the perſons, or opinions of men, and they are never permitted to render themſelves independent of thoſe opinions. The firſt and moſt important qualification of a woman, is good temper: formed to obey ſo imperfect a being as man, a being oftentimes ſo deformed with vice, and always abounding with imperfections, ſhe ought to learn betimes to ſubmit even to injuſtice, and to bear oppreſſion from a huſband, without complaining. It is for her own ſake, not for his, that a woman ought to be good-

tempered; ſourneſs and obſtinacy do but add to their misfortunes; they irritate their huſbands, who are conſcious that theſe are not the arms by which our ſex is to be ſubdued. Women were not endowed by heaven with thoſe ſoft perſuaſive arts, to ſhew themſelves humourſome and peeviſh; they were not formed of ſo delicate a mould, to behave like tyrants; they were not bleſſed with ſo tuneful a voice, to pour out torrents of abuſe; their countenance was not embelliſhed with ſuch ſweet features, to diſfigure them by paſſion. When they fret and vex, they forget themſelves; they have oftentimes reaſon to complain, but never to grumble. Every one ought to act up to their own ſex; too mild a huſband might render a wife impertinent; but unleſs a man be a very monſter indeed, the mildneſs and good temper of a wife will ſooner or later bring him back to himſelf, and triumph over his anger.

Let daughters be ſubmiſſive, but let not mothers be inexorable. To make a young perſon docile, you muſt not render her unhappy; to make her modeſt and diffident, you muſt not render her ſtupid. On the contrary, I ſhould be glad ſhe were permitted to uſe a little artifice, not in order to elude the puniſhment due for her diſobedience, but to excuſe herſelf from the obligation of obeying. The point in view is not to render her dependance painful, it is ſufficient ſhe be made to feel it. Artifice is natural to the fair-ſex; and as I am in my own mind convinced, that all natural inclinations are in themſelves upright and good, I would be for cultivating them as well as the reſt: we muſt only take care to prevent their being abuſed.

For the truth of this remark, I refer to every ſincere obſerver. I am not for examining the women themſelves, in regard to this article; the reſtraint of our inſtitutions may oblige them to ſharpen their wits. Examine the girls, thoſe little things who are but juſt come into the world; compare them to boys of the ſame age; and if the latter do not appear heavy

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and ſtupid, in compariſon to the former, I ſhall acknowledge myſelf to be in the wrong. May I be permitted to make uſe of a ſingle example, taken from childiſh ſimplicity?

It is uſual to forbid children to aſk any thing at table; for we imagine, that the beſt education is that which is moſt encumbered with uſeleſs precepts: as if a bit of this or that were not ſoon refuſed or granted *, without killing a poor child, by tantalizing his appetite. Every body muſt have heard of the artifice of a little boy, ſubject to this law, who having been forgot at table, bethought himſelf of the expedient of aſking ſalt, &c. I do not pretend to ſay that he might be found fault with for calling directly for ſalt, and indirectly for meat; the omiſſion was ſo cruel, that had he even infringed the law, and told them without ceremony that he was hungry, I do not believe he would have been puniſhed. But I ſhall mention the artifice uſed in my preſence, by a little girl of ſix years old, in a caſe of much greater difficulty; for beſides that there was a ſtrict injunction for her to aſk for nothing either directly or indirectly, her diſobedience would have admitted of no excuſe, ſince ſhe had eaten of every diſh but one, which was her favourite, and they had forgot to give her any of it.

Now the way ſhe took to repair the injury done by this forgetfulneſs, without incurring the crime of diſobedience, was to put out her finger, and to point to every plate, ſaying, with a loud voice, *I have eaten of this, I have eaten of that.*: but ſhe ſo viſibly affected to paſs over that, of which ſhe had not taſted, without ſpeaking a word, that ſomebody taking notice of it, aſked her, whether ſhe had eat any of that? *O no*, anſwered the little glutton, very ſoftly; and fixing her eyes on the ground. I ſhall make no further comment; compare theſe two ſtories:

* A child grows importunate, when he finds his account in it; but he will never aſk twice for the ſame thing, if the firſt anſwer be always irrevocable.

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one is the artifice of a girl, the other that of a boy.

Whatever is, is right; and there is no ſuch thing as a general law of a bad tendency. This ingenuity of the ſex, is a very juſt indemnity for their unequal ſhare of ſtrength; otherwiſe woman would not be man's help-mate, but his ſlave; it is by this ſuperior ability that ſhe maintains an equality with man, and keeps him in ſubjection, at the ſame time that ſhe pays him obeiſance. The woman has many diſadvantages on her ſide; our vices, her own timidity and weakneſs: in her favour ſhe has nothing more than wit and beauty. And is it not juſt ſhe ſhould cultivate both? But beauty is not a general accompliſhment; it is deſtroyed by a thouſand accidents, it fades in time, and loſes its effect by habit. Wit alone is the true reſource of the fair-ſex; not that fooliſh wit ſo greatly eſteemed in the world, though it does not in the leaſt contribute to the happineſs of ſociety; but the wit and ingenuity belonging to her ſtate and condition, the art of improving by our ſex, and of benefiting by our advantages. You cannot imagine how uſeful this ingenuity is to the fair; what a charm it adds to the union of the two ſexes, how vaſtly it contributes to reſtrain the petulance of children, and the brutality of huſbands, and to maintain that good harmony in families, which would otherwiſe be greatly interrupted. You will ſay, that bad women make an ill uſe of it; I know it very well: but what is there that vice does not abuſe? Let us not deſtroy the means of happineſs, becauſe the wicked ſometimes make uſe of them to our prejudice.

It is poſſible to make a figure by dreſs, but it is the perſon only that can render one agreeable; our attire, and we, are different; finery often diſpleaſes, by being too curious and elegant; and oftentimes the dreſs that renders the perſon who wears it moſt conſpicuous, is itſelf the leaſt obſerved. The education of young women is in this reſpect altogether contrary to good

ſenſe. They are given to underſtand, they ſhall have decorations for their reward, and they are taught to love the moſt coſtly attire. They are told, *what a beauty!* when they are ſet off in the moſt gorgeous apparel. But quite the contrary, they ſhould be made to think, that ſo much decoration is deſigned only to conceal their blemiſhes; and that to ſhine with its own luſtre, is the real triumph of beauty. The love of faſhions is a vicious taſte, becauſe our countenances do not change with the caprice of cuſtom; and as our figure continues the ſame, what became it once, is always becoming.

Were I to behold a young girl, ſtrutting in her pompous array, I ſhould expreſs my uneaſineſs at this disfiguring of her perſon, and at the impreſſion it may poſſibly make in the eye of the public: I ſhould ſay; theſe ornaments are too fine, it is a great pity; do you think ſhe would become a plainer dreſs? Is ſhe handſome enough to do without this or that? Very likely ſhe would then be the firſt to deſire you to ſtrip her of that ornament, and try how ſhe would look: in that caſe you may praiſe her figure, if there be room for it. I ſhould never commend her ſo much, as when her apparel was plain and modeſt. Were ſhe to conſider the embelliſhment of dreſs, only as a ſupplement to the graces of her perſon, and as a tacit confeſſion, that ſhe ſtands in need of ſomething to ſet herſelf off, ſhe would not be ſo proud of her finery; nay it would rather be a cauſe of humiliation to her; and ſhould ſhe happen to be in a richer dreſs than ordinary, and to hear a perſon ſay, How lovely ſhe now appears! her bluſhes would ſhew her reſentment.

There are however ſome forms, that have need of ornaments, but none that require a magnificient dreſs. Expenſive apparel may diſtinguiſh your fortune, but cannot embelliſh your perſon; it is the effect of pride, and intirely founded in prejudice. Real coquettry is ſometimes curious and nice, but never

never ſumptuous: Juno would affect to dreſs finer than Venus. *Since you cannot make her handſome, you have made her rich*, ſaid Apelles to a bad painter, who had drawn a picture of Helena moſt ſplendidly dreſſed. And indeed I have obſerved, that the moſt ordinary women generally wear the richeſt attire: but there cannot be a more ridiculous vanity. Let a young damſel, that has a right taſte for dreſs, without regard to faſhions, be provided with ribbands, gauze, muſlins, and artificial flowers; though ſhe has no diamonds or Bruſſels lace*, ſhe will deck herſelf in a much more agreeable manner, than if ſhe were loaded with jewels.

Since what is once becoming is always ſo, and it is right for a woman to adorn herſelf in the beſt manner poſſible, thoſe women, who underſtand any thing of dreſs, chuſe a ſuit in the beſt taſte, and ſtick to it; and as they do not change every day, they are leſs employed, than thoſe who never know where to fix. The true taſte, in point of dreſs, requires but very little time at the toilette; young ladies have rarely a dreſſing-table in form; their time is filled up with needle-work and reading; yet in general they are as well adorned, though not painted, as the grown ladies, and frequently in a much better taſte. We have a wrong notion of the abuſe of the toilette; it ariſes leſs from vanity, than from want of employment. A woman that ſpends ſix hours at her dreſſing-table, knows very well that ſhe is not better equipped, than another who diſpatched the important buſineſs in half an hour; but ſhe has killed ſo much time; and it is much better to amuſe herſelf about her own perſon, than to be tired of every thing elſe.

* The women who have ſo fair a ſkin, as not to ſtand in need of lace, would greatly mortify the others of the darker hue, if they wore none. It is generally the ordinary women who introduce the faſhions, to which thoſe who are handſome are ſo fooliſh as to ſubmit.

Were

Were it not for the toilette, what would the ladies do with themſelves from noon till nine at night? They collect their own ſex together, and take a delight in vexing them; that is ſomething: then they avoid any tete a tete explanations with their huſbands, whom they ſee only at that hour; this is rather an advantage: then there is the amuſement of the milliners, the brokers, the petit-maitres, the ſcribblers, with their verſes, their ſongs, and pamphlets: without the toilette it would be impoſſible to make this heterogeneous mixture. The only real advantage founded in the thing itſelf, is the pretence of diſplaying their abilities a little more, than when they are dreſſed; but this advantage is not ſo conſiderable as ſome imagine, and the ladies do not make any improvement at the toilette worth mentioning. Be not afraid to give a female education to women, let them love the employments of their ſex, let them be modeſt, let them know how to look after a family, and to buſy themſelves in domeſtic concerns, then the toilette will drop of itſelf, and of courſe their taſte in dreſs will be much more elegant.

The firſt thing that young women obſerve, upon quitting the ſtate of infancy, is that all their external ornaments are inſufficient, unleſs they have ſome that are perſonal. Beauty is a perfection they cannot beſtow on themſelves; coquettry is an accompliſhment which requires ſome time to attain; but they may ſtrive to give an agreeable turn to their geſture, to expreſs themſelves in a ſoft tone of voice, to compoſe their countenance, to trip lightly, to throw themſelves into graceful attitudes, and to chuſe every advantage to ſet off their perſon. The voice becomes more ſonorous, and ſettles; the arms unfold themſelves more eaſily; the tread grows firmer; and whatever decorations they may uſe, they are convinced there is an art in attracting admiration. From thenceforward they have ſomething more to think of, than being employed at their needle:

needle: new talents preſent themſelves; and they perceive the uſe of new accompliſhments.

I am not ignorant, that rigid preceptors are againſt learning young girls to ſing, or to dance, or any of the agreeable arts. This is very pleaſant indeed! And who then are to learn them? Are thoſe accompliſhments only for boys? Are they moſt proper to adorn the female ſex, or ours? You will ſay, they are proper for neither. To ſing profane ſongs is a crime; dancing is an invention of Satan; a young woman ought to have no other way of employing her time, but in needle-work and prayer. Strange employments for a child only ten years old! For my part, I am very much afraid, that all thoſe little ſaints who are obliged to paſs their infancy in prayer, will ſpend their youth in a different manner, and when they come to be married, will indemnify themſelves in the beſt manner they can, for the time they imagine themſelves to have loſt, when they were maidens. I am of opinion there ought to be ſome regard paid to the age as well as the ſex; that a young girl ought not to live like her grandmother, that ſhe ought to be lively, and chearful, to play about, to dance, and to ſing as much as ſhe pleaſes, and to taſte all the innocent pleaſures of her ſtage of life; the time will ſoon, too ſoon, come for her to be more ſedate, and to put on a more ſerious countenance.

But is there a real neceſſity for this change? Does it not in all probability proceed from our prejudices? By ſubjecting modeſt women to none but diſmal obſervances, the marriage-ſtate has been ſtripped of every thing that could render it agreeable to huſbands. Are we then to be ſurprized, if obſerving ſo great a taciturnity at home, they are driven abroad; or if thoſe who are ſingle, ſhould be ſo little inclined to enter into ſo diſagreeable a ſtate. Chriſtian teachers, by ſtraining our reſpective duties, defeat their end, and render them impracticable; by forbidding the women

men to ſing or dance, and to partake of the other diverſions in life, they render them ſluts and ſcolds, and quite intolerable in their families. In no religion is matrimony ſubject to ſuch ſevere laws as in ours; and in no other is this ſacred engagement ſo greatly abuſed. Such endeavours have been uſed to hinder the wives from being amiable, that the huſbands are grown indifferent about them. I am told, it ought not to be ſo; but for my part, I think it cannot be otherwiſe, ſince, after all, Chriſtians are fleſh and blood. I confeſs I would have the prettieſt young woman in England take as much pains to render herſelf, by every accompliſhment, agreeable to her huſband, as a Circaſſian girl would to improve herſelf in the Harem of Iſpahan. Huſbands, you will ſay, do not trouble their heads about thoſe fine accompliſhments: truly I believe you, when inſtead of being exerted to give them pleaſure, they only ſerve as a bait to draw a parcel of impudent young fellows into their houſe, to the diſhonour of the maſter of the family. But do you imagine, that a prudent woman, with a good agreeable perſon, and poſſeſſed of the like perfections, which ſhe employed intirely to pleaſe her huſband, would not make a conſiderable addition to his happineſs, and hinder him, after he had almoſt exhauſted himſelf with ſtudy, from going abroad in ſearch of diverſion? Whoever ſaw a family thus happily united, where every one contributes his ſhare to the common amuſement; let him ſay, whether the chearful innocent mirth, in which the company indulge themſelves on thoſe occaſions, does not more than compenſate for the empty ſhew, or tumultuous joy of public entertainments?

The agreeable accompliſhments are taught of late with too much formality; they have been rendered too ſyſtematical; every thing has been reduced to maxim and precept, and young people are tired to death with what was intended only for their amuſement. Nothing can be imagined more ridiculous,

than

than an old dancing-maſter, or teacher of muſic, addreſſing himſelf with a grim ſour face to young people, who deſire only to laugh; and aſſuming a more pedantic and more magiſterial air, to inſtruct them in his trifling ſcience, than if they were to be taught their catechiſm. To know how to ſing, for inſtance, is it neceſſary to learn muſic? Might not a girl know how to tune her voice, ſo as to ſing in taſte, and even to accompany an inſtrument, without being acquainted with a ſingle note? Is the ſame ſort of muſic ſuited to all voices? Is the ſame method agreeable to every genius? I can never be made to believe, that the ſame attitudes, the ſame ſteps, the ſame movements, geſtures and dances, are proper for a young lively brunet, as for a fair beauty with large languiſhing eyes. Whenever therefore I ſee a maſter giving exactly the ſame leſſons to both, I affirm, this man goes by rote, but underſtands nothing of his art.

It is a queſtion with ſome, whether girls ſhould be taught by their own ſex, or by ours? For my part, I know not which to determine, I ſhould be glad they wanted neither maſters nor miſtreſſes; that they were at full liberty to learn what they have ſo ſtrong an inclination to; and that ſuch a number of laced dancing-maſters were not ſeen ſtrolling about the country. I can hardly believe, but the converſation of thoſe fellows muſt be more pernicious to young girls, than their leſſons can be of uſe; and that from the ſtrangeneſs of their jargon, from their tone of voice, and ridiculous airs, their female ſcholars imbibe that turn for trifles, ſo important to their maſters, which, taught by their example, the young miſſes will ſoon learn to make their ſole employment.

In regard to thoſe arts that have nothing but pleaſure for their object, young people may take their inſtructions from whom they pleaſe. They may conſult their father, their mother, their brother, their ſiſter, their friends, their governantes, their look-

looking-glaſs, but eſpecially their own taſte. Let us not offer to teach them, it is they ſhould deſire of us to be inſtructed; we ought not to turn a reward into a taſk; and it is chiefly on theſe kinds of ſtudy that we ſhould firſt endeavour to ſucceed. However, if we muſt have leſſons in form, I will not take upon me to determine the ſex that is to give them. I know not whether it be neceſſary, for a dancing-maſter to take his pretty young ſcholar by her ſoft delicate hand, to make her extend her pettycoats, raiſe her eyes, ſtretch out her arms, and project her panting breaſt: but I am very certain that I would not be in that ſtation for all the world.

By induſtry and abilities our taſte is formed; by taſte the mind ſoon acquires the ideas of the beautiful in every kind, and at length the moral notions, to which the others are related. This perhaps is one reaſon, why the ſenſe of decency and ſhame is ſooner imbibed by girls than by boys; for to imagine this forward ſenſation to be the work of governantes, one muſt be very ill acquainted with the tendency of their leſſons, and the progreſs of the human underſtanding. Elocution holds the firſt rank in the art of pleaſing; by this alone can we enhance thoſe charms, to which the ſenſes are already accuſtomed. This is the ſpirit which not only quickens, but in ſome meaſure renews the body; by the ſucceſſion of ſenſations and ideas, it animates the countenance, and gives it an agreeable variety; by ſupplying the tongue with a conſtant flow of words, it keeps up the attention, and intereſts the hearer in the ſame object. Hence, I apprehend, it is, that girls ſo ſoon acquire a pretty manner of prattling, that they lay a due emphaſis on their words, before they feel the weight of the expreſſion; and that we take ſo much pleaſure in hearing them, even before they are capable of underſtanding what they ſay; we watch the moment when their underſtanding begins to dawn, in order to judge of their ſenſibility.

The women have a voluble tongue; their ſpeech comes on earlier, is more fluent, and more agreeable than ours; and they are alſo charged with being more loquacious. It cannot be otherwiſe; this is an accuſation which, I think, redounds to their honour. Their organs of ſeeing and ſpeaking have the ſame activity, and for the ſame reaſon. Man ſays what he knows, woman what ſhe pleaſes; the one, in order to ſpeak, ſtands in need of knowledge, the other of taſte; the principal object of the one ought to be the uſeful, of the other the agreeable. Their diſcourſe ſhould have no common forms but thoſe of truth.

We ought not therefore to reſtrain the prattling of young girls, like that of boys, by this harſh interrogation, *Of what uſe is that?* but by the following, which is not at all eaſier to anſwer, *What effect will that produce?* At this early period of life, when they are as yet incapable of diſcerning good from evil, and therefore are no judges of any perſon's conduct, they ought to lay it down as an invariable rule, never to ſay any thing diſagreeable to thoſe they converſe with; and what renders this rule more difficult to practiſe, is its being always ſubordinate to the former, which is never to tell an untruth.

I am ſenſible of a great many other difficulties, but they belong to a riper age. For the preſent, young girls can have no other obſtacle in telling the truth, but that of being ſometimes rude, and this is a quality to which they have a natural repugnance; education teaches them to avoid it. In regard to human intercourſe, I obſerve in general, that politeneſs in men is more officious, in women more affectionate. This difference is not owing to education, it is founded in nature. The man ſeems to take more pains to ſerve you, the woman to give you pleaſure. From thence it follows, that let the character of the women be what it will, their politeneſs is more ſincere than ours, as it only extends their natural

tural inſtinct; but when a man pretends to prefer my intereſt to his own, whatever colour he may give to this declaration, I am ſure it is a falſity. There is no great difficulty, therefore, for women to be polite, nor of courſe for girls to learn that behaviour. The firſt leſſon proceeds from nature; this is improved by art, which determines according to our cuſtoms, in what form it ought to diſplay itſelf. With regard to their politeneſs among themſelves, it is quite a different thing. In their behaviour there is ſuch an air of affectation, and ſuch indifference in their grimaces, that they take very little trouble to conceal the reſtraint they give to one another; they ſeem to be ſincere in their deception, by ſcarce endeavouring to diſguiſe it. Yet there are ſome young women that have a real friendſhip for each other. At their time of life, chearfulneſs ſupplies the place of good-nature; and being content in their own mind, they are content with all the world. It is very certain that they kiſs one another more heartily, and exchange careſſes with a much better grace, in the preſence of men, than when by themſelves; the reaſon is, they are proud to tantalize us with impunity, by the repreſentation of favours, which they know to be envied by our ſex.

If boys are not allowed to aſk indiſcreet queſtions, much leſs ought that to be permitted young girls, ſince, conſidering their quickneſs of apprehenſion, and their curioſity in diving into things, which ſhould be myſteriouſly concealed from their knowledge, the reſolving their queſtions is a matter of much greater conſequence. But without permitting them to interrogate, I ſhould be glad they were queſtioned a good deal themſelves, and that care were taken to make them prattle and talk with freedom and eaſe, in order to give them a quickneſs of repartee, and to ſet both their underſtanding and their tongue at full liberty, while it can be effected without danger. Theſe converſations, enlivened with mirth and gaiety,

but managed at the ſame time with art, and under proper direction, would be a moſt delightful amuſement to girls at this period of life, and might imprint in their innocent minds the firſt, and perhaps the moſt uſeful, inſtructions of morality, they will ever be ſo fortunate as to receive: by the attraction of pleaſure and vanity, they will learn, to what qualities men really annex their eſteem, and what conſtitutes the glory and happineſs of a virtuous woman.

If boys are incapable of forming a true idea of religion, by a much ſtronger reaſon, that idea is above the comprehenſion of young girls; and for this very reaſon I ſhould talk to the latter much ſooner upon this ſubject. For were we to wait till they were capable of entering into a methodical diſcuſſion of theſe profound queſtions, we ſhould be in danger of never hitting our mark. The reaſon of women is a practical faculty, which renders them very dexterous at finding out the means of arriving at a known end, but does not enable them to diſcover the end itſelf. The ſocial relation of the ſexes is admirable. From this ſociety there reſults a moral perſon; this perſon's eye is the woman, and man is the arm; but with ſo ſtrict a dependance on each other, that from man, the woman learns what is proper to be ſeen, and from woman, the man acquires his knowledge of what is fit to be done. Could the female ſex aſcend to the firſt principles, as well as ours, and could we have the ſame ſpirit of detail as they, ever independent of each other, we ſhould live in perpetual diſcord, and human ſociety could not poſſibly ſubſiſt. But in the preſent ſtate of harmony and union, between the two ſexes, every thing tends to one common end; they know not which contributes moſt towards it; each follows the other's impulſe; each obeys; and they both command.

Since a woman's conduct is ſubject to public opinion, for this very reaſon her belief depends on authority. Every girl ought to follow the religion of

of her mother; and every married woman, that of her huſband. Were this to be a falſe perſuaſion, yet the ſubjection in which the mother and daughter are held, by the order of nature, juſtifies their docility, and cancels the ſin of ignorance. Incapable of judging for themſelves, they ought to receive the deciſion of their fathers and huſbands, like that of the church.

The women having no poſſibility of deriving the rule of their faith from their own inquiry, cannot confine its bounds to thoſe of evidence and reaſon, but ſuffer themſelves to be drawn away by a thouſand impulſes of a different nature; they are always either beyond or on this ſide the truth. Ever in extremes, they are either libertines or devotees; they know not how to unite piety and diſcretion. This evil has its ſource, not only in the extravagance of their ſex, but in the ill-regulated authority of our immorality is the cauſe of deſpiſing this authority; repentance arms it with too much terror; and thus it is always either too much, or too little reſpected.

Since the religion of females is to be regulated by authority, the buſineſs is not ſo much to acquaint them with the reaſons of our belief, as clearly to explain to them what we do believe: for to give faith to obſcure ideas, is the ſource of fanaticiſm; and to require it for abſurdities, leads to folly or incredulity. I know not whether our catechiſms have a greater tendency to impiety, than to enthuſiaſm; but I am very well ſatisfied, they are neceſſarily productive of one or the other.

In the firſt place, when you initiate young girls into religion, do not repreſent it as an object of gloom and reſtraint, nor as a taſk or duty; of courſe never let them learn any thing by heart, that has a tendency that way, not even their prayers. Be content with ſaying yours in their preſence, yet without obliging them to join with you. Let them be ſhort, purſuant to Chriſt's inſtructions. Let them

always be uttered with due reverence; remember that when you aſk the ſupreme Being to attend to your prayers, it becomes you to attend to what you ſay.

It is not of ſo much conſequence, that young girls ſhould learn their religion betimes, as that they ſhould know it perfectly well, and even love it. When you render it a burden to their minds, by repreſenting the Deity as always angry with them; when you ſubject them, in his name, to a thouſand painful duties, which they never ſee you perform; what can they poſſibly think, but that their catechiſm, and their prayers, are impoſed only upon little girls? conſequently they muſt deſire to grow up, in order to be exempted, like you, from this ſubjection. Be ſure you ſet them an example, otherwiſe you will never be able to do any thing with children.

When you explain the articles of faith to them, do it by the way of a direct inſtruction, and not by queſtions and anſwers. They ought never to make any other anſwer, than what is framed by themſelves, and not dictated by others. All the anſwers in the catechiſm are abſurd: they give you the diſciple inſtructing the maſter; they are even ſo many falſities in the mouths of children, ſince they explain what they do not underſtand, and affirm what they are incapable of believing. Even among people of the beſt underſtanding, ſhew me one who does not lie in ſaying his catechiſm.

The firſt queſtion I obſerve in ours *, is this: *Who created you, and brought you into the world?* The little girl, without the leaſt heſitation, anſwers *God*, though at the ſame time ſhe believes it was her mother. The only thing ſhe perceives, is, that ſhe is aſked a queſtion, of which ſhe apprehends but very little, and that ſhe makes an anſwer without underſtanding any thing at all about the matter.

* That of the French proteſtants.

I ſhould be glad, if ſome perſon who knew ſomething of the intellectual progreſs of children, would undertake a catechiſm for their uſe. It would be, perhaps the moſt uſeful book that ever was penned; and, in my opinion, it would do no ſmall honour to the author. This however is very certain, that if the book were good for any thing, it would bear very little reſemblance to ours.

A catechiſm of that kind would be of uſe only when, from the nature of the queſtions, the child would be able to frame his anſwers himſelf; provided, however, it be his turn ſometimes to interrogate. In order to convey my meaning, it would be neceſſary to ſketch ſome ſort of a model, and I am very ſenſible of my own inequality for the taſk. I ſhall attempt nevertheleſs to give a faint idea of it.

The Miſtreſs. Do you remember the time when your mother was a maid?

Little Girl. No, madam.

The Miſtreſs. Why ſo! you have a very good memory?

Little Girl. Becauſe I was not born.

The Miſtreſs. Then you have not been always living?

Little Girl. No.

The Miſtreſs. Will you live for ever?

Little Girl. Yes.

The Miſtreſs. Are you young or old?

Little Girl. I am young.

The Miſtreſs. And your grand-mamma, is ſhe young or old?

Little Girl. She is old.

The Miſtreſs. Has ſhe been young?

Little Girl. Yes.

The Miſtreſs. And why is not ſhe ſo ſtill?

Little Girl. Becauſe ſhe is grown old.

The Miſtreſs. And will you grow old, like her?

Little Girl. I cannot tell*.

The Miſtreſs. Where are the clothes you wore laſt year?

Little Girl. They have been taken to pieces.

The Miſtreſs. And why have they been taken to pieces?

Little Girl. Becauſe they were too little for me.

The Miſtreſs. And how came they to be too little for you?

Little Girl. Becauſe I am grown.

The Miſtreſs. Will you grow any bigger?

Little Girl. Yes! to be ſure.

The Miſtreſs. And what becomes of grown girls?

Little Girl. They become women.

The Miſtreſs. And what becomes of the women?

Little Girl. They become mothers.

The Miſtreſs. And what becomes of them, after they are mothers?

Little Girl. They grow old.

The Miſtreſs. Will you grow old,

Little Girl. When I have been a mother.

The Miſtreſs. And what becomes of old people?

Little Girl. I cannot tell.

The Miſtreſs. Where is your grand-papa gone to?

Little Girl. He is dead†.

The Miſtreſs. And how came he to die?

Little Girl. Becauſe he was old?

The Miſtreſs. What then becomes of old people?

Little Girl, They die.

* If wherever I have put, I *cannot tell,* the little girl makes a different anſwer, you ſhould diſtruſt what ſhe ſays, and oblige her to explain it.

† The little girl will ſay ſo, becauſe ſhe heard it ſaid: but it will be proper to try whether ſhe has a right idea of death, for this idea is not ſo ſimple, nor ſo obvious to the capacity of children, as ſome imagine. In the little poem of Abel, there is an inſtance of the manner in which they ought to be made acquainted with it. This is a moſt charming compoſition; it breathes a delightful ſimplicity, in which you cannot familiarize yourſelf too much, to converſe with children.

The Miſtreſs. And you, when you grow old, what—

The Little Girl interrupting her. O, madam, I do not chuſe to die.

The Miſtreſs. My dear, no body chuſes to die, and yet we are all mortal.

Little Girl. How ſo! will my mamma die too?

The Miſtreſs. Every body muſt die. The women grow old as well as men: and old age is the road to death.

Little Girl. What muſt I do, to grow old a great while hence?

The Miſtreſs. Be good while you are young.

Little Girl. Madam, I will always be good.

The Miſtreſs. So much the better for you. But after all, do you expect to live for ever?

Little Girl. When I come to be old, very old...

The Miſtreſs. Well then?

Little Girl. In ſhort, when we grow old, you ſay we muſt die.

The Miſtreſs. Then you muſt die once?

Little Girl. Ah! yes.

The Miſtreſs. Who was living before you?

Little Girl. My father and mother.

The Miſtreſs. Who was living before them?

Little Girl. Their father and mother.

The Miſtreſs. Who will live after you are gone?

Little Girl. My children.

The Miſtreſs. Who will live after they are gone?

Little Girl. Their children, &c.

Purſuing this track we ſhall find, by ſenſible inductions, that the human race, like every thing elſe, has had a beginning and an end; that is, a father and a mother, who had neither father nor mother; and children who will have no children, &c*. Thus the firſt queſtion in the catechiſm ſhould not be introduced,

* The idea of eternity is unapplicable, with any propriety, to human generations. Every numerical ſucceſſion reduced to act, is incompatible with that idea.

duced, till after a long ſeries of the like queſtions: then, and not till then, can it be made with propriety, or the child be capable of underſtanding you. But from thence to the ſecond queſtion, which is in ſome meaſure a definition of the divine eſſence, how immenſe the diſtance! When will this ſpace be filled up? God is a ſpirit! And what is a ſpirit? Shall I go and engage a child in this dark maze of metaphyſics, from which even grown-up perſons find it ſo difficult to extricate themſelves? It does not belong to a little girl to reſolve ſuch queſtions; it is at the moſt her buſineſs to propoſe them. Then I ſhould give her a plain ſimple anſwer: you aſk me what God is; it is not an eaſy matter to tell you. God can neither be heard, ſeen, nor touched; he is known only by his works. In order to judge what he is, ſtay till you know what he has done.

If the articles of our religion are all equally true, yet they are not all of equal importance. It is very indifferent to the divine glory, whether it be manifeſted to us in every particular; but it is of the utmoſt conſequence to human ſociety, and to each of its members, that every man ſhould know and fulfill the ſeveral duties towards his neighbour, and towards himſelf, which are injoined him by the divine law. This is what we ought conſtantly to teach one another; and in this particularly are parents obliged to inſtruct their children. Whether a virgin be the mother of her Creator, whether ſhe brought forth the Deity, or only a man to whom the divine nature was conjoined; whether the ſubſtance of the Father and the Son be the ſame, or only ſimilar; whether the Holy Ghoſt proceeds from one of the two, who are both the ſame, or from both jointly; I do not perceive that the determination of theſe queſtions, in appearance ſo eſſential, is of more importance to the human ſpecies, than to know on which day of the month we ought to ſolemnize Eaſter; whether it be proper to ſay our beads, to faſt, to abſtain from fleſh, to uſe

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the Latin or French language in church, to bedeck the wall with images, to celebrate or to aſſiſt at maſs, and to live in a ſtate of celibacy. Let every one think of theſe matters as he pleaſes; I know not how far they may be important to others, for my part they are not at all intereſting to me. But the matter of conſequence to me and my fellow-creatures, is, that every man ſhould know, that there is an arbiter of the fate of human beings, on whom we all depend as his children; that he commands us all to be juſt, to love each other, to be beneficent and merciful, to keep our engagements with all the world, even with our enemies and his; that the apparent felicity of this life is nothing; that there is another to come, in which the ſupreme Being will diſtribute rewards to the good, and puniſhments to the wicked. Theſe, and the like doctrines, are proper to be inculcated to children, and inſtilled into the minds of all mankind. Whoſoever oppoſes them, is inconteſtibly deſerving of puniſhment, becauſe he is a common diſturber, and an enemy to ſociety. Whoſoever overlooks them, and wants to ſubject us to his private opinions, drives towards the ſame point by an oppoſite road; to eſtabliſh order after his manner, he diſturbs the public tranquillity; in the pride and raſhneſs of his heart, he ſets himſelf up for an interpreter of the Deity; he demands the homage and praiſe of men in the divine name; he erects himſelf, to the beſt of his power, in the place of God; he ought to be puniſhed for ſacrilege, if not for the guilt of perſecution.

Take no notice therefore of all thoſe myſterious articles, which in regard to us are only bare words that convey no ideas, and of all thoſe extravagant and whimſical doctrines, the idle ſtudy of which ſupplies the place of virtue among formal profeſſors, and contributes to render them fools inſtead of good men. Keep your children within the narrow circle of the doctrine of morality. Make them fully ſenſible, that there is no other knowledge uſeful to man, but that which

which teaches him to do good. Do not make your daughters philoſophers and divines; learn them nothing, in regard to celeſtial things, but what contributes to human wiſdom: let them be accuſtomed to feel themſelves always in the preſence of the Deity, to have him for a witneſs to their actions, to their thoughts, to their virtues, and their pleaſures; to do good without oſtentation, becauſe he loves it; to ſuffer evil without repining, becauſe he will make them amends; in ſhort, to be every day of their lives the ſame as they would deſire to have been, when they are to appear in his preſence. This is the true ſyſtem of religion, the only one unſuſceptible of abuſe, impiety, or fanaticiſm. Let others preach ſublimer ſyſtems as long as they pleaſe, for my part I acknowledge none but this.

It is proper, however, to obſerve, that till they attain the uſe of reaſon, and begin to hear the internal voice of conſcience, young perſons have no notion of good or evil, but from the declaration of the people about them. What they are commanded to do is good, what they are forbid to do is bad; that is all they ought to know; whereby it appears how much more important it is to girls than to boys, that the perſons who approach them be judiciouſly choſen, and inveſted with ſome authority. At length the moment is arrived, when they will begin to judge of things by themſelves, and then it is time to change the plan of their education.

Hitherto, perhaps, I have ſaid too much upon this ſubject. To what a ſituation ſhould we reduce the women, were we to allow them no other law than public prejudice? Let us not ſo far debaſe the ſex by which we are governed, and which treats us with reſpect unleſs we degrade it. There exiſts a rule for the whole human ſpecies antecedent to opinion. To the invariable direction of this rule, all others ought to be reduced; it pronounces judgment even on pre-

judice itſelf; and human eſteem ought to be of authority with us, only ſo far as it agrees with it.

This rule is the moral ſenſe. I ſhall not repeat in this place, what has been elſewhere mentioned; it is ſufficient for me to obſerve, that unleſs theſe two rules concur in the education of women, it will certainly be defective. The moral ſenſe, independent of opinion, will not give them that delicacy of mind, which adorns good actions with reputation and honour; and opinion, without it, will only render the ſex falſe and diſhoneſt, ſo as to ſubſtitute appearance in the place of virtue.

It therefore behoves them greatly to cultivate a faculty, which ſerves for an umpire between the two guides, hinders the conſcience from being miſled, and rectifies the errors of prejudice. This faculty is reaſon: but at the bare mentioning of this word, what a number of queſtions ariſe! Are women capable of ſolid reaſoning? Is it of conſequence for them to cultivate this faculty? Will the pains they take in the cultivation be attended with ſucceſs? Is this cultivation any way ſerviceable in the duties aſſigned them; or is it conſiſtent with the ſimplicity that becomes their ſtate?

From the different ways of conſidering and ſolving theſe queſtions, people have given into contrary extremes: ſome are for confining a woman to the needle and diſtaff, in company with her maids, and thus only make her the upper ſervant to the maſter: others, not content with aſcertaining her rights, make her uſurp ours; for to leave her ſuperior to us in the qualities peculiar to her ſex, and to render her our equal in thoſe which are common to both, is depriving the huſband of the ſuperiority he received from nature, and transferring it to the woman.

The reaſons which lead man to the knowledge of his duty, are not very complex; thoſe which confine a woman to hers, are ſtill more ſimple. The obedience and fidelity which ſhe owes to her huſband, the care and tenderneſs ſhe ought to have for her children, are conſequences ſo naturally and ſo ſenſibly derived

rived from her condition, that ſhe cannot ſincerely refuſe her conſent to the interior ſenſations which are her guide, nor miſtake her duty, unleſs her inclinations are corrupted.

I ſhould not abſolutely condemn the inſtitution of confining women to domeſtic concerns, and ſuffering them to remain in a profound ignorance of every thing elſe; but ſuch an inſtitution I own would require, that the morals of the people were very ſimple and incorrupt, or that the women led a very retired life. In great cities, and among debauched men, ſuch a woman would be too eaſily ſeduced; her chaſtity oftentimes would be expoſed to great danger; and this delicate age requires of the ſex a virtue capable of ſtanding the ſevereſt trial. She ſhould previouſly know what propoſals may be made to her, and what anſwers it is proper for her to give.

Beſides, as ſhe is ſubject to the judgment of men, ſhe ſhould endeavour to deſerve their eſteem; above all things ſhe ought to obtain that of her huſband; ſhe not only ſhould ſtudy to make him love her perſon, but likewiſe approve her conduct; ſhe ought to juſtify his choice in the eye of the public, and to contrive ſo, that the reſpect which is paid the wife, ſhall redound to the huſband's honour. Now is it poſſible for her to effect any thing of this, if ſhe be ignorant of our conſtitutions, our cuſtoms, and laws of decorum; if ſhe knows not the ſource of human opinions, nor of the paſſions, by which they are determined? As ſhe is dependent at one and the ſame time on her own conſcience, and on the ſentiments of others, ſhe muſt learn to compare, and to reconcile thoſe two rules, and never to prefer the former, but when it claſhes with the latter. She becomes the umpire of her own judges, by determining when ſhe ought to obey, and when to oppoſe their commands. Before ſhe admits or rejects their prejudices, ſhe weighs them with great care, ſhe traces them to their ſource, ſhe anticipates them in ſome meaſure, and

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renders them propitious to her cauſe; ſhe ſtudies, particularly, never to incur any cenſure, when her duty permits her to avoid it. Nothing of all this can be done, without attending to the cultivation of her reaſon and underſtanding.

I return now to my principle, and find that it furniſhes a ſolution for every difficulty: I ſtudy the ſtate of actual exiſtence; I inquire into its cauſe, and find at length, that whatever is, is right. For inſtance: I pay a viſit to ſome hoſpitable family, where the maſter and miſtreſs jointly perform the honours of the table. They have both had the ſame education, both are equally polite; they have equal taſte and underſtanding, and are both animated with the ſame deſire of giving a kind reception to their gueſts, and of ſending every body away ſatisfied. The huſband ſpares no pains to ſhew his regard to the company; he runs too and fro, and gives himſelf a great deal of trouble; in ſhort, he is all attention. The woman remains in her place; a little circle is aſſembled about her, and ſeems to exclude her from ſeeing the reſt of the company; yet nothing eſcapes her notice; not one perſon goes away, without having been ſpoken to by her; ſhe has omitted no civility capable of engaging her gueſts; ſhe has ſaid nothing to any body but what was agreeable; and without breaking through order, the leaſt perſon in company has had as much attendance paid him as the firſt. Dinner comes in, and they ſit down to table; the man, being acquainted with the quality of his gueſts, places them in proper order; the wife, without knowing any thing of their dignity, commits no miſtake. In each perſon's countenance and carriage ſhe quickly perceives the proper diſtinctions due to him; and every one is ſeated according to their reſpective rank. I do not pretend to ſay that no body is forgotten, in the variety of courſes. The maſter of the houſe, ſurveying the company, perhaps has made no omiſſion. But the wife gueſſes at the looks of her gueſts, and anticipates their deſires;

ſires; while ſhe is ſpeaking to her neighbour, ſhe has her eye on the further end of the table; ſhe diſtinguiſhes him who does not eat, becauſe he is not hungry, from the perſon who is afraid to help himſelf, becauſe he is aukward and baſhful. When the company riſe up from dinner, each imagines her thoughts to have been intirely employed about him; they all conclude ſhe had not had time to eat a morſel; but the truth is, ſhe has made a heartier dinner than any of the company.

When they are all gone, the huſband and wife talk of what has paſſed. The man repeats the chit-chat of the table, what has been ſaid or done by thoſe with whom he converſed. If upon this ſubject the wife is not always the moſt exact, on the other hand ſhe has diſcovered what had been whiſpered quite ſoftly at the other end of the hall; ſhe knows what ſuch a perſon was thinking on; what ſuch a diſcourſe or geſture related to; in ſhort, there has ſcarce been an expreſſion or movement, which ſhe is not ready to explain, and, generally ſpeaking, with great exactneſs.

The ſame genius and turn of mind, which renders a woman eminent in the knowledge of domeſtic œconomy, makes a coquette excell in the art of amuſing a variety of lovers. The coquette requires even a greater delicacy and diſcernment in her behaviour, than the polite miſtreſs of a family; for provided a woman conducts herſelf with good manners to all the world, ſhe has done her duty; but the coquette, by ſo injudicious an uniformity, would ſoon be ſtripped of her empire. Endeavouring to pleaſe all her lovers, ſhe would diſoblige them all. In ſociety, the civility ſhewn to all mankind, is ſtill agreeable to each; provided we are well uſed, we are not ſo nice about preference or diſtinction; but in love, nothing but a monopoly will ſatisfy. A man of any ſenſibility would be better pleaſed, a hundred times, to be ill uſed by his miſtreſs ſingly, than careſſed in conjunction with others; and the worſt that can happen, is not to

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be diſtinguiſhed at all. A woman, therefore, that has a mind to ſecure a variety of lovers, perſuades each of them that ſhe gives him the preference; ſhe triumphs over his credulity even when the others are preſent, and ſhe perſuades the reſt in the ſame manner, and with the ſame ſucceſs.

Should you ever deſire to behold a very odd ſcene, you need only to place a man between two women, with whom he carries on ſeparate intrigues, and then obſerve how greatly he is embarraſſed. Put a woman in the like caſe between two men, and ſurely the example will not be more rare, you would be ſurpriſed at the addreſs with which ſhe impoſes on them both, and makes them laugh at each other. Now were this woman to expreſs the ſame confidence, and to uſe them with the ſame familiarity, how would it be poſſible for them to be her dupes a ſingle moment? By treating them alike, would not ſhe plainly ſhew that they have the ſame right to her perſon? She takes a much better method: inſtead of behaving towards them in the ſame manner, ſhe affects to eſtabliſh an inequality between them; ſhe manages ſo, that the perſon ſhe flatters believes it to be a mark of her affection; while he whom ſhe uſes with ſcorn, thinks it is owing to vexation and ſpite. Thus each of them being content with his own portion, thinks ſhe is intirely employed about him, whilſt her thoughts are taken up with her own dear perſon.

In the general deſire of pleaſing, the coquette makes uſe of ſimilar means; capricious airs would be forbidding, without a deal of good management; but it is the artful diſtribution of theſe, that rivets the fetters of her ſlaves.

Uſa ogni arte la donna, onde ſia colto
Nella ſua rete alcun novello amante;
Nè con tutti, nè ſempre un ſteſſo volto
Serba, ma cangia a tempo atto e ſembiante *.

Whence

* A woman uſes every artifice to allure ſome new lover into her ſnare; ſhe does not ſhew the ſame countenance to all, nor at all

Whence is this ſagacity derived, but from a conſtant ſeries of refined obſervations, which inceſſantly diſplay to her view the tranſactions of the human heart, and which enable her to move it in whatever direction ſhe pleaſes. Now is this ſagacity acquired? No; it is innate in women; they are all poſſeſſed of it, and men never have it in the ſame degree. This is one of the characteriſtics of the ſpecies. Preſence of mind, ſagacity, and refined obſervations, belong to women; and to avail themſelves of theſe abilities, is their particular province.

Such is the ſtate of the female ſex, and we have ſeen the reaſon of it. The women, you will object, are falſe; they are not naturally ſo, but they learn to be deceitful in time. Their peculiar talent is addreſs, and not falſhood; even when they yield to the real propenſities of their ſex, even when they tell a lie, they are not inſincere. Why do you conſult their mouth and lips, when they ought not to ſpeak? Conſult their eyes, their colour, their quick reſpiration, their timid air, their faint reſiſtance. This is the language nature gives them to anſwer you. The lips always ſay no, and ought to do ſo; but the accent with which they utter it, is not always the ſame, and this accent cannot lie. Is not woman ſubject to the ſame wants as man, without having the ſame right to diſcloſe them? Too cruel indeed would be her fate, if even to expreſs her lawful deſires, ſhe were not poſſeſſed of a language equivalent to that from which ſhe is debarred by cuſtom. Muſt her modeſty make her unhappy? Is it not proper ſhe ſhould have an art of hinting her inclinations, without making an open diſcovery? What addreſs does it require, to ſeem to be robbed of what ſhe is impatient to grant? Of what importance is it to her to learn to touch the heart of man, with a ſeeming inſenſibility? How ſtriking is the expreſſion of Galatea's apple,

all times; but changes her air and attitude according to different circumſtances.

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and the nymph's aukward flight? What addition can ſhe poſſibly make to that ſpeech? Is ſhe to go and tell the ſhepherd, who purſues her among the willows, that ſhe flies from him, merely with a view to be overtaken? Perhaps this would be telling a lie; for then he would purſue her no longer. The more a woman behaves with reſerve, the more artifice ſhe requires, even with her own huſband. Yes, I take upon me to affirm, that by confining coquetry within its proper limits, it may receive an impreſſion of truth and modeſty, ſo as to become a rule of decent behaviour.

One of my adverſaries has ſhrewdly obſerved, that virtue is always one and the ſame; nor can it ever be decompounded to admit one part, and reject another. When we love, we love the object intire; and the mouth diſapproves of ſentiments condemned by the heart. Moral truth is not that which is, but that which is right; that which is wrong, ought not to be, and much leſs to be avowed, eſpecially when the avowal gives it an effect, which it would not otherwiſe have produced. Were I tempted to commit a robbery, and in telling it to another perſon I tempted him to be my accomplice, would not the very declaring of this temptation be the ſame as yielding to it? You will aſk me, how comes it that modeſty ſhould render the fair deceitful? But are thoſe who lay it aſide more ſincere than the reſt? So far from it, they are a thouſand times more deceitful. Women do not arrive to this degree of depravity, but by a train of vicious habits, all founded in intrigue and deception *. On the contrary, thoſe who have ſtill ſome

* I am not ignorant that the women, who have openly taken their reſolution in regard to a certain point, pretend to value themſelves on this freedom, and ſwear that they have nothing elſe worthy of notice: yet I know they never could make any body but fools give credit to what they ſay. When once the chief guard of their ſex is removed, what is there to reſtrain them,

ſome ſenſe of ſhame, who are not proud of their errors, who know how to conceal their inclinations even from thoſe that inſpire them; thoſe, in ſhort, who are moſt difficult in owning their ſentiments, are in other reſpects the trueſt, the ſincereſt, the moſt conſtant in all their engagements, and on whom, generally ſpeaking, you may moſt ſafely depend.

I know but one perſon that could be quoted as an exception to the above remarks, and this was Mademoiſelle de l'Enclos. And indeed this young lady paſſed for a prodigy. While ſhe deſpiſed the virtues of her own ſex, ſhe is ſaid to have preſerved thoſe of ours: they boaſt of her frankneſs, her equity, her ſteadineſs to her engagements, and fidelity in friendſhip. In a word, to finiſh the glorious character, ſhe is ſaid to have transformed herſelf into a man. With all my heart: but notwithſtanding her great reputation, I ſhould no more have choſen that man for my friend, than for my miſtreſs.

Theſe remarks are not ſo foreign to my purpoſe, as may appear at firſt ſight. I can eaſily perceive the tendency of modern philoſophers, in deriding the modeſty and pretended falſhood of the fair-ſex: I ſee their drift; it is aſſuredly no other than to deprive the women in our age of what little honour they have left.

From theſe conſiderations I believe one may determine, in general, the kind of education proper for the fair-ſex; and to what ſubjects we ought to direct their attention, while they are in the bloom of youth.

That their duties are more eaſily ſeen, than fulfilled, has been already mentioned. The firſt thing

and what conſideration will they mind, after they have loſt their honour? As ſoon as they have made themſelves eaſy in regard to their reputation, what inducement have they afterwards to reſiſt their paſſions? *Nec fœmina amiſſâ pudicitiâ alia abnuerit.* Never was there an author better acquainted with the human heart, than he who pronounced that ſentence.

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they ought to learn, is to be fond of thoſe duties, from a conſideration of their utility; this is the only way to facilitate their practice. Every ſtate, and every age, has its particular functions. The knowledge of them is ſoon learnt, provided we love them. Women, be ſure to honour your ſtate, and in whatever ſituation of life you are placed by providence, you will be always reſpected. The eſſential point is to be what nature deſigned you; then there is no danger of your anſwering the expectations of man.

An inquiry into abſtract and ſpeculative truths, into the principles and axioms of ſciences, and every thing that tends to render our ideas more general, is not the province of women. Their ſtudies ought to be all practical; it is their buſineſs to apply the principles diſcovered by man, and to make the obſervations by which our ſex is induced to eſtabliſh thoſe principles. The reflexions of women, on ſubjects not immediately connected with their duty, ought all to be directed to the knowledge of man, or to ſuch agreeable branches of ſcience that have taſte for their object: with regard to works of genius, they ſurpaſs their comprehenſion; neither have they ſufficient attention and preciſion to ſucceed in the mathematics; and as for natural philoſophy, it belongs only to that ſex, which is moſt active, ſees moſt objects, is poſſeſſed of moſt ſtrength, and exerciſes it the moſt, to judge of the relations of ſenſible beings, and of the laws of nature. The woman being the weaker veſſel, and ſeeing nothing abroad, eſtimates and determines the means ſhe is capable of employing at home to ſupply her weakneſs; and theſe are the paſſions of man. Her mechanical powers are more conſiderable than ours; all her engines are at work, to ſhake the human heart. Whatever is either neceſſary or agreeable to her inclination, and is not in the power of her own ſex to procure, ſhe muſt obtain by means of ours: and for that end it is incumbent on her to enter into a deep

ſtudy of the human mind; not by conſidering it abſtractedly, and in general, but by obſerving the minds of thoſe men by whom ſhe is ſurrounded, and to whoſe authority, founded either in poſitive law, or the prejudices of opinion, ſhe is obliged to ſubmit. She muſt learn to diſcover their ſentiments by their diſcourſe, by their actions, by their looks, their geſtures. She muſt endeavour to direct her own diſcourſe, her actions, her looks, her geſtures, in ſuch a manner as to inſpire them with what ſentiments ſhe pleaſes, without appearing to have any ſuch deſign. They will philoſophize better than ſhe in regard to the human heart; but ſhe will be able to read it much better than they. The diſcovery of experimental morality, if I may ſo call it, is properly their province; ours is to reduce it to a ſyſtem. The women have more wit, men more genius; women obſerve, and men reaſon; this concurrence of both, is productive of the cleareſt and moſt adequate idea of the human mind, of the moſt undoubted knowledge of ourſelves and of our ſpecies that we are capable of acquiring: and thus it is, that art and ingenuity may inceſſantly improve our natural abilities.

The world is a book open to women; when they read any thing wrong therein, it is their own fault, and they are blinded by ſome irregular paſſion. Yet a prudent mother of a family, inſtead of being a woman of the world, lives as recluſe a life as a nun. It would be therefore very proper to behave in the ſame manner to young women who are going to be married, as is practiſed, or ought to be practiſed, in regard to thoſe who take the vail; they ſhould be made to ſee the pleaſures of the world before they relinquiſh them, leſt a falſe repreſentation ſhould ſome time hence ſeduce their hearts, and diſturb the tranquillity of their retreat. In France the young girls live in convents, and the married women are continually rambling abroad. Among the ancients

it was quite the contrary; the girls, as I have already obſerved, were preſent at public ſports and entertainments; the married women ſpent their days in retirement. The latter cuſtom was more rational, and contributed more to the ſupport of morality. Young girls are allowed, in ſome meaſure, to be coquettes; their main buſineſs is to amuſe and divert themſelves. The married women have affairs to mind at home, and no huſbands to ſeek for; but they would not find their account in a reformation of this kind, which muſt therefore drop to the ground, ſince unfortunately it is they that take the lead. Mothers, I adviſe you at leaſt to make your daughters your companions. Endeavour to give them a right ſenſe of things, and an honeſt heart; after which I would adviſe you to conceal nothing from their view, that is proper for a chaſte eye to behold. Balls, aſſemblies, public ſports, and even theatrical entertainments, in ſhort, every thing that deludes imprudent youth, only by being beheld through a wrong medium, may, without riſk, be expoſed to the view of a perſon of ſound judgment. The earlier they are made acquainted with thoſe tumultuous pleaſures, the ſooner they will be ſurfeited with them.

But here I perceive a very ſtrong party againſt me, and begin to hear their objections. Where are the girls capable of reſiſting ſuch temptations? The very firſt proſpect of the world, is ſufficient to turn their heads, and to intoxicate them for ever: when once they have taſted its gaieties, they never chuſe to leave it. That may be; but before you have exhibited this deceitful repreſentation to their eye, have you aſſiſted them with preparatory inſtructions, to behold it without emotion? Have you given them proper notice of the objects it repreſents? Have you deſcribed them in their real colours? Have you guarded them againſt the illuſions of vanity? Have you infuſed into their youthful hearts, a taſte

for thoſe ſolid pleaſures, which are not to be found in thoſe gaudy ſcenes? What ſtep have you taken to preſerve them from that vicious taſte, by which they are corrupted? Inſtead of oppoſing the public prejudices, which began to take root in their minds, you have rather encouraged them, you have excited their curioſity to ſee every frivolous amuſement. You have confirmed their taſte, or rather their folly, by initiating them into thoſe pleaſures. Many a young lady, upon coming into life, has no other directreſs or governante than her own mother, who is oftentimes more ſimple and fooliſh than her daughter, and conſequently incapable of exhibiting the objects to her view in any other light, than as ſhe beholds them herſelf. The mother's example and authority, more prevalent than reaſon, juſtifies the daughter in her own eye, and is a ſufficient apology for her conduct. When I am for adviſing a mother to introduce her daughter into the world, I ſuppoſe ſhe is to ſhew it to her in its real colours.

But the miſchief is derived from a higher ſource. Nunneries are the real ſchools of coquettry; not of that virtuous ſort above mentioned, but of that which is productive of the moſt extravagant affectation, and of all the croſſes, and untoward accidents which befal the fair ſex. As ſoon as the young women are taken out of thoſe houſes, and introduced into the world, they find themſelves in their right element. They were educated for this kind of life; is it then at all ſurpriſing they ſhould like it ſo well? I will not pretend poſitively to affirm what follows, leſt I ſhould have been prejudiced in my obſervation; but ſo it appears to me, that in general the women in proteſtant countries are more attached to their families, and make better wives, and more affectionate mothers, than among the Roman Catholics; and if this be true, there is no doubt, but the difference muſt partly proceed from their being educated in nunneries.

To

To love a quiet domeſtic life, it is neceſſary to know it, and to have been from the time of one's infancy, accuſtomed to its ſweets. The taſte for retirement is acquired only by having been brought up at home; and every woman who was not educated by her mother, will not chuſe to educate her own children. But unfortunately there is no ſuch thing, at preſent, as a private education in large cities. The mixture of companies is ſo general, that there is no place of retreat; and people lead a public life even in their own houſes. By intermixing with all the world, they ceaſe to have any idea of a family; they hardly know their own relations; they behave towards them as ſtrangers; and the ſimplicity of domeſtic manners, together with that familiarity which rendered it ſo endearing, is entirely exploded. Thus even in their infancy they imbibe a taſte for faſhionable pleaſures, and for the prevailing maxims of this degenerate age.

Girls are laid under an apparent reſtraint by their mothers, in hopes that their outward carriage will deceive poor fools of men, and be the means of procuring them a huſband. But let us inſpect more minutely into theſe young women: their affected modeſty is but a thin gauze, that can ſcarce diſguiſe their growing paſſions; already do their eyes betray their ſtrong deſire to imitate their mothers. What they long for is not a huſband, but the licentiouſneſs of a married ſtate. What occaſion have they for a huſband, when there are ſo many reſources to do without one? But they want a huſband, as a cloak to their reſources *. Modeſty is painted on their countenance, and incontinence is ſeated in their heart: their diſpoſition is even made known by their pretended reſerve; they affect it only, to get rid of it the ſooner.

* The way of a man with a maid, was one of the four things, which Solomon did not underſtand: the fifth was the way of an adulterous woman, *She eateth, and wipeth her mouth, and ſaith, I have done no wickedneſs.* Prov. xxx. 20.

I hope

I hope the women of Paris and London will excuſe me; there may be ſuch things as miracles in thoſe cities, but for my part I know of none; and if there be a ſingle woman in either of thoſe capitals, that has a ſoul perfectly innocent, I underſtand nothing at all of the cuſtoms and manners of the age.

From all theſe different forms of education, young people equally imbibe a taſte for the pleaſures of high life, and are led to indulge thoſe paſſions which are founded in that taſte. In great cities, the depravity begins with life, and in ſmall ones, with the uſe of reaſon. Young girls in the country being taught to deſpiſe their own ſimplicity of manners, are impatient to come to Paris, to partake of the corruption of ours; vices embelliſhed with the pompous name of accompliſhments, are the only motive of their viſit; and bluſhing, upon their arrival, to ſee themſelves ſo greatly eclipſed, by the noble freedom of the women of that capital, they ſoon deſerve, by the new poliſhing of their manners, to be ranked among the foremoſt of the order. But where do you think the miſchief begins? where it was firſt projected, or where it is carried into execution?

I would by no means adviſe a mother to bring her daughter to Paris, in order to ſhew her thoſe exhibitions, which have proved ſo deſtructive to the ſex; but when this happens, I affirm, that either the young lady has had a bad education, or ſhe will be in no great danger. Thoſe who are poſſeſſed of taſte, good ſenſe, and the love of virtue, will not find thoſe repreſentations ſo alluring, as they appear to perſons deluded by their charms. The people at Paris are apt to paſs their cenſure on thoſe giddy girls, who hurry away from the country, to learn the air and manners of the beau monde, and ſpend half a year in acquiring new modes, only to render themſelves ridiculous during the remainder of their lives. But who is it that takes notice of thoſe diſcreet young women, who are ſurfeited with all

all thoſe tumultuous pleaſures, and return to their reſpective countries, happy and content with their ſtate, upon comparing it with that of higher life? How many have I myſelf beheld, that had been brought to that capital by their good-natured huſbands, and were at liberty to ſettle there, yet perſuaded the good men from any ſuch deſign, and returned back with greater chearfulneſs, than they expreſſed upon their firſt ſetting out? Nay, have I not been preſent at the ſcene, when many of them were impatient to be gone, and addreſſed themſelves in the moſt affectionate manner to their huſbands, a little before their departure, deſiring to be carried back to their lonely cottages, where they ſhould ſpend their days much happier than in the magnificent hotels of Paris? It is not known, what a number of good people there are ſtill remaining, that have not bowed their knee to the idol, and who deſpiſe that prepoſterous worſhip. None but thoughtleſs, giddy girls delight in noiſe; prudent women keep themſelves quiet and ſilent.

But if, notwithſtanding the general corruption, and prejudice, as well as the bad education of the fair ſex, there are ſeveral whoſe judgment has not yet been depraved, what muſt it be, where their good ſenſe is confirmed by proper inſtructions, or, to expreſs myſelf more correctly, where it is not altered by vicious principles? for the whole buſineſs conſiſts in preſerving or reſtoring the natural principles. It is not neceſſary for this purpoſe, to tire young girls to death with long diſcourſes, or to oblige them to liſten to dry lectures of morality. Moral preachings are to both ſexes the bane of education. Melancholy inſtructions are good for nothing, but to make young people deteſt the doctrine, together with thoſe who deliver it. In ſpeaking to girls, there is no occaſion to frighten them with their duties, nor to increaſe the weight of that yoke, to which nature has already obliged them to ſubmit.

In

In explaining their duties to them, be clear and preciſe; do not make them believe that the practice is a melancholy thing; do not aſſume a diſmal face yourſelf, nor an air of ſeverity. Whatever you intend to convey to the heart of others, ought to come from your own; the catechiſm of their moral duties ſhould be as ſhort and as clear, but not ſo grave, as that of their religion. Let them ſee that thoſe very duties are the real ſource of all their pleaſures, and the foundation of all their rights. Is it ſo painful to love, in order to be beloved again; or to be amiable, with a view of being happy; to be worthy of eſteem, for the ſake of being obeyed; to act honourably, in hopes of meeting with honourable treatment? How engaging, how reſpectable are thoſe rights! how ſacred to the human heart, when a woman knows how to aſſert them properly! She has no occaſion to wait for years or old age to enjoy them. Her empire begins with her virtue; her charms are ſcarce unfolded, when her ſweet temper, and modeſt carriage, have already eſtabliſhed her dominion. Where is the man ſo brutiſh and inſenſible, as not to be diſarmed, and to alter the rudeneſs of his behaviour, in the preſence of a young lady of ſixteen, amiable in her perſon, and prudent in her behaviour; who ſays but little, and pays attention to what others ſay; whoſe deportment is moſt decent, whoſe diſcourſe moſt reſerved, who is no way elated with her beauty, ſo as to forget either her ſex, or her youth; who engages your favour even by her timidity, and attracts the reſpect which ſhe ſhews to all the world?

Theſe, though external teſtimonies, are not at all frivolous; they are not founded merely on ſenſible attraction, but proceed from that ſecret perſuaſion we all feel, that women are the natural judges of the merit of men. Who would chuſe to be deſpiſed by the women? No man whatever, not even he who intends to love them no longer. And I, who tell them

ſo

ſo many ſevere truths, do you think I am inſenſible to their judgment? No, their ſuffrages are dearer to me than yours, O reader, thou who art oftentimes more woman than they. While I deſpiſe their manners, I am willing to revere their juſtice: little does it ſignify to me, whether they hate me or not, provided I oblige them to hold me in eſteem.

What important things might be atchieved with ſo noble a ſpring, did we but know how to ſet it in motion! Woe be to that age, when the women come to loſe their aſcendancy, and their judgment is totally diſregarded by man. This would be the laſt degree of depravation. All nations, whoſe morals were not corrupted, paid a reſpect to the fair-ſex. Witneſs Sparta, witneſs Germany, witneſs Rome; Rome, the ſeat of glory and virtue, if ever there were any upon earth. There it is that women honoured the exploits of great generals; there they publicly bewailed the fathers of their country; there their vows, or lamentations, were conſidered as the ſolemn judgment of the republic. All the great revolutions were owing to women; by a woman, Rome acquired her liberty; by a woman, the plebeians obtained the conſulate; by a woman, the tyranny of the decemvirate was extinguiſhed; by women was Rome preſerved, when beſieged by a baniſhed citizen. You gentlemen of gallantry, throughout the French nation, what would you have ſaid upon ſeeing this proceſſion, which appears ſo ridiculous in your eye? You would only have hiſſed at the ladies, as they moved ſolemnly on. With how different an eye do we behold the ſame objects! and perhaps we are both in the right. Let ſuch a proceſſion be formed of your fine French ladies, and I know nothing more indecent; but let it conſiſt of Roman matrons, and then you will all ſee with the eye of the Volſci, and with the heart of Coriolanus.

I ſhall obſerve further, and I maintain it, that virtue is no leſs favourable to the cauſe of love, than

than to the other privileges of nature, and that it contributes to ſupport the influence of young maidens, as well as the authority of married women. There is no true love without enthuſiaſm, and no enthuſiaſm without an object of either real or chimerical perfection, exiſting in the imagination. How is it poſſible that the affections of lovers ſhould be raiſed, when this perfection is no longer held out in proſpect, and all they perceive in the perſon beloved, is the gratification of their ſenſes? It is not thus the ſoul is enraptured, and raiſed to thoſe ſublime tranſports, which conſtitute the delirium of lovers, the vital and eſſential part of that bewitching paſſion. Love is nothing but a dream, an illuſion, I will allow; but there is ſome reality in the ſentiments it inſpires in favour of the true beautiful. There is no ſuch beauty, you will ſay, in the object we love; it is the work of our erroneous fancy. Well, and what then? Does this prevent our ſacrificing every ſordid ſentiment to this imaginary model? And are our hearts leſs affected with the virtues which we ſuppoſe the adored object to poſſeſs? Are we the leſs detached from all baſe views of private intereſt? Where is the ſincere lover, who would not willingly ſpill the laſt drop of his blood for the ſake of his miſtreſs; and can a perſon that wants to lay down his life in ſo noble a cauſe, be actuated by a ſenſual or indelicate paſſion? We are apt to laugh at knight errants; but this is becauſe they underſtood what it is really to love, and we know nothing but debauchery. When thoſe romantic maxims began to appear ridiculous, the revolution was not ſo much owing to reaſon, as to a corruption of manners.

The natural relations are ſubject to change in no age whatever; the agreement or diſagreement ariſing from thoſe relations, continue ſtill the ſame; and only the appearance is altered by different prejudices, under the ſpecious title of reaſon. It will be always noble and great to ſubdue one's paſſions, even

even in ſubmitting to fantaſtical opinions: and real motives of honour will ever have their due influence with a woman of ſenſe, who knows, in her reſpective ſtation, how to purſue the right road to happineſs. Chaſtity muſt be a delightful virtue to a fine woman, that has any ſublimity of ſentiment: while ſhe views ſuch a multitude of admirers at her feet, ſhe triumphs over the world and herſelf; and within the circle of her own heart ſhe erects a throne, to which ſuch a number of votaries come to offer their tribute. The ſentiments of both ſexes, expreſſive of love or jealouſy, but always mixed with reſpect, depoſe in her favour; and the public eſteem, added to her own conſciouſneſs of merit, is a glorious triumph, which ſhe inceſſantly enjoys only for a momentary conflict. Her mortifications are fleeting and tranſitory; but how laſting the reward! How great the enjoyment of a magnanimous ſoul, in the dignity of virtue joined to beauty! Suppoſe ſuch a real perſon as an heroine in romance, ſhe would taſte far more exquiſite raptures than Lais or Cleopatra; when her beauty was no more, her glory, her pleaſures would ſtill remain; and ſhe alone would know how to derive ſatisfaction and enjoyment from her paſt life.

The greater and more painful our duties, the ſtronger and more obvious ſhould be the reaſons, on which they are founded. There is a kind of cant, generally uſed on the graveſt ſubjects, and with which the ears of young people are ſtunned, without affording any inward conviction. This ſtrange ſort of language, being altogether diſproportioned to their capacity, and of courſe ſlighted by them in private, is the cauſe of their being ſo ready to follow their inclinations, for want of ſuch reaſons to reſiſt them, as are drawn from the nature of the thing. A young girl who has had a prudent and pious education, is provided no doubt with very ſtrong weapons againſt all temptation; but ſhe whoſe

heart, or rather whoſe ears, are continually filled with enthuſiaſtic jargon, falls ſurely a prey to the firſt artful fellow, who attempts to enſnare her innocence. A pretty young woman will not neglect the care of her perſon, ſhe will not grieve for the heinous crimes which her beauty has made her commit, ſhe will not weep ſincerely and in her heart, for being an object of deſire; nor can ſhe really believe the higheſt tranſport of the ſoul, to be a diabolical invention. Give her other reaſons more convincing, for theſe have no effect upon her mind. It would be ſtill worſe, if, as is ſometimes the practice, her head were filled with abſurd contradictory notions, and after humbling her down on the duſt, and repreſenting her body, and her perſonal charms, as defiled by ſin, ſhe were taught to reſpect that as the temple of Chriſt, which before had been rendered an object of contempt. Ideas too ſublime and too vulgar, are equally inſufficient, and cannot aſſociate: there muſt be arguments adapted to the capacity of ſex and age. The conſideration of duty has no force, but as it is joined to the motives, by which you are induced to fulfill it:

Quæ quia non liceat non facit, illa facit.

One would not think that it was Ovid, who paſſed ſo ſevere a judgment.

Should you therefore be deſirous of improving the morals of young women, without inceſſantly commanding them to be virtuous, convince them it is their intereſt to be ſo; make them ſenſible of the intire value, and of the beauty of virtue, and you may be ſure they will fall in love with it. But it is not ſufficient to repreſent this intereſt as very remote, point it out to them as juſt at hand, as connected with the different relations of their age, and the character of their lovers. Give them an idea of an honeſt man, of a man of merit; teach them the way to find him out, to love him, and to love him on

their

their own account; demonſtrate to them, that whether in the connexion of love, or of friendſhip, ſuch a man alone is capable of making them happy. Let them have a rational introduction to virtue; make them ſenſible that the empire of their ſex, and all their other prerogatives, are not only dependent on their own good conduct, but likewiſe on ours; that they can have but very little influence over mean, ignoble ſouls; and that it is impoſſible for men to behave properly towards the fair-ſex, unleſs they be directed by the principles of virtue. You may in that caſe be certain, that by giving them a true deſcription of life, you will inſpire them with a hearty diſlike to our preſent manners; by introducing them among people of faſhion, you will make them deſpiſe ſuch company; you will give them an averſion to their maxims, and to all their fooliſh gallantry; you will warm their breaſts with the noble ambition, of ruling over great and generous ſouls; like that of the Spartan dames, who were proud of extending their empire over men. A woman of ſpirit and intrigue, who has no other way of attracting her lovers than by her coquetiſh airs, and is incapable of ſecuring their fidelity but by granting favours, makes them as ſubmiſſive as ſpaniels in mean and ſervile offices, yet has no ſort of authority over them in matters of importance. But a woman, who is at the ſame time virtuous, amiable, and diſcreet, who commands reſpect from every body about her, who behaves with reſerve and modeſty, who in a word maintains the love of her perſon, by the eſteem of her virtues, ſuch a woman has it in her power to ſend her admirers at a moment's warning, to the further end of the globe; ſhe is able to rouſe them to battle, to glory, to death, in ſhort, to whatever ſhe pleaſes: ſuch an empire is glorious, methinks, to hold, and well worth the trouble of purchaſing *.

Such

* Brantome takes notice, that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady, who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands on him

Sophia has natural abilities; ſhe is ſenſible of this advantage, and has not neglected it: but not having had an opportunity of uſing a great deal of art to improve thoſe abilities, ſhe is ſatisfied with forming her agreeable voice to ſing true and in taſte; with exerciſing her little feet to move lightly, and with grace; or to curtſy in any ſituation, without conſtraint, or aukwardneſs. Yet ſhe has had no ſinging-maſter except her father; no one to teach her to dance but her mother: an organiſt in the neighbourhood has given her ſome leſſons to accompany upon the harpſichord, which ſhe has ſince improved by herſelf. At firſt ſhe only thought of diſplaying her hand to advantage on thoſe black ſpots; but afterwards ſhe found that the ſound of the harpſichord ſweetened the tone of her voice, and by degrees ſhe became ſenſible of the beauties of harmony; at length, as ſhe grew up, ſhe began to feel the charms of expreſſion, and to be in love with muſic. But this is more owing to taſte than ability; for ſhe cannot make out a ſingle air in a muſic book.

What Sophia underſtands beſt, and has been moſt carefully taught, are the different ſorts of work, ſuitable to her ſex, and even thoſe which are not at preſent in uſe, ſuch as to cut out and make her own gowns: There is no kind of needle-work but ſhe underſtands, and performs with pleaſure; yet the employment ſhe prefers to all other, is that of making lace, becauſe there is none that gives a more agreeable attitude to her perſon, or in which her fingers are employed with more grace and dexterity. She has likewiſe applied herſelf to all the particular branches of domeſtic œconomy. She underſtands cooking and the buttery, and knows the price and quality of proviſions; ſhe can keep accompts very well, and acts as houſekeeper to her father. Formed to be herſelf the mother of a family, by managing her father's houſe,

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ſhe learns to direct her own; ſhe is capable of ſupplying the different offices of menial ſervants, and does it with pleaſure. No one knows how to command properly, without having firſt learnt to obey; this is the principle on which her mother employs her; as for Sophia, her conſiderations do not extend to that diſtance. Her firſt and principal duty is that of a daughter, and at preſent it is the only one ſhe thinks of fulfilling. Her ſole view is to attend her mother, and to eaſe her of a part of her care. It is true, however, that ſhe does not diſcharge all her duties with equal pleaſure. For inſtance, though ſhe is a little greedy, ſhe is not fond of cookery; the culinary detail has ſomewhat diſguſting to her; becauſe ſhe never finds it conſiſtent with cleanlineſs. In this reſpect ſhe is extremely delicate, and her delicacy being carried to exceſs, is become one of her imperfections; ſhe had rather let all the dinner tumble into the fire, than have her ruffle ſpotted. For this very reaſon ſhe never would look after the garden. She thinks ſhe ſhould get dirt among the grounds; and as ſoon as ſhe eſpies a dunghill, ſhe imagines herſelf offended with its ſmell.

This defect ſhe owes to her mother's inſtructions. According to that good lady, one of the principal duties of a woman is cleanlineſs; it is a ſpecial and indiſpenſable obligation, impoſed by nature herſelf. There cannot be a more diſagreeable object in the world than a ſlattern; and the huſband who diſlikes ſuch a creature, is never to blame. The mother has preached up this duty to her daughter, ever ſince ſhe was a child; and has inſiſted upon ſuch a particular neatneſs in her perſon, in her clothes, her apartment, her work and toilette, that all theſe minuteneſſes becoming habitual, take up a very conſiderable part of her time, and even influence the reſt; ſo that whatever ſhe is about, to do it well

is her ſecond care; the firſt and chief of all is to do it neatly.

And yet all this neatneſs has not degenerated into an idle affectation, or an over-ſtrained delicacy: nor has it made way for the refinements of luxury. No other water, but that of river or fountain, has ever entered her apartment: ſhe knows no other perfume than that of flowers; and never will her huſband ſmell any thing more fragrant than her breath. In ſhort, her attention to external decoration, does not make her forget that ſhe owes her life and her time to nobler cares: ſhe either knows not, or ſcorns that exceſſive cleanlineſs of body, which ſtains the ſoul. Sophia is more than neat, ſhe is pure and unſpotted.

I mentioned a while ago, that Sophy was greedy. She was ſo naturally, but ſhe is grown temperate from habit, and now ſhe is ſuch from a principle of virtue. It is not with girls as with boys, whom you may govern to a certain degree by the principle of gluttony. This is an inclination of too bad conſequence to the ſex, to ſuffer their indulging it. When Sophy was a little girl, ſhe often went by herſelf into her mamma's apartment, but did not always come back empty handed, ſo that her fidelity in regard to ſweet-meats and ſugar-plums was not unimpeached. Her mother having detected her, not only reprimanded but puniſhed her for it, by obliging her to faſt. At length ſhe contrived to perſuade her, that ſweet-meats were bad for the teeth, and that too much feeding ſpoiled the ſhape. Thus was Sophy reformed; upon coming to years ſhe contracted other taſtes, which have diverted her from that mean ſenſuality. In women as in men, as ſoon the heart grows ſuſceptible of affection, greedineſs ceaſes to be a predominant vice. Sophia has retained the peculiar taſte of her own ſex; ſhe is fond of milk-meats, and ſweet things; ſhe loves pies and cakes, and deſſerts, but eats very little meat; ſhe never taſted any wine, nor other ſtrong liquor. As for the reſt,

reſt, ſhe eats of every thing moſt moderately; her ſex being leſs laborious than ours, requires leſs recruiting. She likes every thing that is good, and knows how to partake of it; but on the other hand, ſhe can alſo accommodate her taſte to leſs palatable viands, without feeling any inconveniency from this privation.

Sophia has a ſprightly fancy, without being brilliant; ſhe has ſolidity of underſtanding, without being profound; her wit is not ſpoken of in company, becauſe no body finds ſhe has a greater or leſſer ſhare than himſelf. She has always ſenſe enough to be agreeable to thoſe with whom ſhe converſes; though it be not greatly improved, according to the idea we have of the culture of a woman's mind. For hers is not formed by reading, but by the converſation of her parents, by her own reflection, and by the obſervations ſhe has made, in what little ſhe has ſeen of the world. Sophia is naturally chearful; in her infancy ſhe was a romping girl, but by degrees her mother took care to check her flighty airs, leſt too ſudden a change ſhould denote the critical period, when nature points out a graver behaviour. She therefore was grown baſhful and reſerved, even before her time; and now the period is arrived, it is much eaſier for her to retain her preſent carriage, than it would have been to aſſume it all at once, without aſſigning a motive for ſo extraordinary a change. It is very entertaining to ſee how ſhe ſometimes breaks out into little ſallies of youthful vivacity, from a remainder of her former habit; then recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſuddenly ſtops ſhort, and caſting down her eyes, her cheeks glow with a virgin bluſh. The intermediate ſpace, between the two ſtages of infancy and youth, muſt neceſſarily partake a little of each.

Sophia has too great a ſenſibility to preſerve a perfect equality of temper; but ſhe has ſo much ſweetneſs, that this ſenſibility cannot be very troubleſome to others; it is herſelf only ſhe hurts. Say but a word

to offend her, ſhe will not pout, but her boſom will ſwell, and ſhe will endeavour to retire, in order to give vent to her tears. In the midſt of her weeping, let her father or mother call her back, ſhe inſtantly returns to laugh and play, wiping her eyes as quick as ſhe can, and endeavouring to ſtifle her uneaſineſs.

Neither is ſhe intirely free from caprice. Her temper, when worked up too high, degenerates into mutiny, and then ſhe is apt to forget herſelf. But let her have time to reflect, and her manner of repairing the offence will give her, in ſome meaſure, a new degree of merit. If ſhe is chaſtiſed, ſhe is docile and ſubmiſſive, and you perceive that her ſhame proceeds leſs from her puniſhment, than from her fault. If no notice is taken of it, ſhe will be ſure to repair the miſtake of herſelf, but with ſo much frankneſs, and ſo good a grace, that it is impoſſible to behold her with rancour. She is ready to aſk pardon of the loweſt domeſtic, without feeling the leaſt uneaſineſs from ſuch ſubmiſſion; and as ſoon as ſhe is forgiven, by her chearful countenance ſhe plainly ſhews how greatly her heart is eaſed. In a word, ſhe bears the wrongs of others with patience, and with pleaſure repairs her own. Such is the amiable diſpoſition of her ſex, before we ſpoil it. Woman is framed to yield to man, and even to bear with his injuſtice; but you can never make boys ſo ſubmiſſive. Their minds are ſhocked with the notion of injuſtice, and nature did not form them of a patient temper.

gravem
Pelidæ ſtomachum cedere neſcii.

Sophia is not without religion, but a religion conſiſtent with reaſon, and of great ſimplicity; a religion containing very few dogmas, and fewer practices of devotion: unacquainted with any eſſential practice, but that of moral duty, ſhe devotes her

her whole life to the ſervice of God, by doing good to mankind. Her parents, in every inſtruction they have given her on this ſubject, have accuſtomed her to a reverent ſubmiſſion, always ſaying to her, "Child, theſe matters are above your capacity; "your huſband will inform you of them in proper "time." As for the reſt, inſtead of long diſcourſes on pious ſubjects, they are ſatisfied with preaching by their example, and this is deeply ingraved in her heart.

Sophia is in love with virtue, which is now become her chief purſuit. She loves it, becauſe there is nothing ſo beautiful; ſhe loves it, becauſe it is that which conſtitutes the glory of a woman, and ſeems almoſt to raiſe her to an inequality with the heavenly ſpirits; ſhe loves it, as the only road to true happineſs, while ſhe ſees nothing but miſery, contempt, and ignominy, intailed upon a diſhoneſt woman; in ſhort, ſhe loves it, as the favourite object of her worthy father, and of her tender affectionate mother; who not content with their own virtues, are deſirous of being bleſſed with hers; as on the other hand, her chief delight is the hope of contributing to their happineſs. Sentiments of ſuch dignity inſpire her with an enthuſiaſm that elevates the ſoul, and keeps all her inclinations in conſtant ſubjection. Sophia will be chaſte and virtuous to her laſt gaſp; ſhe has vowed it from the bottom of her heart; and at the time ſhe made this vow, ſhe was ſenſible of the whole weight of the obligation; ſhe vowed it when ſhe ought to have revoked the engagement, had her paſſions been formed to triumph over her virtue.

Sophia has not the good fortune of being an amiable woman, according to the French taſte; a woman for inſtance of a cold conſtitution, and only acting the coquette through vanity; ſollicitous rather to ſhine than to pleaſe; and fonder of amuſement than of real ſatisfaction. Nothing but the neceſſity of loving makes her uneaſy; this diſturbs her heart and her

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her joy in the midſt of public entertainments; ſhe has loſt her former chearfulneſs; wanton ſports are no longer her taſte; inſtead of dreading the diſguſt of ſolitude, ſhe ſeeks it; there ſhe thinks of him who is to make her reliſh it; every indifferent perſon is troubleſome to her; ſhe wants no court or ring of admirers, but a lover; ſhe had rather be agreeable to one man of honour, and agreeable to him for ever, than to be lifted up to the ſkies by a popular cry, which may be laviſhed on you to-day, and to-morrow changed into mockery and deriſion.

The judgment of women ripens ſooner than that of men; as they are obliged to act upon the defenſive almoſt from their infancy, and are intruſted with a depoſit extremely difficult to preſerve, of courſe they muſt be ſooner acquainted with the nature of good and evil. Sophia being forward in every thing from her conſtitution, her judgment is ſooner formed than that of other girls at her age. In all this there is nothing very extraordinary; for maturity is not every where the ſame.

Sophia is well acquainted with the duties and privileges both of her ſex and ours. She knows the failings of men, and the vices of women; ſhe is ſenſible alſo of their good qualities and contrary virtues, and they are all imprinted in the bottom of her heart. It is impoſſible to have a higher idea of a virtuous woman, than that which ſhe has formed, yet ſhe is no way daunted by this idea; ſhe thinks with complacency of a man of honour, of a man of merit; ſhe feels ſhe is formed for that man, that ſhe is worthy of him, and that ſhe alone is capable of returning him the happineſs which ſhe expects to receive at his hands; ſhe is ſure ſhe ſhall know him; the only buſineſs is to find him out.

The fair are the natural judges of the merit of men, as we are of theirs; this is a mutual privilege, of which neither ſex is ignorant. Sophia is ſenſible of this privilege, and exerts it, but with a modeſty ſuitable

able to her youth, to her inexperience, and to her situation in life. She judges only of things within her reach, and never forms this judgment, but when it ſerves to explain ſome uſeful maxim. Of perſons that are abſent, ſhe always ſpeaks with the greateſt circumſpection, and eſpecially if they be women. She thinks that the cauſe of their being ſo ſlanderous, is their talking ſo much about their own ſex; but when they confine themſelves to ours, they are generally impartial. Hence it is that Sophia keeps within this boundary. In regard to women, ſhe never mentions their names, but to ſay all the good ſhe knows of them: this is an honour ſhe thinks due to her ſex; and as for thoſe of whom ſhe has no good to relate, ſhe is intirely ſilent.

Sophia is but little acquainted with the world, yet ſhe is obliging and reſpectful, and does every thing with a good grace. Her happy diſpoſition of temper is of more uſe to her than all the art in the world. She is poſſeſſed of a politeneſs peculiar to herſelf; a politeneſs not confined to forms, nor ſubject to modes, or changes; a politeneſs uninfluenced by cuſtom, but founded merely in a deſire to oblige, which ſhe is always ſure of doing. She knows not the ceremonious forms of language, nor does ſhe invent any ingenious compliments; ſhe does not ſay that ſhe is very much obliged, that you do her too much honour, that you ſhould not take ſo much trouble, &c. much leſs does ſhe think of giving another turn to thoſe phraſes. To a common civility, or eſtabliſhed form of politeneſs, ſhe anſwers with a curtſy, or with a plain, *I thank you*; but this ſimple phraſe from her mouth, is equivalent to the fineſt flouriſh from another. As for real ſervice, ſhe lets her heart expreſs it, and there you never meet with an empty compliment. She never would ſubmit to the yoke of French grimaces, as for inſtance, to be handed out of one room into another, by an old fellow of ſixty, who ſhe thinks has more occaſion for aſſiſtance himſelf. When a gallant,

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all ſcented with perfume, offers this ridiculous piece of ſervice, ſhe leaves the officious gentleman on the ſtair-caſe, and bounces in two leaps into the room, ſaying, ſhe is not lame. Though ſhe is not tall in ſtature, yet ſhe never would have high heels to her ſhoes; her feet are ſmall enough to do without them.

She not only behaves with becoming ſilence and reſpect in the company of women, but even before married men, or thoſe who are a great deal older than herſelf; ſhe never accepts a place above them, but merely to ſhew her obedience; and ſhe reſumes her own at the bottom of the room whenever ſhe can: for ſhe knows that the privileges of age precede thoſe of the ſex, from a ſuppoſed ſuperiority of wiſdom, which above all things ought to be held in honour and reſpect.

In company with young perſons of her own age, it is quite another thing; ſhe requires a different carriage, to awe them into reverence; and ſhe knows how to aſſume it, without loſing that modeſt air ſo ſuitable to her character. If they are humble and diſcreet, ſhe behaves towards them with that amiable familiarity, with which young people are wont to converſe; their little innocent chat will be on trifling matters, but always decent; if they grow ſerious, ſhe is then for talking on uſeful ſubjects; if they are inſipid and nonſenſical, ſhe quickly puts a ſtop to them; for ſhe has an utter contempt for all the little jargon of gallantry, as very offenſive to every woman of ſenſe. She knows full well, that the man ſhe is in ſearch of, has no ſuch language; and never, if ſhe can help it, will ſhe bear to hear from another, what is unbecoming the perſon, whoſe character is ſo deeply impreſſed in her mind. The high opinion ſhe has of the privileges of her ſex; the noble pride ariſing from the purity of her ſentiments; the virtuous energy which ſhe feels within herſelf, and which renders her reſpectable even in her own opinion, fill her with indignation againſt thoſe whining ſpeeches, with which the modern fops pretend to

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amuſe the ladies. She does not receive thoſe compliments with apparent anger, but with an ironical applauſe which diſconcerts the fool, or with an air of indifference which he does not in the leaſt expect. Suppoſe a fine beau accoſts her with a heap of bombaſt, laviſhes his wit in commendation of hers, extols her beauty, her graceful air, and expatiates on the happineſs of pleaſing her, Sophy is a girl that would interrupt him in his harangue, and ſay to him very politely, "Sir, I am afraid I know thoſe things much "better than you; if we have nothing more curious "to talk of, I believe it would be right to put an end "to our converſation." Upon this ſhe drops him a fine curtſy, and in an inſtant retires to another part of the room. I would fain know of your agreeable ladies, whether any of them would find it an eaſy matter to give ſuch an ingenious turn to a nonſenſical diſcourſe.

Not but that ſhe is very fond of being commended, provided it be in earneſt, and ſhe believes the perſon really thinks all the good of her that he ſays. To appear affected with her merit, a perſon muſt have ſome himſelf. An homage founded in eſteem, is agreeable to the dignity of her heart; but ſhe is ſure to give a deaf ear to the fuſtian of gallants; ſhe was not formed to practiſe the little arts of a ſtage dancer.

So greatly improved in her judgment, and formed in every reſpect like a girl of twenty, Sophia, though ſhe is only fifteen, will not be treated as a child by her parents. No ſooner will they perceive the leaſt marks of youthful inquietude, than before it makes any progreſs, they will endeavour to provide againſt it; they will talk to her in affectionate, but rational terms. Tender and ſenſible diſcourſes are adapted to her age and temper of mind. Should her character be ſuch as I imagine it, why ſhould not her father addreſs her nearly in the following manner:

"You are now, Sophy, grown up to woman's "eſtate, and you are not always to continue ſingle.

"Your

"Your mother and I are desirous you should be happy; and it is for your own sake we desire it, since our felicity depends on yours. The happiness of a virtuous girl is to make an honest man happy; we must therefore think of marrying you, and we must think of it in time, for your fate through life depends on your marriage, and we cannot take too much time to reflect on it.

"Nothing is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, except perhaps that of a good wife. You, Sophy, will be that extraordinary woman, you will be the pride of our life, and the comfort of our old age; but how great soever your merit, the world is not wanting in men who have a larger share of it than you. There are none who ought not to think it an honour to obtain you in marriage; but there are many whom it would do you honour to obtain. Among the latter, the business is to find out one suitable to your age and station, to know him, and to be acquainted with him.

"The chief happiness of marriage depends on so many relations, or points of agreement, that it is a folly to expect they should all coincide. We must first of all make sure of the most important; when the others happen to meet, so much the better; when they are wanting, they must be overlooked. Complete happiness is not to be found upon earth; but the greatest of misfortunes, and what we have always in our power to avoid, is to be unhappy through our own fault.

"Of relations, some are natural, others instituted by man, and others depending on opinion only. The parents are judges of the two latter, but the children only of the former. In marriages made by the authority of parents, they regulate themselves intirely by such relations as are either instituted or founded in opinion; it is not a marriage of persons, but of ranks and estates. But all this is susceptible of alteration; the persons alone con-

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" tinue always the ſame, and in all places, in ſpite of " fortune; it is only perſonal relations that are capa- " ble of conſtituting the happineſs or unhappineſs of " marriage.

" Your mother was a woman of family, and I had " a good fortune; theſe were the only conſiderations " that induced our parents to join us in wedlock. I " have loſt my eſtate, and ſhe her rank; being for- " got by her family, what does it now avail her to be " of noble parentage? Under our misfortunes, the " union of our hearts was ever a conſolation to us; " the conformity of our taſte made us chuſe this re- " treat; here we live happy in the midſt of poverty, " and each is to the other inſtead of all. Sophy is our " common treaſure; we bleſs heaven for having given " us that, and for having deprived us of all the reſt. " You ſee, my child, whither providence has con- " ducted us. The relations of conveniency, which " were the cauſe of our marriage, are vaniſhed; our " preſent happineſs conſiſts in thoſe which at that " time were reckoned as nothing.

" It is the buſineſs of man and woman to chuſe for " themſelves. Mutual inclination ought to be the firſt " tie; their eyes, their hearts ſhould be their firſt guides: " for as their principal duty, when they come toge- " ther, is to love each other, and love is a thing that " does not depend on ourſelves; this duty neceſſarily " implies another, which is to begin with loving be- " fore we tie the matrimonial knot. This is the law " of nature, which nothing can abrogate: they who " have reſtricted it with ſo many civil laws, ſeem to " have directed their view rather to the appearance of " order, than to the felicity of the married ſtate, or " the morals of the people. You ſee, my Sophy, " we are not preaching a difficult doctrine to you; it " only tends to render you miſtreſs of your own per- " ſon, and to make us depend on you for the choice " of your huſband.

" After

" After we have given you our reaſons for leaving " you at full liberty, it is proper we ſhould alſo take no- " tice of yours for making a diſcreet uſe of it. Sophy, " you are good-natured, and do not want ſenſe; you " have a regard to integrity and true piety; you are " poſſeſſed of the accompliſhments proper for a vir- " tuous woman; neither is your perſon diſagreeable: " but you have no fortune; you have indeed thoſe " goods which are moſt worthy of eſteem, but not " thoſe which are moſt valued in the eye of the world. " Do not therefore aſpire higher than you can at- " tain; but regulate your ambition, not by your own " judgment nor ours, but by public opinion. If the " matter in conſideration were no more than merit " equal to your own, I know not what bounds I " ſhould preſcribe to your expectations; but by no " means would I have you raiſe them higher than " your fortune, which you are to remember is very " inconſiderable. Though a man worthy of your af- " fection may not conſider this inequality as an obſta- " cle to marriage, you ought in that caſe to do what " he will not do: Sophy ſhould imitate her mother, " and enter only into a family that thinks itſelf ho- " noured by her alliance. You have not beheld our " opulence, you were born during our poverty; you " have contributed to render it eaſy to us, and you " have partaken of it without repining. Follow my " advice, Sophy, do not ſeek for that wealth, which " we bleſs heaven for taking from us; ſince we never " taſted happineſs, till we were diſencumbered of our " riches.

" You are too lovely, Sophy, not to be agreeable " to ſomebody; neither is your poverty ſo great, " that you need be a burden to an honeſt man. You " will be courted, and perhaps by people who are not " deſerving of your perſon. Were they to exhibit " themſelves in their real colours, you would ſet " a proper value on them, and would not be long " deceived by their external magnificence. But al-

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"though your judgment is very good, and you have "ſome ſkill in merit, you want experience, and are "ignorant how far it is poſſible for men to diſſemble. "An artful impoſtor may ſtudy your taſte and incli- "nations, in order to ſeduce you, and may pretend "to virtues to which he is an intire ſtranger. Such "a man would ruin you, Sophy, before you per- "ceived it, and you would not ſee your error, till "it was paſt all remedy. The moſt dangerous of "ſnares, and the only one that reaſon is incapable "of avoiding, is that of your own paſſions: ſhould "you ever be ſo unhappy as to fall into it, you "would ſee nothing but illuſions and chimeras; your "eye would be faſcinated, your judgment confounded, "your will corrupted, even your very error would be "dear to you, and when you came to ſee it, you "would not chuſe to leave it. It is to Sophy's rea- "ſon, not to the inclinations of her heart, that we "reſign her. So long as ſhe remains cool and deli- "berate, let her be her own judge; but whenever "ſhe falls in love, let her put herſelf once more un- "der the guidance of her mother.

"I propoſe an agreement betwixt us, which will "convince you of our eſteem, and reſtore the natu- "ral order. Parents are apt to chuſe a huſband for "their daughter, and conſult her only for form ſake. "This is the general cuſtom: but we intend to behave "in a very different manner; you ſhall chuſe, and we "are to be conſulted. Exert your right, Sophy; exert "it freely, but with diſcretion. The ſpouſe that ſuits "you, ought to be your choice, not ours; but it is "our buſineſs to judge, whether you are miſtaken or "not, in regard to points of agreement, and whether, "even without knowing it, you are not acting coun- "ter to your own deſign. Birth, eſtate, rank, opinion, "are not in the leaſt conſideration with us. Take an "honeſt man, whoſe perſon you approve, and whoſe "temper ſuits you, be he what he will in other re- "ſpects, we accept him for our ſon-in-law. His for-

" tune will always be conſiderable enough for us,
" if he has the uſe of his arms, is an honeſt man,
" and loves his family. His rank will be ſuffi-
" ciently illuſtrious, if he ennobles it by virtue.
" Were the whole world to condemn us, what does
" it ſignify? We do not court the public approba-
" tion; all we aim at, is your happineſs."

Reader, I know not what an effect ſuch a ſpeech would produce in the minds of girls educated after your manner. With regard to Sophia, ſhe cannot make a verbal anſwer. Shame and affection will obſtruct all utterance: but I am very certain it will be deeply ingraved in her heart, during the remainder of her life; and that if there be any dependance on human reſolution, it is on that which will follow this ſpeech, namely, to render herſelf worthy the eſteem of her parents.

But let us ſtate the caſe at the very worſt, and ſuppoſe her conſtitution to be ſo warm, as to render it inconvenient to wait any conſiderable time. I affirm that her judgment, her knowledge, her taſte and delicacy, but eſpecially the principles in which ſhe has been bred up from her infancy, will form ſuch a counterpoiſe to the impetuoſity of her deſires, as will be able to overcome, or at leaſt to reſiſt them a long time. She would rather undergo the ſevereſt torture, than afflict her parents, by marrying a worthleſs man, or by expoſing herſelf to the misfortunes of an unequal marriage. Even the liberty ſhe has received, only inſpires her with a new ſublimity of ſentiment, and renders her more ſcrupulous in regard to the choice of a huſband. Formed with the delicate texture of an Italian, and with the ſenſibility of an Engliſh woman, ſhe has moreover the pride of a Spaniard, to reſtrain the emotions of her heart and the warmth of her deſires; ſince even in looking out for a lover, ſhe is as difficult as the ladies of that nation, who do not eaſily meet with a perſon worthy of their affection.

It is not in every body's nature to feel that enthuſiaſtic warmth, with which the love of virtue is capable of inſpiring the ſoul; nor that elaſtic force it has within itſelf, whenever it is ſincerely deſirous of following the path of juſtice and honour. There are people, to whom every thing grand and noble appears chimerical; and who have ſuch low and grovelling ideas, that they can never know, how greatly even the folly of virtue is capable of influencing the human paſſions. You will ſay, I muſt never talk to thoſe people without examples; ſo much the worſe, ſhould they be ſo obſtinate as to deny them. Were I to tell them, that Sophia is not an imaginary being, that I have only given her a fictitious name, that her education, her manners, character, and figure, had a real exiſtence, and that her loſs is ſtill lamented by a worthy family, they would certainly look upon the whole as fabulous. But after all, why ſhould this hinder me from concluding the hiſtory of a damſel who bore ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to Sophia, that this narrative might very well be adapted to her, without occaſioning the leaſt ſurpriſe. Whether it be conſidered as true or not, ſignifies but little; if you will, I have written a romance; but I have always explained my method, and proceeded regularly towards the end I have in view.

The young damſel, of the ſame complexion as that I have been attributing to Sophia, had moreover ſo great a conformity to her in every other reſpect, that ſhe might well deſerve this name, and I leave her in poſſeſſion of it. After the converſation I have already related, her father and mother judging that lovers would not come to preſent themſelves in their rural retirement, ſent her to ſpend a winter in town, at an aunt's of hers, whom they appriſed of the reaſon of the journey. For the high-minded Sophia had a noble pride, which taught her to triumph over her own inclinations; and however ſhe might ſtand in

need of a huſband, ſhe would ſooner have died a maid, than have determined to go in ſearch of one.

Her aunt, deſirous of obliging the girl's parents, introduced her into company and entertainments, and brought her acquainted with ſeveral families: ſhe ſhewed her the world, or rather ſhe gave the world a ſight of her; for Sophia took very little ſatisfaction in all this noiſe and buſtle. Yet it was obſerved, that ſhe did not fly from the company of agreeable young men, who appeared decent and modeſt. Even in her reſerve ſhe had a particular manner of attracting their attention, which ſeemed to border pretty much upon coquettry: but after ſhe converſed with them two or three times, ſhe was tired of their company. This air of authority, by which ſhe ſeemed to accept of the homage of her lovers, was ſoon ſucceeded by a much humbler carriage, and a politeneſs far more diſcouraging. Ever upon her guard, ſhe did not give them any opportunity of doing her the leaſt ſervice; and this was telling them very plainly, that ſhe did not accept of their addreſſes.

Perſons of a tender diſpoſition are never fond of tumultuous pleaſures, or the vain deluding joys of thoſe who have no ſort of ſenſibility, but place all their happineſs in the perpetual agitation and hurry of life. Sophia not finding what ſhe had been in purſuit of, and deſpairing to meet with it, grew tired of the town. She was very fond of her parents; nothing could make her amends for their abſence, nothing could make her loſe ſight of them, ſo that at length ſhe grew impatient, and came back to her father's before the ſtipulated time.

Scarce had ſhe reſumed her uſual employment at home, when it was obſerved, that although her occupations were ſtill the ſame, her temper was altered. She would be abſent in thought, impatient, penſive and melancholy, nay, ſhe would hide herſelf ſometimes to give vent to her tears. At firſt her parents

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imagined ſhe was in love, and aſhamed to own it; they ſpoke to her about it, but ſhe denied the charge. She proteſted ſhe had never ſeen any body that could make an impreſſion on her heart; and Sophia would not tell a lie.

In the mean time, this languiſhing diſpoſition increaſed every day, and her health began to impair. Her mother grew uneaſy at theſe ſymptoms, and reſolved to find out the cauſe of her illneſs. With this view ſhe took her aſide, and addreſſed her in the moſt pathetic language, and with the moſt endearing careſſes that maternal tenderneſs could poſſibly inſpire. O, my child, whom I have borne ſo long in my womb, and whom I inceſſantly bear in my heart, diſcloſe thy uneaſineſs to thy affectionate parent. What ſecrets are thoſe which a mother cannot know? Who ſympathizes with thee in thy afflictions? Who partakes of them? Who is ready to relieve thee, but thy father and mother? Ah! my dear child, wouldſt thou have me die with grief for not knowing the cauſe of thine?

Sophia, far from wanting to conceal her uneaſineſs from her mother, deſired nothing more than to have her for a comfortreſs and confidante. But ſhame would not permit her to ſpeak, and her modeſty could find no language to deſcribe the indelicate ſituation of the firſt attack of ſenſual paſſion. Her bluſhes being a ſufficient demonſtration of the preſent criſis, her mother extorted from her, at laſt, an humble confeſſion of the cauſe of her uneaſineſs. Far from reprimanding her daughter, ſhe gave her all the comfort ſhe could, expreſſed her pity, and ſhed ſome tears; ſhe was too prudent a woman to condemn her for what was no crime, being an involuntary ſenſation, which her idea of virtue rendered more painful. But where was the reaſon for her ſubmitting to an evil, for which there was ſo eaſy and lawful a remedy? Why did not ſhe make uſe of the liberty with which ſhe had been indulged? Why did

not ſhe accept, why did not ſhe chuſe herſelf a huſband? Did not ſhe know that her fate was in her own hands, and whatever choice ſhe made, it would ſurely be confirmed, ſince ſhe could make none inconſiſtent with honour? She had been ſent up to town, where ſhe had not thought proper to abide; ſeveral matches had been propoſed to her, and ſhe had rejected them all. What then did ſhe wait for? What is it ſhe expected? How ſtrange a contradiction in her behaviour!

The anſwer was very plain. If nothing more were requiſite, than a remedy againſt frailty, the choice would have ſoon been made: but a maſter for life is not ſo eaſy to fix upon, and ſince thoſe two choices cannot be ſeparated, it is preferable to wait; thus a damſel's youthful days often ſlide away, before ſhe is able to find a man with whom ſhe would chuſe to ſpend her days. This was the ſituation of Sophia: ſhe wanted a lover; but this lover was to be her huſband, and ſuch were the diſpoſitions which ſhe required in hers, that one was almoſt as difficult to find as the other. All thoſe young fellows who made ſo brilliant a figure, had no other relation that ſuited her taſte, but that of age; the other fitneſſes were all wanting; their ſuperficial underſtanding, their vanity, their nonſenſe, their immoral behaviour, their apiſh imitations, gave her an invincible diſlike to them all. She would fain have a man, and ſhe ſaw nothing but apes; ſhe was in ſearch of one that had a ſoul, and could find none.

How unfortunate am I, ſaid ſhe to her mother; I want an object of love, and can meet with none to pleaſe me. My heart rejects every one of thoſe whom my ſenſes approve. I ſee not one who does not excite, and at the ſame time repreſs my deſires; inclination without eſteem, is never durable. Ah! that is not the place to find the man your Sophy wants! His excellent model is deeply engraven on her mind. She can love none but him; none but him can ſhe make happy; with him alone can ſhe partake of felicity.

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She had rather pine away, and ſtruggle inceſſantly with nature; nay, ſhe had rather die unhappy and free, than live in deſpair with a man whom ſhe could not love, and whom ſhe could only render unhappy; it were much better not to exiſt, than to be in a ſtate of ſuffering.

So ſurpriſed was her mother at this extraordinary ſpeech, that ſhe ſuſpected ſome myſtery in it. Sophia was neither affected nor extravagant. And yet how could ſo extraordinary a delicacy come into her head? She, who had been trained up from her infancy to ſuit herſelf to the people ſhe lived and converſed with, and to make a virtue of neceſſity? This idea of an amiable man, with which ſhe was ſo greatly ſmitten, and which ſhe ſo frequently repeated in every converſation, made her mother conjecture, that this whim had ſome other foundation, which ſhe knew nothing of, and that Sophia had not unboſomed herſelf intirely. The hapleſs girl, labouring under her ſecret uneaſineſs, only wants to diſburden herſelf. The mother preſſes her; Sophy heſitates, and at length ſurrenders; then ſtepping out of the room without ſaying a word, ſhe comes back the next moment with a book in her hand. Pity your unhappy daughter; her fate is paſt all remedy; it is impoſſible for her tears ever to dry up: and would you know the cauſe? Why there it is, ſaid ſhe, throwing the book on the table. The mother took it up, and opened it, and found it was the Adventures of Telemachus. At firſt ſhe could not comprehend a tittle of this myſterious affair; but by dint of queſtions and obſcure anſwers, ſhe diſcovered at length, to her great ſurpriſe, as you may eaſily conceive, that her daughter was the rival of Eucharis.

Sophia was in love with Telemachus; ſhe loved him with a paſſion that was paſt all cure. As ſoon as her father and mother diſcovered her weakneſs, they laughed, and would fain reclaim her by reaſon. They were miſtaken, and reaſon was not altogether on their

ſide; Sophia had alſo her reaſons, and knew how to ſet them in a proper light. How often did ſhe ſilence them, by availing herſelf of their own arguments, and ſhewing them that they had committed all the miſchief, if there was any; that they had not trained her up for a man of the preſent times; that ſhe muſt neceſſarily either conform to her huſband's way of thinking, or make him comply with hers; that the former they had rendered impoſſible, by their manner of education; and the latter was exactly the thing ſhe wanted. Give me, ſaid ſhe, a man imbued with my maxims, or one into whoſe mind I may inſtil them, and I will take him for my huſband: but till you find ſuch a one, why do you condemn me? Rather pity my caſe, for I am unfortunate, but not deſtitute of reaſon. Is the heart made to obey the will? Did not my father himſelf ſay ſo? Is it my fault if I love an ideal being? I am not a dreamer; I want not a prince; I do not look for a Telemachus; I am ſenſible it is all romance, but fain would I have a perſon that reſembled him; and why ſhould not this perſon exiſt, ſince I exiſt; I who have a heart ſo ſimilar to his? No; let us not throw ſuch ſlander on humanity, as to think that an amiable and virtuous man is a mere chimera. He exiſts, he lives, perhaps he is in ſearch of me; he is looking out for one that has a ſoul, and is capable of loving him. But who is he? Where is he? I know not: he is not among thoſe I have already beheld; and to be ſure I ſhall never meet with any ſuch perſon. Oh, mother! mother! why did you draw too lovely a picture of virtue? If I can love no other object but that, it is not I, but you, that are to blame.

Shall I continue this melancholy narrative down to its cataſtrophe? Shall I mention the long debates that preceded it? Shall I repreſent an impatient mother changing her careſſes into ſeverity? Shall I exhibit a provoked father, forgetting his former engagements, and treating the moſt virtuous of all daughters as a fool and a mad-woman? Shall I at length

length deſcribe the unfortunate victim, more attached than ever to her chimera, for which ſhe was more perſecuted than ever, moving with a ſlow pace towards death, and deſcending into her tomb at the very time they thought of dragging her to the altar? No; away with theſe melancholy objects. I have no occaſion to go ſo far in ſearch of a ſtriking example, to demonſtrate, that notwithſtanding the corrupt manners of the age, women are no more ſtrangers than men to that rapturous enthuſiaſm, with which the idea of beauty and virtue fires the ſoul, and that there is nothing but may be atchieved by their ſex, as well as by ours, if we follow the directions of nature.

Here you will interrupt me to aſk, whether it be nature that directs us to take ſo much trouble in checking our immoderate deſires? I anſwer in the negative; but on the other hand I muſt obſerve, that ſuch a number of immoderate deſires are not owing to nature. Now whatever is not from nature is againſt her; and this I have proved a hundred times.

Let us reſtore Sophia to our Emilius; let us raiſe this lovely girl to life, in order to give her a leſs lively imagination, and a more happy deſtiny. Fain would I have ſketched an ordinary woman, but giving her too much ſublimity of ſentiment, I have diſturbed her brain, and bewildered myſelf. Let us return the way we came: Sophia is a good-natured girl, and her mind is of the ordinary frame; all the accompliſhments therefore ſhe has, are owing to her education.

MY deſign at firſt was to inſert, in the preſent treatiſe, all that could be ſaid on the ſubject of education, leaving every body at liberty to ſelect what they thought moſt eligible, and beſt adapted to their purpoſe. I had formed a ſcheme to prepare a companion for Emilius from her cradle, to bring them up together, in order to make each other happy in wedlock. But when I came to reflect, I found, that to project thoſe marriages ſo early in life, betrayed a want of judgment, and that it was abſurd to train up two children for the matrimonial union, without knowing whether this union was agreeable to nature; that is, whether there were ſuch relations of fitneſs between them, as were neceſſary to form a junction of hearts. We ſhould take care not to confound that which is natural in the ſtate of ſolitude, with that which is natural in the ſtate of ſociety. In the former, all women are fit for all men, becauſe both ſexes as yet have only the original and common relation, in which they all agree; in the latter, the fitneſs or agreement of each perſon being diſplayed by ſocial inſtitutions, and their minds having received their proper and determinate form, not from education only, but from the joint concurrence of education and nature, whether under a bad or a good regulation; it is impoſſible to match them properly, without introducing them to each other, in order to ſee whether they agree in every reſpect, or at leaſt to make ſuch a choice as ſhall include moſt of theſe fitneſſes or agreements.

The misfortune is, that while the ſocial ſtate diſplays the relations of agreement, it alſo produces a diſtinction of ranks, and thoſe two conſiderations are

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ſo different from each other, that the more you diſtinguiſh the conditions of people, the more you confound their characters. This is the ſource of diſproportioned marriages, and all the inconveniencies attending them; whence it is obvious, by a neceſſary conſequence, that the farther you remove from the equality of conditions, the greater alteration you find in the natural ſentiment: in proportion to the diſtance between the higher and lower claſs, the matrimonial tie is relaxed; in proportion to the greater number of the opulent, the human ſpecies is leſs propagated. The maſter and the ſlave are no longer of the ſame family, they conſider nothing but their reſpective conditions.

Should you be deſirous to prevent every abuſe, and to encourage happy marriages, lay aſide all prejudice, forget all human inſtitutions, and conſult nothing but nature. Do not join a man and woman, who agree with each other, only in a particular ſtate or condition, and would ceaſe to have any relation or agreement, were this condition to change: but let thoſe only be united in wedlock, who would ſuit or agree with each other, under every circumſtance and condition in life. Not that I pretend to ſay, that conventional relations are indifferent in marriage; but I affirm, that the influence of natural relations is ſo ſuperior to the other, that it is this alone which decides the fate of humanity; and that there is ſuch an agreement of taſtes, humours, ſentiments, and tempers, as ſhould engage a prudent father, were he a prince, or a great monarch, to marry his ſon, without the leaſt heſitation, to the damſel that had all thoſe fitneſſes or agreements, were ſhe even ſprung from a baſe ignoble family, were ſhe even the daughter of a common executioner. Yes, I maintain it, that were all the misfortunes imaginable to fall upon the devoted heads of a loving couple, they would enjoy far greater happineſs in mixing their tears, than they would have

have taſted in the higheſt proſperity, had it been poiſoned by a diſunion of hearts.

Hence it is, that inſtead of rearing a ſpouſe, from her infancy, for my Emilius, I have ſtaid to know what kind of a help-mate would ſuit him. It is not I that determine the agreement, but nature; my buſineſs is to diſcover her choice. My buſineſs, I ſay, and not his father's; for when he entruſted me with the care of his ſon, he reſigned his place to me; and ſubſtituted my right to his own: I am the true father of Emilius; it is I that made him a man. I would have refuſed to be concerned in his education, had I not the power of marrying him according to his choice, that is, in conformity to mine. Nothing but the pleaſure ariſing from making a man happy, can pay for what it coſts to put him in a way of becoming ſo.

But I would not have you imagine, that I waited till I could find Emilius's ſpouſe, and that it was I who put him upon this ſearch. This fictitious inquiry is only a pretence to bring him acquainted with the ſex, and to make him ſenſible of the value of the woman, that was formed to be his conſort. Sophia was diſcovered ſome time ſince; perhaps Emilius has had a ſight of her; but he ſhall be acquainted with her at a proper time.

Though an equality of conditions be not neceſſary for marriage, yet when this circumſtance coincides with other agreements, it enhances their value: it cannot be ſet in competition with any of them ſingly, but every thing elſe equal, it makes the ſcale preponderate.

No man, unleſs he be a crowned head, can look out for a wife in all parts of the world; for the prejudices he may not have himſelf, he will find in others; and ſuch a particular damſel perhaps would ſuit him extremely well, though he has no likelyhood of obtaining her, or her father's conſent. Hence there are prudential maxims, by which the inquiries

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of every judicious parent ought to be limited. He ought not to be desirous of procuring for his son a settlement superior to his rank, for this may be out of his power. And even were it to depend entirely upon his own choice, he ought not to desire it; for of what signification is rank and quality to a young man, at least to mine? By climbing too high, he exposes himself to the danger of a thousand real evils, by which he may be tormented all his life. Nay, I affirm, that he should not attempt to make a compensation for goods of a different nature, for instance nobility and money, because each of these does not so much enhance the value of the other, as it depreciates its own; and besides, people can never agree about the common estimate; and lastly, the preference claimed by each party, lays the foundation of discord between the two families, and oftentimes sets the married couple itself at variance.

It is likewise a matter of great consequence for the state of matrimony, whether a man espouses a woman above or beneath his rank. The former case is quite contrary, the latter more agreeable, to reason: as families are connected to society only by their head or chief, the condition of the latter regulates that of the whole family. Whenever a person espouses a woman of an inferior rank, he does not stoop himself, but he raises his consort; on the contrary, by taking a wife from a superior station, he debases her, without raising himself: hence, in the former case, there is an advantage without any inconveniency, and in the latter, an inconveniency without an advantage. Further, it is agreeable to nature, that woman should be subject to man. Whenever therefore he marries a woman of an inferior condition, both the natural and civil order agree, and no inconveniency follows. But it is quite the reverse, when a man marries above his rank; for he then reduces himself to the disagreeable alternative, of hurting either his prerogative or

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his gratitude; either of being ungrateful, or of falling into contempt. Then the woman, pretending to the ſupreme command, will tyrannize over her chief; and the maſter, reduced to a ſtate of ſervitude, will be at once the moſt ridiculous, and the moſt abject creature upon earth. Such are thoſe unhappy favourites, whom the Aſiatic monarchs dignify and torment with their alliance, and who, when they lie with their wives, are obliged, it is ſaid, to enter the bed at the feet.

Here I expect that many of my readers, recollecting what I have already obſerved, that woman has a natural capacity for governing man, will charge me with contradiction; yet they will find themſelves miſtaken. There is a very wide difference between uſurping the ſupreme command, and influencing the commander. The female empire is that of ſoftneſs, addreſs, and complacency; their orders are careſſes, their menaces tears. A woman ought to govern within the circle of her family, like a miniſter in a kingdom, by directing the head to iſſue out ſuch commands as ſhe thinks proper. In this ſenſe it is very certain, that thoſe families are beſt conducted, in which the woman has moſt authority. But when ſhe is deaf to the voice of the chief, when ſhe would fain uſurp his right, and command in her own name, nothing but miſery, ſcandal, and diſhonour can enſue.

It remains then for him to chuſe among his equals, or his inferiors; and I am apt to think, there is ſome reſtriction to be made in regard to the latter; for it is difficult to find among the ſcum of the people, a woman capable of forming the happineſs of a man of honour. Not that the people of the loweſt claſs are more vicious than thoſe of the higheſt, but they have very few ideas of beauty and virtue, and the iniquity of thoſe of the higher ſtates, makes the vulgar conſider even their vices as lawful.

Man,

Man, naturally ſpeaking, is not much uſed to reflect. This is an art, that like all others muſt be learnt, and is even more difficult to acquire. I know only two claſſes, that are really diſtinct in both ſexes; one of the thinking, the other of the unthinking people; a difference almoſt intirely owing to education. A man of the firſt of theſe ranks, ought not to marry into the ſecond; for the greateſt of ſocial bliſſes is wanting in his family, when, though he has a wife, he is obliged to think by himſelf. They who ſpend their whole lives in working for a livelihood, have no other idea but that of their labour or their intereſt, and their ſenſe and underſtanding ſeem to be ſeated in their hands. This ignorance however is no way prejudicial, but frequently conducive to probity and virtue; for it is but too common to explain away one's duties, by too much reflection, and to conclude with ſubſtituting an empty name, inſtead of the thing itſelf. Conſcience affords greater light than all the philoſophers; we have no occaſion to read Cicero's offices, in order to learn to be honeſt; and perhaps the moſt virtuous woman living, does not know in what virtue conſiſts. But it is equally true, that the improvement of the mind is the only thing capable of rendering converſation agreeable; hence it is a melancholy circumſtance for a father, who likes the company of his wife and children, to be obliged to ſhut himſelf up in his room, becauſe he is not underſtood by any of the family.

Beſides, how ſhould a woman, unuſed to reflection, be capable of educating her children? How will ſhe be able to diſcern what is proper for them? How ſhall ſhe train them to virtues, to which ſhe herſelf is a ſtranger, or to any kind of merit, of which ſhe has no idea? She will only know how to ſooth, or to menace them, to render them either inſolent or timorous; ſhe will either make them mannerly monkeys, or wild idle boys; but

they never will ſhew any marks of good ſenſe; [illegible] have as amiable children.

It is not therefore at all proper for a man of education, to eſpouſe a woman that has had none, and conſequently to marry into a claſs of people, with it is impoſſible to have any. But I had much rather have a plain ſimple girl, without education, than a young woman of learning and wit, who ſets to erect a literary tribunal in my houſe, and to preſide there herſelf in perſon. A witty woman is a ſcourge to her huſband, to her children, to his friends, her ſervants, and to all the world. Ehe! by the ſublimity of her genius, ſhe ſcorns to ſtoop to the duties of a woman, and is ſure to commence a man after the example of Mademoiſelle de l'Enclos. Abroad ſhe is ever ridiculed, and juſtly criticiſed, which is the ſure conſequence of acting out of character, and of being unqualified for the ſtation ſhe has aſſumed. Your great female geniuſſes impoſe only upon fools. No body is ignorant of the artiſt, or of the friend, who aſſiſts them with his pencil or his pen, in poliſhing their performances. All the world knows the diſcreet man of letters, who dictates their oracles to them in private. So mean an artifice is unworthy a woman of ſpirit; were ſhe even poſſeſſed of real abilities, ſuch a pretention would only debaſe her. Her dignity is to be private; her glory to have the eſteem of her huſband; her pleaſure to contribute to the happineſs of her family. Reader, I appeal to yourſelf; be ſincere. Which would you eſteem the moſt, and approach with the greateſt reverence, a woman, whom, upon entering her apartment, you found employed in the proper occupations of her ſex, in her domeſtic concerns, with her needle in her hand, and mending or making her children's apparel; or a female genius, ſcribbling of verſes on her toilette, and ſurrounded with pamphlets of all ſorts? Every young lady that pretended

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a literature, would continue a maid all her life, were there none but men of ſenſe in the world:

Quæris cur nolim te ducere, Galla? diſerta es.*

Next to theſe conſiderations, comes that of the perſon; it is the firſt thing that makes an impreſſion, and the laſt that ought to be regarded; yet it is not to be intirely excluded from the account. A great beauty is, in my opinion, what one ought rather to avoid, than ſeek in marriage. Beauty ſoon fades by uſe; at the end of ſix weeks, it is of no value at all to the poſſeſſor; yet while it laſts, it is productive of uneaſineſs and trouble. Unleſs a beautiful woman is an angel, her huſband muſt be a very unhappy man; and were ſhe even poſſeſſed of angelic virtues, how can ſhe prevent him from being inceſſantly encompaſſed with enemies? If extreme deformity were not diſguſtful to nature, I ſhould prefer it to exceſſive beauty; for in a very little time, neither of them being much minded by the huſband, beauty becomes an inconveniency, and deformity an advantage. But a ſhocking deformity is one of the greateſt misfortunes that can happen to a man; the diſguſt, inſtead of wearing out, continually increaſes; and is converted at length into hatred. Such a marriage is a hell upon earth; and a man and woman had better be dead, than united in that manner.

In all things, not even excepting beauty, be content with mediocrity. An agreeable figure, which inſpires no love but benevolence, deſerves the preference: ſuch a form is no way prejudicial to the huſband; and the conveniency attending it, redounds to their mutual advantage. The graceful qualities do not fade like beauty; they are long lived, and continually recruiting: a woman of virtue and of a pleaſing behaviour, will be as acceptable to her huſband, after a marriage of thirty years, as the very firſt day.

* *Galla, you aſk why I do not chuſe to marry you? Becauſe you talk too much.* MART.

Theſe were the reflections, which determined my choice in favour of Sophia. Nature's favourite, as well as he, ſhe is formed rather for him than for any other perſon: ſhe is the woman fit for ſuch a man. She is his equal by birth and merit, his inferior in fortune. Her perſon does not charm you at firſt ſight, but every day ſhe acquires new graces. Her chief accompliſhment operates only by degrees, ſhe does not diſplay it but in private converſe, and her huſband will be more ſenſible of it than any body living. Her education has been neither over delicate, nor neglected, ſhe has taſte without ſtudy, abilities without art, judgment without learning. She is void of knowledge, but her mind is well prepared to receive it; it is a ſoil that has been properly manured, and only waits for ſowing the grain, to produce good fruit. She never read any other book but Barreme*, and Telemachus, who accidentally fell into her hands: but is it poſſible for a damſel, capable of conceiving a paſſion for Telemachus, to have an inſenſible heart, or an indelicate mind? O lovely ignorant fair! Happy the man whom heaven has deſigned to inſtruct her! She will not be her huſband's tutor, but his diſciple; inſtead of deſiring to ſubject him to her taſte and inclinations, ſhe will enter into his. Such a wife will be better and more ſuitable by far to him, than if her head were filled with learned lumber; he will have the pleaſure of teaching her every thing himſelf. It is now time they ſhould ſee one another; let us endeavour to bring them together.

Penſive and melancholy, we ſet out from Paris. That ſeat of noiſe and nonſenſe could not be our center. Emilius turns a ſcornful eye towards that great city, and ſays with ſome emotion: Alas! how many days have I loſt in this idle inquiry? The idol

* Francis Barreme was a famous accomptant; he is the author of ſeveral treatiſes on arithmetic, which are greatly eſteemed by the French. He died at Paris in 1703. *The Tranſlator.*

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of my heart does not reſide there: and this, my friend, you knew extremely well; but my time coſts you nothing, and you do not feel my ſufferings. I looked at him with ſome attention, and calmly replied: Emilius, do you really believe what you ſay? Inſtantly he flung himſelf about my neck quite confuſed, and claſped me in his arms, without ſaying a word. This is always his method of anſwering, when he is in the wrong.

We are now entered upon our expedition, like true knights errant; not indeed in ſearch of adventures, but, on the contrary, endeavouring to avoid them, by retiring from Paris: yet we imitate the unequal progreſs of thoſe wandering heroes, ſometimes by advancing with a quick motion, and ſometimes by creeping on with a ſlow gentle pace. By tracing my method, the reader will have entered into the ſpirit of it: for I do not imagine he will be ſo prejudiced in favour of the reigning cuſtoms, as to ſuppoſe, both my companion and myſelf pent up and aſleep in a poſt-chaiſe, drawn with great velocity, without making any obſervation on the country, rendering of no value to us the interval from our departure, and in the celerity of our motion loſing time, merely in order to ſave it.

People ſay, that life is ſhort, and I perceive that they endeavour to render it ſo. Not knowing how to employ their hours, they complain of the rapidity of their courſe; and yet I find that time lies heavy upon their hands. Their heads being always filled with the object to which they are tending, with regret they behold the intermediate ſpace: this man would be glad to-morrow were come, another wiſhes for next month, another for ten years hence; no body chuſes to live to-day, not one is content with the preſent minute, they all find its pace too ſlow. When they complain, therefore, that time runs on with too rapid a motion, they are guilty of an untruth; they would willingly

have it in their power to increaſe its rapidity. They would be glad to employ their fortune in waſting away their whole life; and perhaps there is not one of them, who would not reduce his years to a few hours, could he but at pleaſure annihilate thoſe that are a burden to him, and gratify his impatience, by obliterating thoſe that ſeparate him from a deſired moment. Such a man conſumes one half of his life in driving from Paris to Verſailles, from Verſailles to Paris, from town to country, and from country to town, and from one quarter of the town to another, who would be very much puzzled to know what he ſhould do with himſelf, had he not found out this ſecret of killing time; who neglects his affairs at home, in order to cut out buſineſs for himſelf abroad; who fancies he gains the overplus of time which he ſpends in this manner, and which he would not know otherwiſe how to employ; or elſe who hurries away merely for the pleaſure of the motion, and comes up poſt to town, only to return poſt into the country. Mortals, will you never ceaſe to calumniate nature? Why do you complain of the brevity of life, ſince it is not yet ſhort enough to anſwer your wiſhes? Were there but one among you all, who knew how to be ſo temperate in his deſires, as never to wiſh that his hours would paſs with greater rapidity, ſuch a man would never think the time too ſhort. To live and to enjoy, would be to him the ſame thing; and were he to die young, he would depart this life content with the fullneſs of his days.

Were my method of education to be attended with no other advantage than this, it would deſerve the preference to any other. I have not trained Emilius either to deſire or to wait, but to enjoy; and whenever he carries his deſires beyond the preſent moment, his ardour is not ſo impetuous, as to be diſturbed with the ſlow progreſſion of time. He not only will enjoy the pleaſure of deſiring, but likewiſe that

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of moving towards the desired object; and his passions are always so moderate, that he is more easy, in his present situation, than anxious about any future settlement.

We do not therefore proceed on our journey like mourners, but as travellers. We not only think of the two extremes of our journey, but likewise of the intermediate space. Even the journey itself affords us pleasure. We do not perform it in a gloomy manner, imprisoned as it were in a close cage; nor do we travel with the luxury and indolence of women. We do not deprive ourselves of the fresh air, nor of the prospect of the several objects around us, nor of the conveniency of contemplating them at our ease whenever we have a mind. Emilius never was in a post-chaise in his life, he seldom rides post, unless he has business that requires expedition. But what business can he have, to be in so great a hurry? None but that of enjoying life. Shall I add that of doing good, when in his power? No, for this is also enjoying life.

I apprehend but one manner of travelling more agreeable, than that of riding on horseback; namely walking. You set out at your own time, you stop whenever you please, you use as much and as little exercise as you have a mind. You survey the country; you turn to the right and to the left; you examine every thing that pleases your eye; and you stop at every point of view. If you see a river, you skirt along it; if a thicket, you refresh yourself under a shade; if a grotto, you visit it; if a quarry, you inquire into the minerals. Wherever you have fancy, you sit down and rest; there you tarry as long as you please, and when you are refreshed, you depart. You are not confined to horses, nor postilions. You have no occasion to chuse turnpike roads; you jog on wherever you can find a foot way; you see all that a traveller is able to see; you are dependent on yourself only, and you enjoy all the liberty a man is

capable of enjoying. Should you be catched in bad weather, and tired of being ſo long in a lonelome place, then you may take horſe. If you are fatigued . . . . but Emilius is never fatigued; he is ſtrong and robuſt, and what ſhould fatigue him? He is not at all in a hurry. If he tarries in a place, how can he be tired, when he always carries ſome amuſement about him? He ſteps into a tradeſman's ſhop, and goes to work; he exerciſes his arms, while his feet are taking reſt.

To travel on foot, is following the example of Thales, Plato, and Pythagoras. I cannot conceive how a philoſopher ever reſolved to travel otherwiſe, or to deprive himſelf of the ſurvey of thoſe riches, which he tramples under his feet, and which the earth exhibits to his view with ſuch bounty and profuſion. If you were fond of agriculture, ſhould not you be glad to be acquainted with the particular produce of the countries you traverſe, and of their manner of tilling the land? If you had a taſte for natural hiſtory, how could you paſs through a ſoil without examining it, or climb up a rock without breaking a bit off, or travel over mountains without looking for plants, or through a ſtony country without ſearching for foſſils? Your modern philoſophers ſtudy natural hiſtory in their cabinets; they have their cockle-ſhells and other nick-knacks; they know the names of many things, but have no idea of nature. Emilius has a cabinet much better furniſhed than that of crowned heads; it is the whole globe. Here every thing is in its right place: the naturaliſt who looks after it, has ranged the ſeveral objects in the moſt elegant order; d'Aubenton could not be more exact.

How many different ſorts of pleaſure do we attain by that agreeable manner of travelling? Without reckoning the improvement of health, and chearfulneſs of temper, I have ever obſerved, that people who travel in good eaſy carriages, are either gloomy

and penſive, or fretful and peeviſh in their diſpoſition; whereas a foot-traveller is always gay and merry, and content with every thing. How great his ſatisfaction, when he comes to the end of his day's journey! With what appetite does he feaſt on a coarſe repaſt! With what pleaſure does he indulge himſelf at table! How ſoundly does he ſleep in a bad bed! When you want only to get to your journey's end, you may take a poſt-chaiſe; but if you deſign to travel, I would adviſe you to go on foot.

If Sophia is not forgot, before we have advanced fifty leagues in the manner above mentioned, either I muſt be very unſkilful in my profeſſion, or Emilius very incurious; for with ſo much elementary knowledge, it is hard but he ſhould be tempted to enrich his ſtock. Our curioſity riſes only in proportion to our inſtruction; Emilius knows juſt enough, to deſire to learn.

In the mean time one object draws on another, and we are ſtill advancing. At our firſt ſetting out, I declared that we were entering on a long journey, and had a very good pretence for it; upon quitting Paris, we were to go in ſearch of a wife, to ſome diſtant part of the country.

After we had been out a few days, we wandered over hills and dales, and at length were ſo bewildered, as not to be able to find our road. That did not ſignify much; all roads are good enough for us, provided we arrive at our journey's end; but it is neceſſary to put up at ſome place of refreſhment, when hunger preſſes. Luckily we met with a peaſant, who conducted us to his cottage, where, with a very good appetite, we feaſted on his homely entertainment. Seeing us ſo greatly fatigued, and ſo very hungry, he ſaid, If providence had been ſo kind as to conduct you to the other ſide of the hill, you would have been better entertained. . . . . You would have met with peace and plenty. . . . . Such a charitable family. . . . . Such good people: not that they have a better heart

than myſelf; but they have more ſubſtance; it is reported that formerly they were a great deal richer than they are at preſent; . . . . . thank God they do not want, and the whole country feels the benefit of their ſuperfluity.

At the mentioning of the word *good people*, Emilius was highly delighted. My friend, ſaid he, looking at me in the face, let us direct our ſteps towards that houſe, the owners of which have the bleſſings of all the neighbourhood; I ſhould be overjoyed to ſee them, perhaps they will be pleaſed to ſee us too. I am ſure they will give us a kind reception; if they will be of our party, we will be of theirs.

After we had been directed to the houſe, we ſet out, and wandered ſome time in the woods: a violent rain ſurpriſed us by the way, and retarded without ſtopping us. At length we found the road again, and towards evening we reached the houſe. It was a plain country ſeat, ſituated in the midſt of a hamlet, where it made ſome appearance; we knocked at the door, and told the ſervant that we had loſt our way, and were in danger of being benighted, therefore ſhould be obliged to the maſter of that houſe for a night's accommodation. We were introduced to the gentleman, who aſked us a few queſtions in a very polite manner: without acquainting him with the motive of our journey, we told him the occaſion of our coming that way. The gentleman ſtill retained the ſagacity uſual to men of fortune, by which they quickly diſcern the quality of perſons by their outward deportment: thoſe who have moved in the upper ſphere of life, are ſeldom miſtaken in this branch of knowledge; and upon the ſtrength of this paſſport we were admitted.

We were ſhewn into a very ſmall, but neat convenient apartment, where a fire was lighted immediately, and we found linen, cloaths, and every thing we wanted. What! ſays Emilius quite ſurpriſed, one would imagine they expected us. Indeed the peaſant

was

was much in the right. What care, what goodneſs, what foreſight! And for ſtrangers! One would think that we lived in Homer's time. Take notice of this, ſaid I to him, but do not be ſurpriſed; wherever ſtrangers ſeldom reſort, they are welcome; nothing renders a place more hoſpitable, than the infrequent need of that virtue: it is the multitude of gueſts that deſtroys hoſpitality. In Homer's days, people ſeldom went abroad, for which reaſon travellers every where met with a kind reception. We perhaps are the only paſſengers that have appeared here this year. It does not ſignify, replies Emilius, even this is a circumſtance in their praiſe, to know how to do without company, and yet to give their gueſts a cordial reception.

As ſoon as we had dried our cloaths, and put ourſelves to right, we waited again on the maſter of the houſe: he preſented us to his wife, who received us not only with politeneſs, but with great good-nature. The honour of her firſt glance was conferred on Emilius. A mother in her ſituation ſeldom beholds a young man enter her roof, without expreſſing ſome inquietude, or at leaſt curioſity.

Supper was forwarded upon our account. Entering the parlour, we perceived five covers; we ſat down, and found one chair empty. A young damſel comes in, makes a low curteſy, and takes her place modeſtly, without ſaying a word. Emilius, intent upon appeaſing his hunger, and giving anſwers, ſalutes her, talks, and eats away. The main object of his expedition is as remote from his thoughts, as he thinks himſelf diſtant from his journey's end. The converſation turns on the wandering of our travellers. Sir, ſaid the maſter of the houſe to him, you have the appearance of a diſcreet, amiable youth; and this puts me in mind, that you and your governor are arrived hither, wet and tired, like Telemachus and Mentor in the iſland of Calypſo. It is true, anſwers Emilius, we have met here with Calypſo's hoſpitality; and with the charms of Eucharis, added his Mentor.

But

But Emilius had read only the Odyſſee, and not Telemachus; therefore he knows nothing of Eucharis. As for the young damſel, a roſy bluſh immediately ſpread itſelf over her cheeks, at the ſame time ſhe caſt her eyes down upon her plate, and ſeemed almoſt afraid to draw her breath. The mother obſerving her confuſion, beckoned to the father, who inſtantly changed the converſation. Talking about his ſolitude, he inſenſibly fell into a recital of the events by which he was led into it, of the misfortunes of his former life, the conſtancy of his ſpouſe, the conſolations they had received from their mutual union, the ſweet and peaceful life they had led in their retreat, and all without mentioning a word about the daughter: the whole made a moſt agreeable narrative, which it was impoſſible to hear without being affected. At length, at that part of the ſtory where the beſt of men took ſuch a pleaſure in expatiating on the attachment of the worthieſt of women, our young traveller, quite beſide himſelf, ſeized the huſband by the hand, and graſped it faſt in his, then taking the wife alſo by the hand, he leaned towards her in a tranſport of joy, and bedewed her with his tears. The ingenuous ſenſibility of the youth charmed all the company; but the damſel, more affected than any body elſe with this teſtimony of his good-nature, imagined ſhe beheld Telemachus afflicted for the misfortunes of Philoctetes. She caſt a ſide glance on him, to ſurvey his perſon; and ſhe obſerved nothing to oppoſe the compariſon. His eaſy mien diſplayed a modeſt freedom, and his manners a ſenſible vivacity; the tenderneſs of his heart ſoftened his looks, and gave a more affecting air to his countenance: the young damſel ſeeing him weep, was ready to intermix her tears with his. Though ſhe had ſo good a pretence to indulge her inclination, yet ſhe was reſtrained by a ſecret baſhfulneſs; ſhe even condemned herſelf for the tears which were juſt ready to ſtart from her eyes, as if there could be any harm in grieving for the misfortunes of her family.

The

The mother, who from the time they ſat down to ſupper had an eye upon her daughter, perceived her uneaſineſs, and in order to releaſe her from it, ſent her out upon ſome errand. A minute or two after this, the damſel returned, but ſo greatly diſcompoſed, that the whole company eaſily perceived it. Her mother ſpoke to her in a very gentle tone, and ſaid: Sophy, make yourſelf eaſy; will you never ceaſe to bewail the misfortunes of your parents? You, who ſo often have conſoled them under their afflictions, do not ſhew yourſelf ſo diſconſolate.

Upon hearing the name of Sophy, you would have ſeen Emilius leap for joy. Struck with the ſound of the beloved name, he ſtarted, as it were, out of a dream, and caſt a wiſhful eye on the girl dignified with ſo great a title. Sophy! O Sophy! Is it you, in ſearch of whom my heart has been wandering? is it you my heart adores? He views, he ſurveys her with a kind of fear and diffidence. He does not find her to be the very ſame figure he had formed to his imagination; but he is dubious whether the picture before him be preferable to that or not. He examines every feature, obſerves every movement and geſture, and finds a thouſand confuſed ſignifications for each; he would give his very ſoul, could he make her utter but a ſingle word. He then caſt his eye towards me, quite diſturbed and confuſed; with piercing looks he aſked me a thouſand queſtions, and made me as many reproaches. He ſeemed to ſay to me at each glance: Direct me, while it is yet time; if my heart ſurrenders, and I am miſtaken, it is impoſſible for me ever to recover it.

No body has leſs art and diſguiſe than Emilius. And how ſhould he be able to diſguiſe his ſentiments, under the greateſt uneaſineſs he ever felt in his life, in company with four people who had their eyes fixed upon him; while the perſon who appeared to be the moſt abſent, was in reality the moſt attentive to his looks?

looks? His preſent confuſion did not eſcape the penetrating eyes of Sophia; ſhe plainly ſaw that ſhe had been the cauſe of this inquietude; ſhe perceived alſo, that this uneaſineſs could not as yet be called love. But what did that ſignify? She was the object of his thoughts, and that is enough; it will be her fault if he thinks of her long with impunity.

Mothers can ſee as well as their daughters, and have more experience. Sophia's mother ſmiled at the ſucceſs of our projects. She ſaw into the hearts of the young couple; ſhe perceived it was time to fix the affections of the new Telemachus; in ſhort, ſhe made her daughter ſpeak. Sophia, with all her native ſweetneſs, anſwered in a trembling tone, which only made the deeper impreſſion. At the very firſt ſound, Emilius ſurrendered: it is Sophia; he has no longer any doubt of it. And were it not her, it would be too late to retract.

Then it was that the irreſiſtible charms of that heavenly perſon ruſhed like a torrent, and overpowered Emilius's heart: then did he begin to ſuck in the delicious poiſon, which lulled his reaſon aſleep. He ſaid not a word more, he anſwered no more; he ſaw, he heard nothing but Sophia. If ſhe ſpoke, he was all attention; if ſhe caſt down her eyes, he did the ſame; if ſhe fetched her breath, he ſighed; and upon the whole, he ſeemed to be animated with the ſoul of Sophia. How greatly is he changed within a few minutes! It is no longer Sophia's turn to tremble, but Emilius's. Farewel liberty and open freedom. Confuſed, embarraſſed, afraid, he no longer dares to look about him, leſt he ſhould meet with the looks of the company. Aſhamed at having laid himſelf ſo open, he would be glad to be inviſible to all the world, that he might admire her at his leiſure. Sophia, on the contrary, recovers her ſpirits, upon ſeeing the trepidation of Emilius: ſhe perceives her triumph, and enjoys it.

Nol mostra già, benche in suo cor ne rida *.

She has not changed countenance; but notwithſtanding her modeſt mien, and downcaſt eye, her tender breaſt beats with joy, and tells her, that ſhe has found her Telemachus.

As I am entering here into an ingenuous, and perhaps too ſimple narrative of their innocent loves, this detail may be regarded by ſome as trifling, and unworthy of notice. But they who ſhould paſs ſuch a judgment, will find themſelves miſtaken. They do not ſufficiently conſider the influence which the firſt connexion between man and woman hath over the remainder of their lives. They do not perceive that an impreſſion, ſo ſtrong and ſo lively as that of love, is productive of a long chain of effects, which paſs unobſerved in a courſe of years, and nevertheleſs continue to operate till the day of their deaths. The common treatiſes on education give us a great many tedious pedantic diſcourſes concerning the chimerical duties of children; but not a word about that part of education, of all others the moſt difficult, and moſt important; namely, the critical tranſition from infancy to the ſtate of manhood. Could I render theſe eſſays in any manner uſeful to the public, it would be chiefly in having enlarged upon that eſſential part, omitted by all other writers, without being diſcouraged from this undertaking by a falſe delicacy, or deterred by the difficulties of language. If I have ſaid what is proper to be done, I have ſaid what I ought; it is of very little importance to me, whether it be conſidered as a romance. Human nature, indeed, is a fine ſubject of romance. If this ſubject is to be found only in the preſent compoſition, is that my fault? It ſhould be the hiſtory of my own ſpecies; it is you that ſpoil it; it is you that turn it into a romance.

* *She does not ſhew it, though ſhe laughs in her heart.*

Another

Another conſideration that corroborates the former, is, that we are not treating of a youth, who from his infancy has been a prey to fear, avarice, envy, pride, and to every paſſion whoſe agency is made uſe of in the ordinary educations; but of a youth who never before was ſmitten with love, and indeed never felt any kind of paſſion; and that this paſſion, perhaps the only one with which he will be ſtrongly affected during his whole life, completes his character. His manner of thinking, his ſentiments, his taſtes, will be fixed by a laſting inclination, and acquire an unalterable conſiſtency.

The reader may eaſily imagine, that after ſuch an adventure, Emilius and I ſhall not ſpend the whole night in ſleep. So then! I ſhall ſay, Is the ſimilarity of a name to have ſo great a power and influence over a man of ſenſe? Is there only one Sophia in the world? Do they all reſemble each other in mind as in name? Are all the Sophia's you meet with to be yours? Are you ſuch a fool as to fall in love with a ſtranger, whom you never ſaw before, and to whom you never ſpoke a word? Stay, young man, examine, and obſerve: you do not know where you are at preſent; to hear you talk, one would imagine you were in your own houſe.

But this is not the time for giving inſtructions; and theſe indeed are not made to be regarded; they only contribute to ſtrengthen the intereſt of Sophia, by exciting the youth to juſtify his paſſion. This ſimilitude of names, this fortuitous meeting, and even my reſervedneſs, do but irritate his vivacity; already does Sophia appear ſo lovely, ſo eſtimable in his eye, that he is certain of making me approve of his affection.

The next morning I had ſome notion that Emilius, notwithſtanding the roughneſs of his travelling equipage, would endeavour to adjuſt himſelf with a little more than ordinary care. Accordingly he did not fail; but I could not help laughing at his eagerneſs to make uſe of the gentleman's linen. I ſaw into his deſign,

deſign, and with pleaſure perceived, that by the reſtitution and exchange of apparel, he intended to eſtabliſh a kind of correſpondence with the family.

I likewiſe expected to find Sophia ſomewhat better arrayed than the preceding day: but here I found myſelf miſtaken. Vulgar coquettry is deſigned for perſons, in whoſe eye a woman intends only to be agreeable. That of true love is more refined; it has far different pretenſions. Sophia was dreſſed more ſimply, and even more negligently than the preceding day, yet with all the neatneſs imaginable. I can ſee no marks of coquettry in this careleſs apparel, but as it ſeems to imply affectation. She is ſenſible that a ſtudied dreſs denotes an intention to pleaſe; but ſhe is ignorant that the intention is alſo diſcloſed by a more negligent apparel; it ſhews that ſhe is not ſatisfied with endeavouring to pleaſe by borrowed embelliſhments, but that ſhe is alſo ambitious to captivate by the native beauty of her perſon. But how indifferent it is to a lover, in what manner the fair one is decorated, if he can but perceive that ſhe deigns to make him the object of her thoughts! Sophia having now eſtabliſhed her empire, is not content that Emilius's eyes are dazzled with admiring her charms, ſhe fain would engage his heart in the ſame contemplation; it is not enough for her that he beholds, ſhe would likewiſe have him ſuppoſe thoſe perfections. Has not he ſeen enough, to be obliged to gueſs at the reſt?

It is not to be ſuppoſed, that during the converſation between Emilius and me, Sophia and her mother were altogether mute. The daughter has been prevailed upon to make ſome confeſſions, and the mother has given her ſome uſeful inſtructions. The next morning they come fully prepared for a ſecond interview. It is not above twelve hours ſince our young people firſt beheld each other; they have not, as yet, interchanged a word, and yet it is evident there is a mutual communication of ſentiments. Their manner of accoſting is not familiar, but con-

fuſed

fuſed and timid; they utter not a ſyllable; they fix their eyes on the ground, as if they were afraid their looks ſhould meet; this ſhews how well they underſtand each other; they already perceive the neceſſity of being myſterious, before they have declared their minds. At our departure, we deſired they would permit us to make them another viſit, when we returned the things, which they were ſo complaiſant as to lend us. Emilius's lips aſked this permiſſion of the father and mother, while his eager eyes turned towards the daughter, and made a much warmer application to her for the ſame favour. Sophia ſaid not a word, and made no ſign; ſhe ſeemed to have loſt both her ſight and hearing, but over her cheeks was inſtantly diffuſed a modeſt bluſh, which gave a far more intelligible anſwer than that of her parents.

We were permitted to return, without being invited to ſtay. This was a very proper behaviour; they afforded ſhelter to travellers diſtreſſed for a night's accommodation; but it was not decent that a lover ſhould lie under the ſame roof with his miſtreſs.

No ſooner were we departed from that beloved manſion, than Emilius began to think of looking out for a lodging ſomewhere in the neighbourhood: already does the very next cottage appear to him immenſely diſtant. Fain would he lie in the dry ditch belonging to the caſtle. "Giddy youth! ſaid I to "him, in a compaſſionate tone, to be thus hurried "away by the impetuoſity of your paſſion! Have "you loſt ſight of the rules of decency and right "reaſon? Poor Emilius! you fancy yourſelf in love, "and yet you would diſgrace your miſtreſs! What "would the world ſay of her, when it came to be "known, that a young man, who had been lately entertained at her father's, has taken up his reſidence "in the neighbourhood? You ſay you love her! If "ſo, does it become you to injure her reputation? Is "this a proper return for the hoſpitality you received "from her parents? Will you bring ſhame on her,

"from

"from whom you expect your happineſs? Alas! an-
"ſwered he, with great vivacity, what occaſion have
"I to mind the idle diſcourſes of men, and their
"groundleſs ſuſpicions? Did not you yourſelf teach
"me to deſpiſe them? Who can tell better than I,
"how greatly I honour Sophia, and how deſirous I
"am to ſhew her my ſincereſt reſpects? My attach-
"ment will reflect no diſgrace, it will reflect glory on
"her unſpotted name; it will be worthy of her virtue.
"If wherever I go, my heart is ready to pay her the
"tribute of reſpect and ſubmiſſion due to her merit,
"in what can I be ſaid to give her offence? Dear
"Emilius, replied I with a tender embrace, you
"reaſon in your own favour; but you muſt alſo learn
"to reaſon in her behalf. There is no compariſon
"between the honour of the two ſexes; they are di-
"rected by quite different principles. Theſe are
"equally ſolid and rational, being equally founded
"in nature; for the ſame virtue which enables you
"to deſpiſe human obloquy, as it affects yourſelf,
"obliges you to regard it, as it concerns your miſ-
"treſs. Your honour is ſeated in your own breaſt,
"hers depends on opinion. To neglect hers, would
"be prejudicing your own; and you would not do
"juſtice to yourſelf, were an injury done to her
"through your fault."

Then I explained to him the reaſon of theſe differences, and made him ſenſible how unjuſt and abſurd it would be to diſregard them. I aſked who told him, that he was to be married to Sophia, a perſon to whoſe ſentiments he was a ſtranger, whoſe affections or whoſe parents were perhaps under a prior engagement, whom he himſelf did not know, and who very probably had none of thoſe conformities of diſpoſition, that are adapted to give happineſs to the marriage ſtate? Was he ignorant that the leaſt ſcandal is an indelible ſtain to a young woman; a ſtain, which even her marriage with the perſon who cauſed it cannot efface? Would a man of any ſenſibility chuſe to ruin the girl

he loves? Would a man of any honour condemn an unfortunate maid to endleſs tears, only for having had the misfortune to be agreeable in his eye?

The youth, alarmed with the conſequences which I ſet before him, and ready upon all occaſions to run into extremes, began now to think that he could never be at a ſufficient diſtance from Sophia. He therefore redoubled his pace, in order to accelerate his flight; he looked round to ſee whether there was no body liſtening; he would ſacrifice his happineſs, his life, nay, a thouſand lives, to the honour of her whom he adores; he would much rather be baniſhed for ever from her ſight, than give her the leaſt diſpleaſure. This is the firſt fruit of the care I took, during the whole courſe of his education, to form his heart to the ſoft impreſſions of love.

Our buſineſs now was to find an habitation at a proper diſtance from Sophia. Upon making a diligent inquiry, we were informed of a town about two leagues from thence. Pleaſed with this intelligence, we determined to ſeek out for a lodging in that town, rather than to reſide in any of the neighbouring villages, where our preſence might give umbrage. Here, at length, the new lover arrived, his heart tranſported with love, hope, and joy, and elevated with the ſublimeſt ſentiments of honour. Thus, by gradually enabling him, under the impulſe of a growing paſſion, to tread in the path of virtue, I inſenſibly determined his other propenſities in the ſame direction.

I perceive I am drawing near the expiration of my term. All the chief difficulties are overcome, the great obſtacles are ſurmounted; there remains nothing farther for me now, than not to ſpoil my work, by being in too great a hurry to come to a concluſion. Under the uncertainty of human life, let us chiefly avoid the pretended wiſdom of ſacrificing the preſent enjoyment to future expectations; this is oftentimes foregoing a reality for the ſake of a chimera. Let us promote the happineſs of man in

every ſtage of life, leſt after having beſtowed great pains on his education, he ſhould be ſnatched away by death, before he has taſted of pleaſure. Now if there be really a time for enjoying life, it is certainly towards the latter part of youth, when both the intellectual and corporeal faculties are in their greateſt vigour, and man having reached the middle of his courſe, has a better view of the two extremities, which render him ſenſible of the brevity of life. If young people are ſo imprudent as to be often deceived, it is not owing to their deſire of enjoyment, but to their ſeeking for it where it is not to be found; and to their being ſo extremely buſy about a miſerable futurity, that they have not time to make uſe of the preſent moment.

Conſider my Emilius, paſt the age of twenty, perfectly ſound in body and mind, ſtrong, robuſt, active, alert, endued with good ſenſe, good-nature, and humanity; prudent in his conduct, accurate in his taſte, fond of the beautiful, benevolent in his diſpoſition, free from the tyranny of tempeſtuous paſſions, and from the yoke of opinion, but ſubject to the law of wiſdom, and docile to the voice of friendſhip; poſſeſſed of all the uſeful, and ſeveral of the agreeable, talents; regardleſs of riches, depending for his ſupport on the ſtrength of his arms, and conſequently not afraid of wanting bread, let what will happen. Behold him now agitated with a growing paſſion: his heart kindles with the firſt flames of love; his pleaſing dreams fill his imagination with a new world of delight; he is in love with an object truly amiable, and more ſo for the beauties of her mind, than for thoſe of her perſon; he expects a return of affection, which he knows to be due to his ſincerity; it is in the ſympathy of hearts, in the concurrence of virtuous ſentiments, that their mutual inclination is founded. This inclination of courſe muſt be laſting; he reſigns himſelf with full confidence, and even with juſt reaſon, to a moſt enchanting delirium; he is void of all fear,

regret, or remorſe, and without any other inquietude than that with which the ſentiment of true happineſs is inſeparably connected. What can be wanting to complete his felicity? He is poſſeſſed of all the advantages that can be enjoyed at one time; nothing can be added but at the expence of ſomething that he poſſeſſes; he feels as much happineſs as is conſiſtent with the condition of humanity. Shall I now attempt to interrupt this ſtate of felicity? Shall I be ſo cruel as to diſturb this delightful ſcene of innocent pleaſure? His preſent bliſs forms the moſt precious moment of his whole life. What could I give him in return, that would be an equivalent to the bleſſing of which I had bereft him? Even in conſummating his happineſs, I ſhould deſtroy the moſt engaging circumſtance belonging to it. The laſt ſcene is far more pleaſing in idea, than in poſſeſſion; more bewitching while expected, than when enjoyed. O my dear Emilius, love, and be beloved again; long may'ſt thou enjoy, before thou poſſeſſeſt; enjoy at once love and innocence; make thy paradiſe on earth, whilſt thou expecteſt that of the heavenly abodes; I will not abridge this fortunate period of thy life; I had rather ſpin it out, and endeavour to protract the delightful inchantment. Alas! it muſt have an end, and very ſoon; but I will take care that it ſhall be for ever impreſſed in thy memory; and thou ſhalt not repent to have taſted of its ſweets.

Emilius does not forget that we muſt return the cloaths we have borrowed. As ſoon as they were got ready, we mounted our horſes, and rode away full gallop: he would be glad there were no intermediate ſpace, but that he could inſtantly arrive at the end of his journey. When once the heart is impreſſed with the paſſion of love, it becomes ſubject to ſollicitude and uneaſineſs. But if my labour has not been thrown away, he will not feel many ſuch ſcenes of inquietude.

Unluckily we found the road very bad, through a country interſected with woods. Emilius was the firſt

to

to take notice of our having loſt our way; yet he did not complain, or break out into any act of impatience, but uſed all his endeavours to get into the right road: we wandered about a conſiderable time, and he preſerved the ſame coolneſs and good temper. This, to you, reader, is of no moment; but I, who am ſo well acquainted with his natural warmth, could not help conſidering it as a very remarkable circumſtance: I perceived the good effect of that care I had taken to inure him, ever ſince his infancy, to the hard ſtrokes of neceſſity.

At length we arrived at the happy manſion. We met with a more open and obliging reception than the firſt time; for now we are old acquaintance. Emilius and Sophia ſaluted each other with ſome confuſion, but did not ſpeak a word; for what could they ſay in our preſence? The converſation they want, does not admit of witneſſes. We took a turn in the garden, one part of which was planted with all ſorts of vegetables for the uſe of the kitchen; the other was an orchard, covered with large fruit-trees of every kind, and interſected by purling rills, and by borders decked with flowers. What a charming place! cried Emilius, in an enthuſiaſtic rapture, his head filled with his favourite Homer; methinks I ſee the garden of Alcinous. The damſel, deſirous to know who was Alcinous, aſked her mother: Alcinous, ſaid I, was a king of Corcyra *, the deſcription of whoſe garden in Homer, is criticiſed by perſons of taſte as too ſimple and unadorned †. This Alcinous had a very amiable daughter,

* By the ancients called alſo Phæacia, now Corfu.

† Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
From ſtorms defended, and inclement ſkies:
Four acres was th'allotted ſpot of ground,
Fenc'd with a green incloſure all around.
Tall thriving trees confeſſed the fruitful mold;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;

daughter, who, the night before her father gave an hoſpitable entertainment to a ſtranger, dreamed that ſhe ſhould be ſoon bleſſed with a huſband. Sophia, quite abaſhed, caſt down her eyes, and bluſhed; in ſhort, it is impoſſible to expreſs her confuſion. Her father, who was pleaſed with increaſing it, put in his word, and ſaid, That the young princeſs went herſelf in perſon to waſh her robes by the river ſide: do you imagine, continued he, that ſhe would have diſdained to touch the dirty napkins, under a notion that they ſmelt of the fragments? Sophia, againſt whom this ſtroke was levelled, forgetting her natural timidity, excuſed herſelf with great ſpirit, by obſerving

The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail.
Each dropping pear, a following pear ſupplies,
On apples, apples, figs on figs ariſe:
The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here ordered vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th'united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening cluſters in the ſun;
Others to tread the liquid harveſt join,
The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r deſcry'd,
Here grapes diſcoloured on the ſunny ſide,
And there in autumn's riches purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole proſpect crown'd;
This thro' the gardens leads its ſtreams around,
Viſits each plant and waters all the ground.
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town beſtows;
To various uſe their various ſtreams they bring,
The people one, and one ſupplies the king.

Mr. Pope.

Such is the deſcription of the garden of Alcinous, in the ſeventh book of the Odyſſey, where to the eternal diſgrace of that old dotard Homer, and of the princes of his time, there were no arbours, ſtatues, caſcades, nor gravel walks;

that

that her papa was very ſenſible ſhe would waſh all the ſmall linen herſelf, were ſhe permitted to do it*; and that ſhe would with pleaſure have done ſtill more, had ſhe been commanded. While ſhe ſpoke theſe words, ſhe caſt a ſide glance at me, expreſſive of ſome inquietude, at which I could not forbear ſmiling; for I plainly perceived the motive that alarmed her innocent heart, and prompted her to ſpeak in her own defence. Her father was ſo cruel as to take her up, and to aſk her, by way of raillery, what buſineſs had ſhe to talk upon the occaſion, and what relation was there between her and the daughter of Alcinous? At this ſhe was thrown into ſuch confuſion and trembling, that ſhe was almoſt afraid to draw her breath, or to lift up her eyes. Charming girl! it is no longer time to diſſemble; you have already, even againſt your will, declared your ſentiments.

This little ſcene was ſoon over, and ſeemed to be forgot; luckily for Sophia, Emilius was the only one of the company who underſtood nothing of the matter. We continued our walk, and the young people, who at firſt kept by our ſide, found it difficult to conform to the ſlowneſs of our motion; inſenſibly they got before us, then they approached, and at length accoſted each other; and preſently we beheld them at a conſiderable diſtance. Sophia ſeemed to be very attentive and ſedate; Emilius ſpoke, and with a great deal of geſture; they did not appear to be in the leaſt tired of their converſation. In about an hour we turned back, and called to them to follow us; they complied, but moved in their turn with a very ſlow pace; it was viſible that they endeavoured to gain as much time as they poſſibly could. At length their converſation ſubſided all at once, as ſoon as they drew near enough to be overheard, and they redoubled their pace to join the company. Emilius accoſts us with an

* I own I think Sophia's mother in ſome meaſure deſerving our thanks, for not ſuffering her daughter to ſpoil, with waſhing, the fair hands that are ſo often to be kiſſed by Emilius.

open affectionate air; his eyes ſparkle with joy, and he turns them on a ſudden with ſome inquietude towards the mother of Sophia, to obſerve the manner of her reception. Sophia is far from behaving with the ſame eaſe and freedom; as ſhe approaches, ſhe appears quite confuſed to find herſelf tete-a-tete with a young man, though ſhe had been ſo often in the ſame ſituation with many others, without the leaſt embarraſſment, or without ever meeting with any kind of cenſure. She made up to her mother with all expedition, which put her ſomewhat out of breath, and ſhe muttered a few words of no great ſignificancy, as if ſhe would give to underſtand ſhe had been there for ſome time.

By the ſerenity painted on the countenances of the lovely pair, it plainly appeared that they had eaſed their innocent hearts of a heavy burden. Still they behaved with the ſame reſerve to each other, but were not ſo much embarraſſed. This reſerve was owing to the reſpect Emilius had for Sophia, to her modeſty, and the regard they both had to decency and good-manners. Emilius ſometimes ventures to ſpeak a few words; ſhe has the courage to anſwer him, but never without caſting an eye on her mother. The moſt conſiderable change in her behaviour, is in regard to me. She expreſſes a greater reſpect for me, ſhe gives me a kinder look, ſpeaks to me in a more affectionate manner, and ſeems attentive to every thing that can give me pleaſure: in ſhort I perceive that ſhe honours me with her eſteem, and that ſhe would be glad to obtain mine in return. I find that Emilius has ſaid ſomething to her about me; one would imagine they had laid their heads together, in order to gain me over to their intereſt: yet this was not the caſe; and Sophia herſelf is not ſo eaſy to gain. Perhaps he will have more occaſion for my intereſt with her, than for hers with me. Lovely couple!—Reflecting that the ſenſibility of my young friend has given me ſome importance in his firſt converſation with his miſtreſs,

miſtreſs, I am ſatisfied for my trouble, and amply paid by his friendſhip.

The viſits are repeated, and the converſations between our young people become more frequent. Emilius, deeply ſmitten, thinks he is near the ſummit of his wiſhes: yet he has obtained no formal conſent from Sophia; ſhe liſtens to what he ſays, and makes no anſwer. Emilius knows her modeſty, and is not in the leaſt ſurpriſed at her reſerve; he is ſenſible that it is the parents who generally marry their children, and ſuppoſes that Sophia only waits for an order from hers: he aſks her permiſſion to apply to them for leave, and ſhe does not oppoſe it. He ſpeaks to me, and I mention it to them in his name, and even in his preſence. But how great his ſurpriſe to hear that Sophia was her own miſtreſs, and that it depended upon herſelf intirely to make him happy! He begins then to be amazed at her behaviour, and his confidence diminiſhes. He is alarmed upon ſeeing himſelf not ſo far advanced as he imagined; and then in the warmth and tenderneſs of his paſſion, he has recourſe to all the powers of language to melt her to pity.

Emilius is not of ſuch a diſpoſition as to gueſs at any thing to his prejudice; unleſs he is made acquainted with it, he will never know it while he lives; and Sophia is too proud to let him into the ſecret. The difficulties which oppoſe her conſent, would rather be an encouragement to another in her ſituation; but ſhe has not forgot her parents inſtructions. She has but a ſlender fortune, and is very ſenſible that he is opulent. How greatly muſt he exert himſelf to deſerve her eſteem! What a ſtock of merit muſt he poſſeſs, to cancel this inequality? But how ſhould he think of theſe difficulties? Does Emilius know any thing concerning his riches? Does he once give himſelf the trouble to inquire about them? Thank heaven he has no occaſion at all for wealth; he has it in his power to be beneficent without it. The good he does, depends on

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his heart, and not on his purſe. He gives his time, his attendance, his affection, and even his perſon, to the wretched; and in eſtimating his deeds of humanity, he hardly thinks it worth notice to reckon the money he beſtows upon the indigent.

Not knowing whom to blame for his preſent diſgrace, he imputes the fault intirely to himſelf: for who would dare to repreſent the object he adores, as guilty of caprice? What an humiliation to his pride, to find his addreſſes rejected! He no longer approaches Sophia with the amiable confidence of a heart, which thinks itſelf worthy of hers; he is afraid, he trembles in her preſence. He ceaſes to entertain any hopes of conciliating her love, but thinks only of moving her to pity. His patience is ſometimes worn out, and ſpite and anger are ready to take its place. Sophia ſeems to foreſee theſe emotions, and caſts her eye towards her angry lover. One glance alone ſuppreſſes his reſentment, and fills his mind with fear; in ſhort, he becomes more ſubmiſſive than ever.

Afflicted and uneaſy at this ſtubborn reſiſtance, he unboſoms himſelf at length to his intimate friend. He intruſts him with the ſorrows of a love-ſick heart, and implores his advice and aſſiſtance. "How myſterious is her conduct! "That ſhe wiſhes me well, I have no manner of "doubt; for inſtead of avoiding, ſhe ſeems to be "pleaſed with my company. Whenever I arrive, "ſhe gives marks of joy, and expreſſes ſorrow at "my departure; ſhe accepts of my kind offices with "great good nature; ſhe ſeems to be pleaſed with "my attendance; ſhe ſometimes vouchſafes to give "me her advice, and even to favour me with her "orders. Yet ſhe rejects my vows, and my intreaties. Whenever I talk to her of the marriage "tie, ſhe commands me to be ſilent; and if I ſay "a word more, ſhe inſtantly retires. How preſpoſterous it is, that ſhe ſhould require me to be

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"entirely hers, without ever bearing to hear that "she should be also mine? As she has so great a re- "spect for you, and will not oblige you to be silent, "talk to her, and make her disclose her mind; "assist your friend, exert your courage, and let not "your care prove fatal to your pupil. Alas, the in- "structions he has received from you, will only ren- "der him miserable, unless you complete his happi- "ness."

I spoke accordingly to Sophia, and with some difficulty prevailed on her to reveal a secret, which I knew very well before she mentioned it. With greater difficulty did I at length obtain her permission to impart it to Emilius. The discovery threw him into the greatest surprize. He had no idea at all of such delicacy; he could not imagine that the difference of a little money should constitute a person's character and merit. When I told him the effect of prejudice, he burst into a laughter, and elated with joy, was going that very moment to renounce and relinquish his estate, in order to have the honour of being as poor as Sophia, and to render himself worthy of becoming her husband.

"So, so! said I, laying hold of him by the hand, "and smiling at his impetuosity; will this young "head of yours never ripen? and after philosophis- "ing all your life, will you never learn to reason? "Do not you perceive, that were you to follow your "own foolish project, you would render your situa- "tion worse, and Sophia more untractable? Small "is the advantage of having a few acres more than "her; but it would be a very considerable one, "were you to sacrifice them all for her sake; and if "her pride will not permit her to be indebted to "you for the former favour, how can you expect "she would ever submit to the latter? If she cannot "bear the thoughts that a husband should upbraid "her with having added to her fortune, will she have "patience to let him reproach her with having im-

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" poveriſhed himſelf on her account? Unhappy " youth! beware ſhe ſuſpects you of having formed " any ſuch project. So far from it, you ought to " become an œconomiſt, and be ſaving for her ſake, " leſt ſhe ſhould accuſe you of having attempted to " gain her by artifice; and of voluntarily parting " with what you would otherwiſe have loſt by your " negligence.

" Do you imagine, that in the main ſhe is afraid " of a large fortune, or that her refuſal proceeds " merely from your riches? No, my dear Emilius, it " is owing to a more ſubſtantial cauſe, to the diſpo- " ſition which generally ariſes in the mind of the poſ- " ſeſſor of wealth. She is ſenſible, that they who enjoy " the goods of fortune, prefer them to every other " conſideration in life; that the opulent reckon gold " far beyond merit; that in their eſtimation money " outbalances every thing; hence they imagine you " to be ſtill in their debt, after a whole life ſpent " in their ſervice, only becauſe they gave you a mor- " ſel of bread. How are you then to act, my Emilius, " in order to allay her fears? Let her be thoroughly " acquainted with your character; though this be a " work of ſome time. Let her ſee that your gene- " rous ſoul is poſſeſſed of internal treaſures, ſuffi- " cient to balance thoſe of fortune. By conſtancy " and perſeverance, ſurmount her oppoſition; by the " exertion of grand and generous ſentiments, oblige " her to forget your opulence. Shew her your love, " by your conſtant attendance on her perſon, and by " rendering good offices to her worthy parents. Con- " vince her, that your obſequiouſneſs is not the effect " of a tranſitory paſſion, but of principles indelibly " imprinted in the bottom of your heart. Pay due " honours to a woman of merit, on whom fortune " has frowned,; and it will be the only way of re- " conciling that woman to a man of merit, who " enjoys ſuch proſperity."

It is eaſy to imagine what pleaſure our youth received from this diſcourſe, and how greatly his confidence and hope were revived; how ſincerely he rejoiced, that he had nothing more to do in order to conciliate the affection of Sophia, than he would have voluntarily performed, if that young lady did not exiſt, or if ſhe never had been the object of his love. Whoever is but the leaſt acquainted with his character, will eaſily conceive in what manner he conducted himſelf on the occaſion.

Behold I am now become the confident of the young couple, and the mediator of their courtſhip! A fine employment for a governor! So fine, that I never performed any one tranſaction in my life, that raiſed me ſo high in my own eſteem, and afforded me ſuch inward ſatisfaction. Beſides, this employ was attended with other agreeable circumſtances: I was always welcome to the family; and they had a confidence in me, that I would take care to keep the lovers in good order. Emilius was ſo greatly afraid of diſobliging me, that he never ſhewed himſelf ſo docile during his whole life. The damſel almoſt killed me with kindneſs; yet I was not her dupe, for I attributed no more to myſelf than my due. Thus ſhe indirectly made herſelf amends for her forced reſtraint towards Emilius. She often careſſed the youth in the perſon of his maſter; but ſooner would ſhe have ſuffered death, than ſhew ſuch expreſſions of love and regard to himſelf; for his part, knowing that I would not prejudice his intereſts, he was infinitely delighted with the good underſtanding eſtabliſhed between us. When in walking ſhe refuſes to let him take hold of her arm, it is a conſolation to him, to think it is only with a view to give me the preference. He retires to ſome little diſtance without murmuring; but with an eye expreſſive of his ſollicitude, he ſays to me ſoftly, Friend, defend my cauſe. He follows us with his looks; he endeavours to read our countenance, and

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to interpret our diſcourſe by our geſtures; knowing that in every thing we ſay, he is intimately concerned. My good Sophia, how happy and content you are, that without being overheard by Telemachus, you can converſe with his Mentor? How amiable the freedom and openneſs, with which you ſuffer him to read every tranſaction of your heart! With what pleaſure you diſcloſe the high eſteem you entertain for his pupil! How affecting the ſincerity, with which you let him ſee into your moſt tender ſentiments! How artful the diſdain, with which you repel the importunate youth, when impatience obliges him to interrupt your converſe! How charming the emotion, with which you chide him for his indiſcretion, when he happens to hinder you from ſaying, or from liſtening to, ſomething in his praiſe, and from finding in our diſcourſe ſome new reaſons to ſtrengthen your love.

Emilius being thus admitted upon the footing of a lover, aſſerts the ſeveral rights belonging to that ſituation; he talks, he ſollicits, he importunes. If he receives a harſh anſwer, or an affront, he quite diſregards it, provided his petition be heard. At length he obtains, though not without difficulty, that Sophia will vouchſafe publicly to aſſume the authority of a miſtreſs, to preſcribe his ſeveral talks, to lay her commands upon him inſtead of intreating, to accept of his ſervices inſtead of thanking him, to regulate the number and time of his viſits, to forbid him from coming till ſuch a particular day, or to ſtay beyond a limited hour. This new government is ſettled in a ſolemn manner; and though ſhe reluctantly accepts of the ſupreme power, ſhe exerts it with ſuch rigour, as frequently makes poor Emilius repent he ever inveſted her with it. Whatever ſhe commands, he is ſure to obey; and it frequently happens, that in departing from her preſence, in obedience to her order, his eyes overflow with joy, and he looks at me, as if

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he ſaid: You ſee ſhe has taken poſſeſſion of my heart. In the mean time the haughty fair obſerves her conqueſt, and ſmiles at the pride of her ſlave.

Now would I invoke thoſe inimitable maſters, Albano and Raphael, to lend me their pencils, in order to draw a true repreſentation of exquiſite delight. And thou, divine Milton, teach my unſkilful pen, to deſcribe the pleaſures of love and innocence. Ah, no; rather hide your deluſive arts before the ſacred truths of nature. Reader, you need only to have your heart open to human feelings, and your mind to virtue, and then your imagination may take a free ſurvey of the tranſports of the two young lovers, who under the eye of their parents, and their conductor, give a full ſcope to the ſweet illuſion of this enchanting ſcene, and ſlowly advancing towards the term of their deſires, interweave with flowers the happy knot, which is to unite them together till their final diſſolution. Intoxicated with ſuch a variety of delightful images, I cannot obſerve their regular ſeries, and I put them together, without order or connexion. But give me a man of the leaſt ſenſibility, and I am ſure he will be able to form an idea of the agreeable ſituation of the parents and the daughter, of the governor and his pupil, and of their joint concurrence to the union of the moſt charming pair, that love and virtue ever crowned with happineſs.

Emilius having now a real ambition to pleaſe his miſtreſs, begins to be ſenſible of the value of his agreeable acquirements. Sophia is fond of ſinging: he joins with her in concert, nay, he does more, he teaches her muſic. She is active and lively, and likes the nimble trip: he changes her ſteps into a regular pace, by which ſhe acquires new graces, and becomes complete in the art of dancing. Leſſons ſo charming, are animated by a youthful gaiety, which diminiſhes the baſhful timidity of love: a

lover

lover is allowed to give thoſe leſſons with rapture; he is permitted to act as maſter towards his miſtreſs.

There was an old harpſichord in the houſe, quite out of tune: Emilius fitted it up, and put it in order. He is a muſical inſtrument-maker as well as a joiner; for he had ever laid it down as a maxim, not to require the aſſiſtance of another, in whatever he was capable of doing with his own hands. The houſe being moſt agreeably ſituated, he made ſeveral drawings of it in different points of view, and Sophia having given the finiſhing touches to ſome, hung them up in her father's cabinet. They had no gilt frames, neither did they ſtand in need of ſuch ornaments. By ſeeing Emilius's deſigns, ſhe has imitated his manner, and is arrived at a great degree of perfection; in ſhort, ſhe cultivates all the polite arts, and theſe receive a new luſtre from her charms. Her parents ſeeing themſelves ſurrounded by ſuch ingenious productions, recall to mind their ancient opulence, which they valued only as it contributed to the encouragement of artiſts and men of abilities. Their whole houſe is now adorned by love; love alone has furniſhed them with thoſe ornaments, which in the former part of their life uſed to be attended with great trouble and expence.

As the idolater decks the object of his worſhip with his moſt valuable treaſures, and embelliſhes the altar he has erected to the deity with all ſorts of ornaments; juſt ſo the lover likes to ſee his miſtreſs completely adorned; he is inceſſantly deſirous of adding to her charms. She has need of none, to be agreeable in his eye; but it is neceſſary for him to be employed in her decorations: this is a new homage he thinks due to her merit; an additional pleaſure to that which he takes in admiring her perſon. It ſeems to him, as if nothing beautiful were in its proper place, when it does

not adorn the object of his worſhip. It is an affecting, and at the ſame time a ridiculous ſight, to behold Emilius ſo eager to teach Sophia all he knows, without conſulting whether it be agreeable to her taſte, or proper for her to learn. He ſpeaks to her about every ſubject, he explains it to her with a puerile impatience; he believes he need only to open his mouth, and ſhe will underſtand him immediately; he anticipates the pleaſure he ſhall have in reaſoning and philoſophiſing with her; every acquirement that he cannot diſplay to her view, he conſiders as uſeleſs; he is almoſt aſhamed to know any thing, of which ſhe is ignorant.

Behold him now employed in giving leſſons on natural philoſophy, mathematics, hiſtory, and, in ſhort, on every art and ſcience. Sophia is pleaſed with his communicative diſpoſition, and endeavours to improve by it. If Emilius can but prevail to let him deliver his leſſons to her upon his knees, how great his content! He thinks he beholds the heavens opened. Yet this ſituation is more uneaſy to the ſcholar than to the maſter; and is not at all favourable to inſtruction. You know not, in that caſe, how to avoid thoſe eyes that are in ſearch of yours; and if they happen to meet, the leſſon is not much forwarded.

The art of thinking is not foreign to women, but they ought only to ſkim the ſurface of abſtruſe ſciences. Sophia apprehends every thing very well, but does not retain any great matter. Her chief progreſs is in ethics, and in things of taſte; as to phyſics, ſhe retains only an imperfect idea of the general laws and ſyſtem of the world. In taking a walk, they ſometimes contemplate the wonders of nature, and then their pure and innocent minds dare to raiſe themſelves to the conſideration of the ſupreme Author. They are not afraid of him, they jointly expand their hearts in his preſence.

What! ſhall two lovers, in the bloom of youth, employ their private meetings in talking of religion?

Shall they ſpend their time in ſaying their catechiſm? Of what uſe is it to debaſe ſublimity? There is no doubt but they converſe on that ſubject, pleaſed with its illuſion; they ſee their own perfections, they love one another, and they are led by a kind of enthuſiaſm to diſcourſe on the reward of virtue. The ſacrifices they offer up at its altar, render it dear to them. In the midſt of ſome of their tranſports, which they are obliged to reſtrain, they mingle their tears; tears purer than the dew of heaven, tears ſo delicious, as to create the moſt exquiſite rapture; in ſhort, they are in the moſt bewitching delirium that the human mind is capable of enjoying. Even their denials are an honourable ſacrifice, and make an addition to their happineſs. Men, who are ſlaves to their inordinate luſts, will come to know theſe pleaſures, and regret the happy time, in which they refuſed to partake of ſuch pure enjoyments.

Notwithſtanding this good underſtanding, they ſometimes happen to differ, and even to be at variance: the miſtreſs is not exempt from caprice, nor the lover from paſſion; but theſe little ſtorms are ſoon blown over, and only contribute to cement their union. Emilius learns to be leſs afraid of them; for by experience he finds that he gains more by treaties of reconciliation, than he loſes by open quarrels. The effect that followed from the firſt, makes him flatter himſelf that he ſhall be equally ſucceſsful in the reſt: however, he is miſtaken. But if he does not obtain ſo viſible an advantage, ſtill he is always a gainer, by receiving undoubted proofs of Sophia's ſincerity and affection. Should you be deſirous to know the nature of this advantage, I will indulge you the more readily, as it affords me an opportunity of eſtabliſhing a very uſeful maxim, and at the ſame time of refuting another of the moſt dangerous tendency.

Emilius is a lover, of courſe he does not behave with temerity to his miſtreſs; and on the other hand,

Sophia is a girl of too much ſpirit to ſuffer him to uſurp any familiarities. Diſcretion has its limits; that of Sophia borders more on ſeverity than on indulgence; nay, her own father is frequently under apprehenſion, leſt her great reſerve ſhould degenerate into pride and haughtineſs. Even in the moſt private converſations, Emilius dares not ſollicit, nor pretend to the leaſt indulgence: when in walking ſhe thinks proper to take hold of him, which ſhe always conſiders as a great favour, he hardly preſumes, in fetching a ſigh, to preſs her arm gently to his breaſt. Yet after a long conſtraint, he ventured to ſteal a kiſs of the hem of her robe, and he was ſeveral times ſo fortunate, that ſhe thought proper to let it paſs unobſerved. One day he wanted to take this freedom in a more open manner, and ſhe found great fault with it. He inſiſted, and ſhe grew obſtinate; in her anger ſhe dropped ſome haſty expreſſions; Emilius would not let them paſs without making a reply; the remainder of the day was ſpent in pouting, and they parted very much diſpleaſed with each other.

Sophia was not at all eaſy in her mind. She could not conceal her inquietude from her mother, who was her only confidante. This was her firſt quarrel; and ſeemed to be too trifling an affair to be attended with any conſequence. She was ſorry however for her miſtake; her mother gave her leave, and her father commanded her, to repair it.

The next day Emilius, labouring under great anxiety, returned before his uſual time. Sophia was at her mother's toilette, and her father was alſo in the ſame apartment. Emilius entered the room with great reſpect, his air ſomewhat melancholy. Scarce had the father and mother ſaluted him, when Sophia turned about, and offering him her hand, inquired in a very affectionate manner after his health. It is obvious that ſo fair a hand was not extended, but in order to

be kiſſed; Emilius took hold of it, but did not preſs it to his lips. Sophia, ſomewhat abaſhed, drew it back with as good a grace as ſhe poſſibly could. Emilius, unaccuſtomed to the manners of women, and not knowing the nature of capriciouſneſs, ſtill reſented yeſterday's behaviour. Sophia's father ſeeing her embarraſſed, completed her confuſion by a good deal of raillery. The poor girl, in her preſent humiliation and diſgrace, is at a loſs what to do, and would give all the world ſhe could indulge her tears. The more conſtraint ſhe uſed, the more her heart was ſwelled, and at length a tear guſhed from her eye againſt her will. Emilius ſees the pearly drop, throws himſelf upon his knees, takes hold of her hand, and gives it a thouſand kiſſes. Indeed you are too good, ſaid the father, burſting into a loud fit of laughter; for my part, I ſhould have leſs indulgence for thoſe giddy creatures, and I ſhould puniſh the mouth that had preſumed to offend me. Emilius, emboldened by this ſpeech, turned a ſuppliant eye towards the mother, and thinking he perceived a ſign of conſent, trembling approached Sophia's face; ſhe turned her head aſide, and, to ſave her lips, expoſed a bluſhing cheek that vied with the damaſk roſe. The eager youth would not bear a repulſe, and ſhe made but a faint reſiſtance. How ambroſial a kiſs, had it not been taken in a mother's preſence! Sophia, beware of ſeverity: you will be often aſked the permiſſion to kiſs your gown, on condition of your ſometimes refuſing to grant it.

After this exemplary puniſhment, the father went out upon buſineſs, and the mother ſent Sophia away under ſome pretext; then addreſſing herſelf to Emilius, ſhe ſpoke the following words in a very grave accent: "Sir, I ſhould imagine that a young man of "your parts and education, endued with ſuch ſenti-"ments and principles of virtue, would not repay "with diſhonour, the civilities he had received from "an honourable family. For my part, I am not

"moroſe, nor am I a prude; I know what indul-
"gences are to be allowed to youth; and the ſcene
"that has lately paſſed in my own preſence, is a ſuf-
"ficient proof of what I affirm. Conſult your friend
"in regard to your duties, and he will tell you the
"difference between the liberties allowed in the pre-
"ſence of a father and mother, and thoſe uſurped in
"their abſence, by abuſing their confidence, and by
"making ſnares of thoſe very favours, which, un-
"der their eye, may be extremely innocent. He will
"tell you, Sir, that my daughter was guilty of no
"other fault in regard to you, than that of not tak-
"ing notice the very firſt time, of what ſhe never
"ought to have permitted. He will let you know,
"that whatever is taken as a favour, becomes really
"ſuch; and that it is unworthy of a man of honour
"to abuſe the ſimplicity of a young girl, in order
"to uſurp thoſe ſame liberties in private, which ſhe
"may freely indulge before all the world. For it is
"well known what decency is capable of tolerating
"in public; but no one can tell where a perſon will
"ſtop, who affects to be myſterious, and erects him-
"ſelf as ſole judge of his own whimſies."

As ſoon as the good mother had finiſhed her juſt reprimand, which ſhe ſeemed to direct rather to me than to my pupil, ſhe withdrew, and left me quite ſurpriſed at her ſingular prudence, who looked upon it as nothing to ſee a kiſs impreſſed on her daughter's lips in her own preſence, but ſeemed frightened that her lover ſhould preſume to touch her robe with his lips in private. When I reflect on the abſurdity of our maxims, by which real virtue is ever ſacrificed to decency, I underſtand why our language is much chaſter, in proportion as our hearts are more corrupt; and how it comes that our dealings are more exact, in proportion as thoſe who conduct them are more diſhoneſt.

Hence I took an opportunity to make Emilius acquainted with ſome part of his duty, in which indeed

he ought to have been earlier inſtructed. In the courſe of our converſation there occurred to me a new reflexion, which perhaps does the greater honour to Sophia, though I took particular care not to mention it to her lover. It is very clear that this pretended haughtineſs, of which ſhe is accuſed, is no more than a precaution to guard againſt her own weakneſs. Knowing how eaſy her heart is inflamed, ſhe dreads the leaſt ſpark of fire, and endeavours to avoid it. She is not ſevere through pride, but through humility. She aſſumes that empire over Emilius, which ſhe thinks ſhe has not over Sophia. Had ſhe more confidence in her own ſtrength, ſhe would be leſs haughty. Remove that difficulty, and you will find no girl in the world more eaſy and more obliging. Who is more patient upon receiving an offence? Who is more afraid of giving one? And does ſhe pretend to any thing but to virtue? Neither is ſhe proud of her virtue; ſhe only deſires to preſerve it; and when ſhe can indulge the inclination of her heart without any riſk, ſhe is ready to careſs her lover. But her diſcreet mother does not acquaint even her huſband with all theſe particulars; it is not proper that the men ſhould be let into the whole ſecret.

Sophia, inſtead of ſeeming to grow proud of her conqueſt, is become much more affable, and condeſcending to all the world, except perhaps to the only perſon who produced this alteration. No longer is her generous heart elated with the idea of independence. She modeſtly enjoys a victory, which was attended with the loſs of her liberty. Her carriage is leſs diſengaged, and her ſpeech more timid, ſince ſhe no longer hears the name of a lover without bluſhing. But an air of content appears amidſt her confuſion, and even her bluſhes are not cauſed by a diſagreeable ſenſation. The difference of her behaviour is obſerved by the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood, whenever they happen to pay her father a viſit.

Since

Since ſhe is no longer afraid of thoſe ſparks, her reſerve towards them is much diminiſhed. Having fixed her choice, ſhe makes no difficulty to behave agreeably to indifferent perſons; ſhe is leſs ſevere in regard to their merit, ſince it no longer gives her any concern; and ſhe finds them amiable enough, for people with whom ſhe has no ſort of connexion.

Could real love make uſe of coquettry, I fancy I ſhould find ſome traces of it in Sophia's behaviour towards thoſe young men, in the preſence of her lover. One would think, that not ſatisfied with captivating his heart, by a delicate mixture of reſerve and careſſes, ſhe is not at all diſpleaſed to irritate his paſſion by ſome degree of inquietude. One would imagine, that while ſhe diverts herſelf with thoſe young gueſts, her deſign is to render thoſe liberties, which ſhe dare not take with her lover, an object of his jealouſy. But Sophia is too tender, too good-natured, too wiſe, to give him any real torment. To temper this dangerous incentive, love and honour ſupply the place of prudence; ſhe knows when to excite, and when to calm his fears; and though ſhe ſometimes makes him uneaſy, ſhe never drives him to deſpair. If ſhe raiſes an inquietude in her lover's breaſt, it is becauſe ſhe is afraid of never being ſufficiently ſecured of his affection; and on that principle her conduct may perhaps be excuſable.

But what effect will this little artifice have on the mind of Emilius? Will he be jealous, or not? This is what we muſt now examine; for digreſſions of this kind coincide with the main deſign of the preſent work.

I have already ſhewn how in matters dependent on opinion, this paſſion is introduced into the human breaſt. But in love, the affair is differently conducted; jealouſy ſeems then to ſpring from nature, and the example of brute animals, ſeveral of which are actuated by jealouſy to a degree of madneſs, appears to eſtabliſh this notion beyond all contradiction. Is

it human opinion, that learns the cocks to fight ſo cruelly, and bulls to gore one another to death?

An averſion to whatever interrupts or obſtructs our pleaſures, is doubtleſs a natural emotion. The ſame may be ſaid in ſome degree, with regard to the deſire of poſſeſſing the object that gives us pleaſure. But when this deſire becomes a paſſion, and is tranſformed into a gloomy ſullenneſs, or phrenſy, known by the name of jealouſy, it is quite a different thing; the paſſion may, or may not be natural, according to the different ſpecies of animals, that are under its influence.

The example drawn from the brute creation, has been already conſidered in the diſcourſe on the inequality of mankind; and upon a review of the ſubject, it appears to me to have been ſo well canvaſſed in the abovementioned diſcourſe, that I may venture to refer the reader to the peruſal of it. I ſhall only add to the diſtinctions made in that treatiſe, that the jealouſy derived from nature, depends greatly on the power or ability of the ſex; and when this power either is, or appears to be, unlimited, the jealouſy then is at its greateſt height. For as the male, under that circumſtance, meaſures his rights by his wants, he is incapable of beholding another male, in any other light than as a competitor. Among thoſe animals, the females always obeying the firſt comer, belong to the males only by right of conqueſt; and of courſe the latter are thereby expoſed to a ſtate of perpetual war.

But in ſpecies, where the communication of the ſexes is made by pairs, and their coupling produces a kind of moral tie, or a ſort of marriage, the female appertains to the male, to whom ſhe has voluntarily reſigned herſelf: the conſequence then is, that ſhe generally refuſes to admit any other male but him; and the male, looking upon this choice or preference as a mark or ſecurity of her affection, is

leſs

leſs anxious about the pretenſions of other males, and leads a more peaceable life. Among theſe ſpecies, the male partakes of the care of the little ones; and the female, in purſuance of a natural law, which we cannot reflect on without being greatly affected, ſeems to make a proper return to the father, for the attachment he bears to his offspring.

Now, if we conſider the human ſpecies in its primitive ſimplicity, it is obvious, from the limited ability of the male, and the moderation of his deſires, that it was the deſign of nature he ſhould be contented with a ſingle female. This is further confirmed, by the numerical equality of individuals of both ſexes, at leaſt in our part of the world; an equality which is far from obtaining in thoſe ſpecies, where many females are, by ſuperiority of ſtrength, ſubjected to a ſingle male. And although man does not brood like a dove, nor are his breaſts furniſhed with milk to ſuckle his offspring, and therefore, in that reſpect, he is in the ſame claſs as quadrupeds; yet children are ſo long in a feeble, helpleſs ſtate, that both the mother and they would hardly be able to ſubſiſt, without the attachment and conſequential aſſiſtance of the father.

From the whole of theſe obſervations it plainly follows, that the jealous fury of males, in ſome ſpecies of animals, is not at all concluſive in regard to man. And even the exception of the eaſtern climates, where polygamy is eſtabliſhed, ſeems rather to corroborate this principle, ſince the tyrannical precaution of huſbands, is owing to the plurality of wives; and the conſciouſneſs of his own weakneſs, induces man to have recourſe to conſtraint, in order to elude the laws of nature. In Europe, where theſe very laws are, in a contrary ſenſe, more odiouſly eluded, jealouſy is founded rather in the ſocial paſſions, than in the original inſtinct. In moſt intrigues, and matters of gallantry, the lover has a greater hatred for his rival, than affection for his miſtreſs;

miſtreſs; if he is afraid that he is not the only perſon who meets with a kind reception, this is the effect of pride, the ſource of which I have already pointed out, ſo that his vanity is a greater ſufferer than his love. Beſides, the abſurdity of our cuſtoms has rendered the ſex ſo full of diſſimulation *, and has kindled their appetites to ſuch a degree, that we can hardly depend on the ſincerity of their affection in any caſe whatever; nether are they able to give us any teſtimonies of preference, that will ſecure us from the fear of a rival.

In regard to real love, the caſe is vaſtly different. That this ſentiment is not ſo natural as we imagine, I have demonſtrated in a treatiſe already quoted; for there is a prodigious difference between that habitual conformity, by which a man grows fond of his wife, and the bewitching illuſion, which intoxicates us with ideal charms, and inſtead of exhibiting the real form of the object, amuſes us with chimerical beauties. This paſſion breathes nothing but excluſive enjoyment, but ſole poſſeſſion and preference: in this reſpect alone it differs from vanity, the latter requiring great conceſſions, and making none, is always unjuſt; while love, by giving as much as it aſks, is in its own nature an equitable ſenſation. Beſides, the more it requires, the greater its credulity: the ſame illuſion that gives it birth, renders it eaſy to perſuade. If love be filled with inquietude, eſteem is ſupported by confidence; and never did love without eſteem reſide in a virtuous heart; for in the object beloved we are ſuppoſed only to love thoſe qualities, on which we ſet a value.

* The diſſimulation here meant, is different from that which becomes the ſex, and which is founded in nature: the one conſiſts in diſguiſing their real ſentiments, the other in pretending to a paſſion to which they are ſtrangers. The women, over all the world, ſpend their lives in boaſting of their pretended ſenſibility, and at the ſame time they have no affection, but for their own dear ſelves.

This

This being premiſed, it is eaſy to determine what kind of jealouſy will diſturb the peace of Emilius; for ſince this paſſion can ſcarce be ſaid to grow naturally in the heart of man, its form intirely depends on education. Emilius, actuated by love and jealouſy, will not be choleric, miſtruſtful, and ſuſpicious, but delicate, ſenſible, and timorous; he will be eaſier alarmed, than provoked; he will ſtudy more to win his miſtreſs, than to intimidate his rival; he will remove him, if he can, to ſome diſtance, as an obſtacle to his happineſs, without hating him as an enemy; if he hates him, it is not for having had the preſumption to conteſt a heart with him, to which he lays claim, but on account of the real danger of loſing it. He will not be ſo proud and unjuſt, as to be offended that another ſhould enter into a competition with him: fully convinced that the right of preference is intirely founded on merit, and that honour depends on victory, he will redouble his efforts to render himſelf amiable, and in all probability he will be crowned with ſucceſs. The generous Sophia, while ſhe awakens his love by ſoft alarms, knows how to regulate theſe motions, and to make him amends for his inquietude: the rivals, who were admitted to enter the liſts only to try his conſtancy, will be ſoon diſcarded.

But whither have I inſenſibly wandered? O Emilius, what is become of thee? Haſt thou any marks of my pupil remaining? How greatly art thou fallen? Where is the youth trained up to hardſhip, who defied the rigour of the ſeaſons, who inured his body to the ſevereſt labour, and his mind to the laws of wiſdom; who was inacceſſible to the miſrepreſentations of prejudice, or to the impulſe of paſſion; who loved nothing but the truth, who ſubmitted to reaſon alone, and had no connexion with outward objects? Lulled at preſent by indolent repoſe, he ſuffers himſelf to be ſwayed by women; their amuſements are his ſtudy, their will his laws; a young

girl

girl determines his fate; he creeps and cringes in her preſence; in ſhort, the grave Emilius is bandied about by a child like a ſhuttlecock.

Thus do the ſcenes of life continually vary; each age has its ſprings, by which it is ſet in motion; but man is always the ſame. At ten years old, he is led by plum-cakes; at twenty by a miſtreſs; at thirty by ſports and paſtimes; at forty by ambition; at fifty by avarice. When does he make wiſdom his ſole purſuit? Happy he, who is made to tread its paths, even againſt his will! Little does it ſignify what guide we make uſe of, provided he conducts us to our journey's end. Men eminent for bravery and wiſdom, have paid this tribute to human weakneſs; and he whoſe fingers handled the diſtaff, did not ceaſe to be a hero.

If you are really deſirous of extending the good effects of a virtuous education to every part of life, take care that your pupil continues, during the whole time of his youth, in the ſame exerciſes as he practiſed in his infancy; and when he has attained his utmoſt improvement, let him never deviate from that mark. This is the finiſhing ſtroke you are to give to your work. It is chiefly for this purpoſe, a youth ought to be ſtill under the direction of his governor; for there is very little danger but he will know how to make love by himſelf. Perſons employed in the education of children, and eſpecially parents, have been led to imagine, that the occupations of one ſtage of life exclude thoſe of another; and that youths ſhould relinquiſh every thing they practiſed at the time they were boys. Were this the caſe, of what advantage would it be to have the care of children? Since the good or bad uſe they would make of it, muſt vaniſh together with their infancy; and when they enter into a different manner of living, they muſt neceſſarily aſſume quite oppoſite ways of thinking.

As

As none but violent diſeaſes can obliterate the memory, ſo none but violent paſſions can produce an intire change in the manners. Although our taſtes and inclinations are ſubject to change, yet this change, though frequently abrupt, is ſomewhat ſoftened by habit. In the ſucceſſion of our inclinations, as in a proper degradation of colours, the able artiſt knows how to render the tranſitions imperceptible, to confound and mingle the tints, that none may be too glaring, but be properly diffuſed over his work. This rule is confirmed by experience: people of immoderate paſſions change their affections, taſtes, and ſentiments, every day, and are conſtant in nothing but in their inconſtancy: but a regular man returns always to his ancient practices; nor does he even in his old age loſe the reliſh for pleaſures, of which he was fond in his infancy.

If you ſee that your pupil, in advancing to another ſtage, does not expreſs a contempt for that which he has quitted, and in contracting new habits, ſtill preſerves the old ones; that he ever accuſtoms himſelf to do what is right, without regard to the time when the practice commenced; then, and then only, can you be ſaid to have formed his mind, and to have given the finiſhing ſtroke to the great work of education. The moſt important criſis is that which happens at the ſtage now under your direction. As it is a period we always regret, the inclinations and taſtes acquired, during this time, are not ſo eaſily loſt; but if they are once diſcontinued, we never afterwards recover them.

The greateſt part of thoſe habits, which you imagine to be contracted by children, are not real; they are the effect of force, and young people being ſtill obliged to continue them againſt their will, only wait for a favourable opportunity of ſhaking off the yoke. We do not imbibe a reliſh for confinement, by lying in jail; on the contrary, ſuch a habit, inſtead of diminiſhing,

miniſhing, augments the averſion. It is not thus with Emilius: having employed himſelf in his infancy in nothing but in voluntary and pleaſing exerciſes, by continuing to act in the ſame manner when grown up, he only adds the empire of habit to the ſweets of liberty. An active life, manual labour, exerciſe and motion, are ſo far become neceſſary to him, that he could not diſcontinue them, without expoſing himſelf to a great inconveniency. To reduce him all at once to an effeminate ſedentary life, would be impriſoning him, would be confining him to a ſtate of violence and conſtraint; and I make no doubt but both his temper and his health would thereby ſuffer a conſiderable alteration. He can ſcarcely draw his breath in a cloſe apartment; he muſt have open air, with exerciſe and motion. Even at Sophia's feet, he can hardly refrain from caſting his eye obliquely on the country, as if he were deſirous to rove in her company. He abides in a place, when he is obliged to it; but he is reſtleſs and uneaſy; he toſſes to and fro, yet does not ſtir far from the ſpot, becauſe he is chained. You will tell me then, that I have expoſed him to new neceſſities: this is very true, becauſe I have made him ſubject to the ſtate of humanity.

Emilius is in love with Sophia: but what were the charms that firſt engaged his affection? Good ſenſe, virtue, and the love of things decent and honourable. By approving this love in his miſtreſs, was he to be diveſted of it himſelf? On the other hand, at what price did Sophia ſet her affections? At no leſs than that of every virtuous ſentiment with which the heart of her lover is endued: the eſteem of true goods, frugality, ſimplicity, a generous diſintereſtedneſs, a contempt of grandeur and riches. Emilius was poſſeſſed of theſe virtues, before they were enacted of him by his miſtreſs. In what then is he really altered? He has new reaſons for being himſelf; this

this is the only point in which he differs from what he was in his former ſituation.

I do not imagine that any perſon whatever, upon a careful peruſal of this work, can believe, that all the circumſtances in which Emilius is now ſituated, ſhould have been the effect of chance. Is it by chance that when cities abound with ſuch a number of amiable girls, the delight of his heart ſhould be found in ſo diſtant a retreat? Is it by chance that he has this happy interview? Is it by chance they have made a mutual change of hearts? Is it owing to chance they cannot lodge in the ſame habitation? Is it owing to chance there is no accommodation for him, but at ſuch a diſtance from her father's? Is it, in fine, the effect of chance that he ſees her ſo ſeldom, and that he is obliged to purchaſe the pleaſure of a few viſits, with the toil and fatigue of ſuch a number of journeys? You ſay he grows effeminate. On the contrary, he becomes more inured to hardſhip; and he muſt be as robuſt as I have ſuppoſed him, to be able to undergo the fatigues to which he ſubmits in obedience to Sophia.

He lodges ſix miles from her father's houſe. So great a diſtance fans the fire of love, and by this I temper Cupid's darts. If they lived next door to each other, or he could viſit her, gently lolling in a convenient coach, he would love her at his eaſe, he would love her after the Pariſian mode. Would Leander have been willing to die for the ſake of Hero, if they had not been ſeparated by the ſea? Reader, forgive me ſhould I want words; if you are formed to underſtand me, you will trace my rules through all my details.

The firſt time we went to ſee Sophia, we took horſes for the greater expedition. This way of travelling we found extremely convenient, ſo that we continued it till the fifth viſit. We were expected that day, and upon our approach, within half a league of the houſe, we eſpied ſome company upon the road.

road. Emilius obſerved this circumſtance, his heart panted, he approached, and perceived Sophia; inſtantly he diſmounted, and eagerly advancing towards the lovely family, he threw himſelf at their feet. Emilius being fond of fine horſes, had rode one of great mettle and fire; the creature finding himſelf at liberty, ran away acroſs the fields: I rode after him full gallop, with great difficulty overtook him, and brought him back. Unluckily Sophia is afraid of a horſe, ſo that I durſt not approach her. Emilius takes no notice of what paſſed; but Sophia whiſpers in his ear, and acquaints him with the trouble to which he had put his friend. Emilius runs up quite abaſhed, and takes the horſes, for it is but fair every one ſhould have his turn. He galloped then before us, in order to put them up in the ſtable. Being obliged to leave Sophy behind him, he no longer thinks a horſe ſo convenient a carriage. He returns quite out of breath, and meets us half way.

At the next viſit, Emilius would ride no longer. Why ſo? ſaid I. We need only to take a ſervant with us to look after the horſes. Ah! ſaid he, ſhall we put the worthy family to ſo much expence? You ſee they are ready to maintain us all, men and horſes. True, replied I, they have the noble hoſpitality that diſtinguiſhes the indigent. The rich, with an avarice that diſgraces their pride, entertain their friends only; but the poor afford entertainment alſo to their friends and horſes. Let us walk it, ſaid he; have not you ſufficient courage for that, you who are ſo ready to partake of the toilſome pleaſures of your pupil? With all my heart, anſwered I immediately; and indeed we ſhould not make love with ſo much parade.

As we drew near, we met the mother and the daughter at a greater diſtance than the time before. We had walked prodigiouſly faſt. Emilius was all in a ſweat; and the lovely Sophia vouchſafed to draw her handkerchief over his cheeks. After ſo great a favour,

vour, the fineſt horſes in the world would not have tempted us to ride.

Yet it is a cruel circumſtance, that we cannot ſpend an evening together. The ſummer is upon the decline, and the days begin to diminiſh. Notwithſtanding all we can ſay, we are never permitted to make our viſit after dinner; and unleſs we come in the morning, we are obliged to depart almoſt as ſoon as we have arrived. The mother, at length, after expreſſing great uneaſineſs about us, thinks, that though it would not be decent to entertain us all night in her houſe, we might find ſome accommodation in the village, to lie there occaſionally. At theſe words Emilius clapped his hands, and leaped for joy: and all that day Sophia ſeemed to be particularly fond of her mother.

By frequent viſits we grew better acquainted, and at length we eſtabliſhed an intimate familiarity and friendſhip. On the days appointed by Sophia, or by her mother, I generally accompanied my friend; and ſometimes I permitted him to pay a viſit by himſelf. Confidence elevates the mind; beſides, we ought not to treat a man like a child: and what progreſs ſhould I have made, if my pupil did not deſerve my eſteem? I happened ſometimes to go without him; then he was melancholy, but did not murmur; for what would his murmurings ſignify? And beſides, he was very ſenſible I would not prejudice his intereſts. But whether we joined company, or went by ourſelves, it may be imagined that we were prevented by no weather; nay, we were proud of arriving in ſuch a plight, as ſhould attract the pity of the family. Unfortunately Sophia deprives us of this honour; ſhe lays her commands that we ſhall not ſet out in bad weather. This was the only time I obſerved her to deviate from the rules I had dictated to her in private.

One day that he went by himſelf, and I did not expect him till the next morning, I found him returned the ſame evening: upon which I ſaid, as I embraced

him, What, my dear Emilius, art thou come back to thy friend! But instead of returning my caresses, he answered me somewhat out of humour: Do not imagine I am returned so soon of my own accord; I assure you it was against my inclination. She insisted on my departing; I came upon her account, and not on yours. Affected with this frankness, I embraced him again, and said, My sincere friend, conceal no circumstance from me that affects thy interest. If thou comest on her account, it is on mine thou sayest it; thy return is her work, but thy frankness and sincerity are mine. May'st thou ever preserve this ingenuous freedom, which so greatly dignifies the mind. We may let strangers think what they please; but it is wrong to suffer a friend to impute that to us as a merit, which was not done on his account.

I took care not to diminish the real value of this confession, by attributing it more to love than to generosity, or by telling him that his intention was not so much to deprive himself of the merit of his return, as to give it to Sophia. But Emilius discloses the secrets of his breast, without reflecting: if he comes back with a slow pace, deeply immersed in thought, he appears only as Sophia's lover; but if he returns in haste, over-heated, and somewhat peevish, he is then his Mentor's friend and companion.

From these particulars, it is obvious, that my young man is far from spending his whole time with Sophia, or from seeing her so often as he would desire. Her permission is confined to one or two visits a week; these are generally over in a few hours, and seldom repeated the next morning. He is longer employed in pleasing himself with the thoughts either of a past or future visit, than in the actual enjoyment of her company. And even in his visits, most of the time is consumed in going and coming. His pleasures are pure and delicious, but more imaginary

than

than real; they heighten his love, without enervating his heart.

The days he is debarred from enjoying her preſence, he does not ſit idly at home. He is ſtill Emilius; and has not degenerated from his real character. Moſt frequently he roves about the neighbouring country, where he continues his ſtudy of natural hiſtory, ſurveys the lands, and examines their culture and productions: he compares the manner in which the people improve their grounds to that uſed in other places; he inquires into the reaſon of the difference, and when he knows of more uſeful methods, he imparts them to the huſbandman. If he propoſes a better plough-ſhare, he cauſes it to be made after his own deſign; if he finds a marl-pit, he acquaints them with the uſe of it: he frequently puts his hand to the plough himſelf; they are amazed to ſee him handle their tools ſo dexterouſly; to ſee him trace deeper and ſtraighter furrows than they, ſow more even, and direct the ſlopes and ſhelving-beds with greater regularity. They do not laugh at him as a pretender to agriculture, but perceive that he is really acquainted with the ſubject. In a word, he extends his care and attention to every thing that may be of general utility. Neither does he confine himſelf to theſe acts of benevolence; he viſits the neighbouring cottages, and inquires into the ſituation of the peaſants, the circumſtances of their families, the number of children, the quantity of lands they hold, the nature of their produce, their incomes and outgoings, their expences, debts, &c. He gives them very little money, knowing that in general it is ill employed; but he lays it out for their uſe himſelf, and does them a ſervice even againſt their will. He provides them with labourers, and frequently pays them a day's hire for work deſigned for their own benefit. For one he thatches a cottage, or rebuilds it when it is ready to fall down; for another he employs hands to clear his grounds, which

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were deſerted for want of means to manure them; to another he furniſhes a cow, a horſe, and all ſorts of cattle, in the room of thoſe they have loſt by accident or mortality. If two neighbours are ready to go to law, he reconciles them; if a peaſant falls ſick, he appoints a perſon to take care of him, or attends him himſelf *; if another is oppreſſed by a powerful neighbour, he protects and recommends him; if poor people make love, he helps to marry them; if a good woman has loſt her only child, on whom ſhe doats, he pays her a viſit, and takes ſome pains to alleviate her uneaſineſs. He does not diſdain the company of the poor and indigent; he is not in a hurry to withdraw from the unfortunate; he often dines with the peaſants whom he ſo kindly relieves, and even accepts of that favour from thoſe who do not want his aſſiſtance; while he is a benefactor to the one, and to the others a friend, he continues to behave as their equal. In a word, he does always as much good by his perſonal attendance, as by a pecuniary relief.

Sometimes he directs his ſteps towards the bliſsful manſion, in hopes of having a glance of Sophia, and of ſeeing her walk, himſelf unperceived. But his conduct is always artleſs; he is incapable, he is unwilling to elude her commands. He has that amiable delicacy, which prides itſelf in a punctual adherence to the rules of honour. He ſtrictly obeys orders, and never approaches near enough to be beholden to chance, for what he would willingly owe to So-

* To take care of a ſick peaſant, is not to give him phyſic, or apothecaries drugs: this is not what thoſe poor people ſtand in need of during their illneſs; they want better nouriſhment, and a greater quantity of it. With regard to perſons of good fortune, when they happen to have a fever, I adviſe them to faſt; but when their poor tenants are ill of the ſame diſorder, let them have meat, let them be ſupplied with wine. Moſt of their diſorders proceed from poverty and hardſhips; their beſt phyſic is in their landlord's cellar; his butcher ſhould be their only apothecary.

phia's

phia's indulgence. In revenge for this ſacrifice, he roves about the adjacent country, tracing his miſtreſs's footſteps, and grieving for the painful walks ſhe has taken upon his account. The eve of his viſit he goes to ſome neighbouring farm to beſpeak a collation for the next day. He contrives to make the family take a walk this way without mentioning his deſign; he ſteps into the good farmer's as it were by chance, and there they find fruit, cakes and cream. The dainty Sophia is not inſenſible to theſe little acts of gallantry; ſhe is ready to acknowledge our great care and attention to oblige, for I have always my ſhare in the compliment, even if I had no concern in the obligation; this is a girl's artifice, to be leſs embarraſſed in returning thanks. Her father and I eat the cakes and drink the wine; but Emilius joins with the ladies, and is ever upon the watch to ſteal a plate of cream, into which Sophia has dipped her ſpoon.

Now we are upon the ſubject of cakes, I put Emilius in mind of his former races. The family would know what we mean; I explain it to them, upon which they fall a laughing, and then they aſk him whether he ſtill knows how to run? Better than ever, anſwers Emilius; I ſhould be very ſorry to have forgot it. One in the company would have been very glad to ſee him perform, but is afraid to mention it; another undertakes to make the propoſal, and he conſents. Two or three young people in the neighbourhood are ſent for; a prize is decreed; and the better to imitate the ancient games, a cake is fixed upon a certain mark: each of the competitors holds himſelf ready, and papa gives the ſignal by clapping his hands. The ſwift-footed Emilius cleaves the liquid air, and is at the end of his career, when the three lubberly boys have hardly ſtarted. Emilius receives the prize from the hands of Sophia, and with the generoſity of Æneas, diſtributes the preſents among the vanquiſhed.

Amidſt the ſplendor of the triumph, Sophia dares to challenge the victor, and boaſts of being able to equal him in ſwiftneſs. He does not refuſe to enter the liſts with his fair rival; but while in getting ready to ſtart, ſhe tucks up her gown on both ſides, and more eager to diſplay a handſome leg before Emilius, than to outſtrip him in running, ſhe looks and examines whether her pettycoats are ſufficiently ſhort, he whiſpers a word or two to her mamma, who ſmiles, and gives a nod of approbation. He then comes and places himſelf on the ſide of his rival; the ſignal is no ſooner given, than ſhe ſets off, and flies with amazing rapidity.

Women are not formed for running; when they fly from us, it is only to be overtaken. This is not the only exerciſe at which they are inexpert; but it is the only one they perform with a bad grace. Their elbows jutting behind, and glued as it were to their bodies, give them a ridiculous attitude; and the high heels on which they are mounted, make them appear like ſo many graſhoppers, rather fit to leap, than to run a race.

Emilius not imagining that Sophia is abler at this exerciſe, than the reſt of her ſex, does not vouchſafe to ſtir from his place, but ſees her ſet off with a ſcornful ſmile. Sophia is very light, and wears low heels to her ſhoes; having no need of artifice to appear to have a ſmall foot. She gets the ſtart of him, and ſprings with ſuch velocity, that he had but juſt time to overtake this ſecond Atlanta. He ſets off in his turn, like an eagle that darts on his prey, follows her cloſe, preſſes hard, and overtakes her at length, when ſhe is quite out of breath; then gently paſſing his left arm round her waiſt, he raiſes her like a feather from the ground, and preſſing the delicious load to his boſom, he finiſhes his courſe, but firſt makes her touch the goal; then crying *Sophia is victorious*, he claps one knee to the ground before his idol, and acknowledges himſelf vanquiſhed.

Beſides

Beſides theſe amuſements, he alſo applies ſome time to the trade, to which we ſerved our apprentice-ſhip. At leaſt one day in the week, and when the weather is ſo bad as to prevent our being in the open air, Emilius and I are employed at a maſter-joiner's in the town where we reſide. This is not done as a matter of form, and in the ſuperficial way of people of fortune, but in good earneſt, and like expert artificers. Sophia's father coming to pay us a viſit, found us one day at work; ſurprized at the ſight, he did not fail to make a report to his wife and daughter. Go and ſee that young man, ſaid he, in the work-ſhop, and then judge whether he deſpiſes a mean condition! It may eaſily be imagined whether Sophia heard this ſpeech with pleaſure! They talked the matter over at our next meeting; and the ladies would be glad to ſurprize him at work. They ſifted me without ſeeming to have any ſuch deſign, and after they had diſcovered one of our working days, the mother and daughter took a chaiſe, in order to pay us a viſit.

Upon entering the ſhop, Sophia beheld at the further end a young man in his waiſtcoat, his hair negligently tied up, and ſo very attentive to his work, that he did not perceive his fair viſiters. Sophia ſtopped and beckoned to her mother. Emilius, with a chiſel in one hand, and a hammer in the other, had juſt finiſhed a mortice. He then ſawed a board, and put a piece of it on the hold-faſt, in order to plane it. This curious ſight did not excite Sophia's laughter; it rather affected her mind, and created reſpect. Woman, honour thy chief; it is he that labours for thee, he that earns thy bread, he that nouriſhes thee: this is man!

Whilſt the ladies were viewing him with attention, I perceived them, and pulled Emilius by the ſleeve; upon which he turned about, and ſeeing the mother and daughter, he flung down his tools, and darted towards them with an exclamation of joy. After he

had indulged his firſt tranſports, he made them ſit down, and reſumed his work. But Sophia could not ſit ſtill; ſhe roſe briſkly, ran about the ſhop, examined the tools, touched the boards, gathered the chips from the ground, looked at our hands, and ſaid, ſhe liked this buſineſs, becauſe it was neat and clean. The ſprightly damſel would even imitate Emilius. With her feeble lily-white hand, ſhe laid hold of the plane, and ſtrove to uſe it; the tool ſlipped, and would not catch. Methinks I ſee Cupid aloft in the air, laughing, and clapping his wings; methinks I hear him cry out with joy, and ſay, *Hercules is now revenged.*

In the mean while her mother aſks ſeveral queſtions of the maſter. Pray, Sir, what wages do you give thoſe lads? Madam, I give them twenty ſous a day, and their board; but that young man might earn a great deal more if he would, for there is not a better workman in all the country. Twenty ſous a day, and their board! ſaid the mother, caſting a very affectionate look at us. Madam, ſo it is, replied the maſter. At theſe words ſhe flew towards Emilius, embraced him in her arms, preſſed him to her boſom, which ſhe watered moſt copiouſly with her tears, unable all the while to uſe any other utterance, than to repeat ſeveral times, *O my ſon! O my ſon!*

After they had ſpent ſome time in chatting, but without diſturbing us from our work, Let us be gone, ſaid the mother to the daughter, it begins to grow late, we muſt not make them wait. Then approaching towards Emilius, ſhe gave him a gentle ſtroke on the cheek, ſaying, Well then, my little workman, will you come along with us? He made anſwer in a very grave tone, I am engaged, aſk my maſter. She interrogated the maſter, whether he would give us permiſſion. The maſter made anſwer, he could not; I have ſome preſſing work, ſaid he, which I muſt deliver the day after to-morrow. Depending

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ing on thoſe gentlemen, I refuſed other journeymen who offered their ſervice; if theſe ſhould fail, I know not where I could procure others; and it would be impoſſible for me to get the work done by the time appointed. The mother made no reply, but waited till Emilius would ſpeak. He bowed his head, and was ſilent. Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſomewhat ſurprized at his ſilence, have you nothing to ſay? Emilius gave a tender look at the daughter, and ſaid only theſe words: You ſee very plainly that I muſt ſtay behind. Whereupon the ladies took their leave. Emilius attended them to the door, followed them with his eyes as long as he was able, ſighed, and reſumed his work without ſaying a word.

In their way home, the mother, a little piqued at what had happened, took notice to her daughter of the oddity of Emilius's behaviour. Was it ſo difficult, ſaid ſhe, to ſatisfy the maſter, without being obliged to ſtay; and ſince this young man ſquanders away ſo much money without any neceſſity, could not he find ſome for a proper opportunity? O mamma, replied Sophia, God forbid Emilius ſhould lay ſuch ſtreſs on money, as to make uſe of it to infringe a perſonal engagement, to break his word, and to make another violate his contract! I know he might eaſily indemnify the artiſt for the ſlight damage occaſioned by his abſence; but in the mean time he would render his mind ſubſervient to dirty pelf, he would acquire a habit of ſubſtituting it in the place of his duty, and of believing, that we are diſpenſed from every thing, if we have but money to pay for the diſpenſation. Emilius has other ways of thinking, and I hope I ſhall never be the cauſe of his changing his ſentiments. Do you imagine it has coſt him nothing to ſtay behind? Mamma, be not miſtaken; it is on my account he ſtays; I ſaw it plainly in his eyes.

Not that Sophia is indifferent in regard to the ſubmiſſion of her lover. On the contrary, ſhe is ſevere

him, What, my dear Emilius, art thou come back to thy friend! But inſtead of returning my careſſes, he anſwered me ſomewhat out of humour: Do not imagine I am returned ſo ſoon of my own accord; I aſſure you it was againſt my inclination. She inſiſted on my departing; I came upon her account, and not on yours. Affected with this frankneſs, I embraced him again, and ſaid, My ſincere friend, conceal no circumſtance from me that affects thy intereſt. If thou comeſt on her account, it is on mine thou ſayeſt it; thy return is her work, but thy frankneſs and ſincerity are mine. May'ſt thou ever preſerve this ingenuous freedom, which ſo greatly dignifies the mind. We may let ſtrangers think what they pleaſe; but it is wrong to ſuffer a friend to impute that to us as a merit, which was not done on his account.

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From theſe particulars, it is obvious, that my young man is far from ſpending his whole time with Sophia, or from ſeeing her ſo often as he would deſire. Her permiſſion is confined to one or two viſits a week; theſe are generally over in a few hours, and ſeldom repeated the next morning. He is longer employed in pleaſing himſelf with the thoughts either of a paſt or future viſit, than in the actual enjoyment of her company. And even in his viſits, moſt of the time is conſumed in going and coming. His pleaſures are pure and delicious, but more imaginary than

than real; they heighten his love, without enervating his heart.

The days he is debarred from enjoying her preſence, he does not ſit idly at home. He is ſtill Emilius; and has not degenerated from his real character. Moſt frequently he roves about the neighbouring country, where he continues his ſtudy of natural hiſtory, ſurveys the lands, and examines their culture and productions: he compares the manner in which the people improve their grounds to that uſed in other places; he inquires into the reaſon of the difference, and when he knows of more uſeful methods, he imparts them to the huſbandman. If he propoſes a better plough-ſhare, he cauſes it to be made after his own deſign; if he finds a marl-pit, he acquaints them with the uſe of it: he frequently puts his hand to the plough himſelf; they are amazed to ſee him handle their tools ſo dexterouſly; to ſee him trace deeper and ſtraighter furrows than they, ſow more even, and direct the ſlopes and ſhelving-beds with greater regularity. They do not laugh at him as a pretender to agriculture, but perceive that he is really acquainted with the ſubject. In a word, he extends his care and attention to every thing that may be of general utility. Neither does he confine himſelf to theſe acts of benevolence; he viſits the neighbouring cottages, and inquires into the ſituation of the peaſants, the circumſtances of their families, the number of children, the quantity of lands they hold, the nature of their produce, their incomes and outgoings, their expences, debts, &c. He gives them very little money, knowing that in general it is ill employed; but he lays it out for their uſe himſelf, and does them a ſervice even againſt their will. He provides them with labourers, and frequently pays them a day's hire for work deſigned for their own benefit. For one he thatches a cottage, or rebuilds it when it is ready to fall down; for another he employs hands to clear his grounds, which

with a low drawling voice, as if ſhe were afraid to give any appearance of indignation. Emilius, almoſt dead with apprehenſion, looks at her with uneaſineſs, and endeavours to meet her eyes, that ſhe may read his real ſentiments in his countenance. Sophia, more provoked at his aſſurance, darts ſuch an angry look at him, as ſuppreſſes all deſire of ſolliciting a ſecond glance. Emilius, confounded and abaſhed, dares no longer to raiſe his eye from the ground, nor to open his lips: lucky indeed was this for him; for could he, however conſcious of his innocence, have been inſenſible to her anger, ſhe would never have forgiven him.

Finding then it was my turn to act, and full time to explain myſelf, I addreſſed myſelf to Sophia. I took her again by the hand, which ſhe did not draw back, for ſhe was ready to faint with what had happened. I ſaid to her gently: Dear Sophy, we are unfortunate, but you are reaſonable and juſt; do not paſs ſentence on us, without liſtening to what we have to ſay; give us an impartial hearing. She made no anſwer, and thus I ſpoke.

" We ſet out yeſterday at four in the afternoon; " we were obliged to be here at ſeven, and we ge- " nerally take more time than is neceſſary, in order " to reſt ourſelves when we draw near to your houſe. " We had already walked three quarters of the way, " when our ears were pierced with doleful lamenta- " tions, which proceeded from a hollow way in the " hill at ſome diſtance from us. We flew towards the " place, and found an unfortunate peaſant, who re- " turning from town, a little in liquor, had fallen from " his horſe, and broke his leg. We hollowed, and " called out for aſſiſtance, but no body anſwered. " We tried to raiſe the poor man again upon his " horſe, but all in vain; at the very leaſt motion, " the unfortunate wretch was in the moſt violent " agony: we therefore reſolved to tie the horſe up

" to

" to a tree in the adjacent wood, and then making " a litter of our arms, we carried him as gently as " we could, following the directions he gave us to " his houſe. The diſtance was conſiderable, and we " were obliged to reſt ſeveral times. At length we " arrived quite ſpent with fatigue, and to our great " ſorrow and ſurprize we found that the poor " wretch we had been carrying, was the very ſame " who had ſo cordially received us the firſt day of " our arrival in this neighbourhood. In the con- " fuſion and anxiety we were under, we did not " recollect one another till that minute.

" The poor man had only two ſmall children. " His wife ready to lie in of a third, was ſo ſhocked " at ſeeing him brought home in that condition, " that ſhe fell into labour, and was brought to-bed " a few hours after. What was to be done under " theſe circumſtances, in a lonely cottage, where no " aſſiſtance could be expected? Emilius having " bethought himſelf of the horſe we had left in " the wood, went and mounted it, then galloped " away to town in ſearch of a ſurgeon. He gave " the ſurgeon the horſe, and not being able to find " a guide time enough, he came back on foot with " a ſervant, after he had diſpatched a meſſenger to " you to make his apology. During this interval, " you may well imagine how greatly I found myſelf " embarraſſed between a poor man with a broken " leg, and a woman in labour. However, I did " every thing to the beſt of my abilities, that I ima- " gined could be any way conducive to the aſſiſtance " of either.

" I ſhall not take up your time with the remain- " ing part of our ſtory; that is not the matter in " queſtion at preſent. It was two o'clock in the " morning before either of us had a moment's reſt. " In ſhort, we reached our little cottage before day- " break, and there we waited till you were ſtirring,

" in order to give you an account of our adven-
" ture."

I ſaid no more; but before any body elſe could ſpeak, Emilius approached his miſtreſs, and with a loud voice, and a firmer tone than I ſhould have expected, he expreſſed himſelf in theſe words: " So-
" phy, my fate is in your hands, you know it well.
" You may kill me with grief and deſpair; but you
" muſt never expect to make me forget the rights
" of humanity; they are more ſacred to me than
" yours; and I ſhall never renounce them on any
" account."

At theſe words, Sophia, inſtead of making anſwer, roſe from her ſeat, put her arm round his neck, kiſſed his cheek, and then extending her hand to him with an inimitable grace, ſhe ſaid: Emilius, take this hand, it is thine. Be my huſband, and my maſter, whenever thou pleaſeſt. I will endeavour to merit the honour of being thy wife.

Scarce had ſhe embraced him, when the father, charmed with the ſcene, clapped his hands, and cried out, *again, again*; when Sophia, without waiting to be preſſed, inſtantly gave him two kiſſes on the other cheek; but juſt in the ſame moment, terrified and alarmed at what ſhe had done, ſhe flew to her mother, and in her boſom concealed her face, which was quite inflamed with bluſhes.

I ſhall not enter into a deſcription of the common joy; it muſt be felt by the reader. After dinner Sophia aſked me, whether it were not too far to go to viſit thoſe poor people? As it was her deſire, and an act of charity, we went. We found them in ſeparate beds, Emilius having taken care to ſend one; and there were people to attend them, for he had alſo made that proviſion. But they were both ſo deſtitute, that they ſuffered as much through want of neceſſaries, as from their painful ſituation. Sophia calls for an apron of the poor woman's, and lays it

under her; the ſame ſhe does by the man, and with her ſoft hand, explores every part of the bed that was capable of hurting them, and places their bodies in an eaſier poſture. Her very preſence affords them relief; one would think ſhe ſees into all their complaints. This delicate girl is not at all ſhocked, either at the naſtineſs or ſtench of the place; ſhe removes both theſe nuiſances without any other aſſiſtance, and without any pain or uneaſineſs to the poor man and his wife. She, who is ſo nice and ſo modeſt, as to be afraid of touching a man's bed with the tip of her finger, makes no difficulty in turning the wounded peaſant in his bed, to eaſe his ſituation. Charity is a virtue ſuperior to modeſty; what ſhe does, is performed with ſuch dexterity, that the poor man finds himſelf relieved, almoſt without perceiving that ſhe had touched him. Both the man and his wife bleſs the aimable girl, who attends them in their diſtreſs, and adminiſters ſuch ſeaſonable relief. She is an heavenly ſpirit, they ſay, commiſſioned by the Deity; the gracefulneſs of her perſon, as well as the goodneſs of her mind, proclaim her an angel. Emilius, deeply affected, contemplated her in ſilence. Man, love thy help-mate: ſhe was given thee by the Supreme, to comfort thee in thy troubles, and to aſſwage thy misfortunes: this is woman!

The new-born child was chriſtened. The two lovers were ſponſors for him, and would have been glad of affording an occaſion for the ſame ceremony themſelves. They ardently long for the happy moment of their union, and fancy it not far diſtant; Sophia's ſcruples are all removed, but mine are coming. They have not reached the point they imagined; others beſides them muſt be ſatisfied.

They had not ſeen one another for two days, when I entered Emilius's apartment in the morning with a letter in my hand, and looking at him very ſteadily, what would you do, ſaid I, were you to hear that

Sophia

Sophia is dead? At this he cried out, ſtarted up from his ſeat, clapped his hands together, and without ſaying a word, gave me a moſt ghaſtly look. Anſwer me then, continued I with the ſame ſerenity. Incenſed at my coolneſs, he drew towards me, his eyes inflamed with choler, and ſtopping ſhort almoſt in a menacing attitude; What ſhould I do..... I know not; but this I know, that I never more would ſet eyes on the perſon that brought me the tidings. Make yourſelf eaſy, replied I ſmiling, ſhe is very well, and thinks of you; for we are expected this evening. But let us take a walk together, and have a little converſation.

The tender paſſion, that filled his heart, would no longer allow him to liſten, as formerly, to cool reaſoning. It was therefore neceſſary to intereſt him by that very paſſion, in order to render him attentive to my inſtructions. This I performed by this terrible preamble, and I was now certain that he was prepared to hear the following diſcourſe.

" We all aim at happineſs, my dear Emilius; this " is the end of every ſenſible being, the firſt deſire " implanted in us by nature, and the only one we " never relinquiſh. But where is this happineſs to be " found? Who is acquainted with it? Every body is " in ſearch of it, and yet it eſcapes their moſt diligent " inquiry. We waſte our lives in the purſuit, and " die without obtaining the wiſhed-for end. When " I took thee, my young friend, into my arms at " thy nativity, and calling on the Supreme to wit- " neſs my engagement, devoted my days to the " happineſs of thine, was I ſenſible of the nature of " this obligation? No, I only knew, that in contri- " buting to thy felicity, I was ſure of promoting " my own. By engaging on thy account in this " uſeful purſuit, I made it common to us both.

" So long as we know not how to proceed, wiſ- " dom conſiſts in remaining inactive. Of all maxims, " this is the moſt neceſſary to man, though he prac-

" tiſes

" tiſes it the leaſt. By purſuing happineſs, without " knowing in what ſoil it grows, we run great riſk of " miſſing it, as there are ſo many roads to lead us " aſtray: but it is not every body that underſtands " the wiſdom of inaction. Sollicitous and uneaſy, " from an ardent deſire of felicity, we prefer being " miſtaken, rather than not being buſied in the in- " quiry; and when once we depart from the place, " where poſſibly it may be found, we are ever after- " wards bewildered.

" With the ſame ignorance, I ſtudied to avoid the " ſame miſtake. Undertaking the care of thee, I re- " ſolved not to take an uſeleſs ſtep, and to prevent thee " from doing it. I confined myſelf to the road pre- " ſcribed by nature, waiting till it led me into that of " happineſs. I found that they had the ſame path, and " that unknown to me I had diligently purſued it.

" Be thou my witneſs and my judge; I ſhall not " object againſt thee. Thy early years were not ſa- " crificed to the ſubſequent part of thy life; thou " haſt enjoyed all the bleſſings, with which thou haſt " been favoured by nature. Of thoſe evils to which " it rendered thee ſubject, and from which I could " have preſerved thee, thou haſt felt none but ſuch, " as were likely to inure thee to other hardſhips. " Thou haſt ſuffered none, but ſuch as were ne- " ceſſary to enable thee to avoid greater evils. Thou " haſt been a ſtranger to ſlavery, and irkſome con- " ſtraint. Bleſt with freedom and content, thou haſt " remained juſt and good; for vice and puniſhment " are inſeparable, and man never was miſerable till " he grew wicked. Let the remembrance of thy " infancy be continued to thy lateſt days; I am not " at all afraid that my honeſt friend will ever recall it " to mind, without bleſſing the hand by whom it " was directed.

" No ſooner waſt thou arrived to the years of diſcre- " tion, than I guarded thee againſt human opinions; " and when thy heart became ſuſceptible of paſſion, I

" hindered thee from being enſlaved. Could I have
" prolonged that internal tranquillity to the latter end
" of thy days, I ſhould have enſured my work, and
" thou wouldſt have been as happy as the condition of
" humanity will permit. But in vain, my dear Emi-
" lius, did I dip thy mind into the river Styx, I
" could not render it every where invulnerable; lo,
" a new enemy is ſtarted up, whom thou haſt not
" learned to conquer, and from whom I can no
" longer preſerve thee. This enemy is thyſelf. Na-
" ture and fortune had made thee free. Thou waſt
" able to endure miſery, and to expoſe thyſelf to bo-
" dily pains, but thoſe of the mind were unknown to
" thee: hitherto thou haſt depended only upon the
" condition of humanity, but now thou art held by
" every tie thou haſt made for thyſelf; by learning
" to deſire, thou art become a ſlave to thy paſſions.
" Though there is no change in thy outward form,
" though there is nothing hurts thy body, nothing
" that affects thy exiſtence, yet how many evils may
" attack thy mind! How many diſorders thou may'ſt
" ſuffer, without being ſick! How many deaths thou
" may'ſt undergo, without dying! An untruth, an er-
" ror, a doubt, may throw thee into deſpair.

" Thou haſt been preſent, when theatrical heroes,
" giving looſe to their extravagant ſorrows, have
" made the play-houſe reſound with their fooliſh la-
" mentations; when they grieved like women, wept
" and cried like children, and thus gained the pub-
" lic applauſe. Remember how greatly thou haſt been
" ſcandalized at thoſe lamentations and mournful
" cries, coming from men, from whom one would
" have expected the greateſt firmneſs and conſtancy
" of mind. What! ſaidſt thou, with indignation,
" are theſe the examples we are to follow, theſe
" the models propoſed for our imitation? Are
" they afraid that man is not ſufficiently mean,
" impotent, and unfortunate, unleſs we alſo flatter
" his weakneſs, under the falſe repreſentation of vir-
" tue?

" ture? My young friend, be more indulgent here-
" after to the ſtage, now thou art become one of its
" heroes.

" Thou knoweſt how to ſuffer and to die; thou
" art able to endure the law of neceſſity in natural
" evils, but thou haſt impoſed no law on the deſires
" of thy heart; and it is from theſe, more than from
" our phyſical neceſſities, the anxiety and trouble of
" life ariſe. Our appetites are enlarged, our force
" is almoſt annihilated. Man, by his deſires, is made
" dependent on a thouſand things; while of himſelf
" he is quite independent, even on his own exiſtence:
" the more he increaſes his attachments, the more he
" multiplies his anxieties. Every thing in life is vain
" and tranſitory; whatever we love, will ſooner or
" later be torn from us; yet we fix our affections to
" it, as if it were to laſt for ever. How greatly thou
" waſt frightened even upon a ſurmiſe of the death
" of Sophia! Didſt thou then imagine ſhe was im-
" mortal? Does no body die at her age? She muſt
" die, my child, and perhaps before thee! Who
" knows whether ſhe be alive at this inſtant? Nature
" had made thee ſubject to one death only; thou
" ſubjecteſt thyſelf to a ſecond.

" Thus ſubdued by thy irregular paſſions, how
" greatly art thou to be pitied! Ever ſubject to loſſes,
" afflictions, and alarms, thou wilt not even enjoy
" the little that has been left thee. The apprehen-
" ſion of loſing all, will hinder thee from poſſeſſing
" any thing; becauſe thou wouldſt follow thy paſ-
" ſions alone, thou wilt never be able to ſatisfy them.
" Thou wilt ever be in ſearch of repoſe, and it will
" always fly from thee; thou wilt grow wicked, and
" be miſerable; and how is it poſſible to be other-
" wiſe, when thou haſt no other law than thy un-
" ruly deſires? If thou canſt not ſubmit to privations
" that are involuntary, how wilt thou be able freely
" to impoſe them on thyſelf? How wilt thou learn to
" ſacrifice thy inclination to thy duty, and to oppoſe

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"ſions alone, thou wilt never be able to ſatisfy them.
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"ruly deſires? If thou canſt not ſubmit to privations
"that are involuntary, how wilt thou be able freely
"to impoſe them on thyſelf? How wilt thou learn to
"ſacrifice thy inclination to thy duty, and to oppoſe

" thy heart, in order to be directed by reaſon? Thou
" who wouldſt never more ſet eyes upon him who
" appriſed thee of the death of thy miſtreſs, how
" ſhouldſt thou behold the perſon who would deprive
" thee of her when living; who would dare to ſay:
" ſhe is dead in regard to thee; virtue parts thee from
" her? Thou ſay'ſt thou muſt live with her, let what
" will happen; whether Sophia be married or not,
" whether thou art free or not, whether ſhe loves or
" hates thee, whether thou haſt a permiſſion or re-
" fuſal; it does not ſignify, thou art determined to
" have her, thou muſt poſſeſs her at any price what-
" ever. I would willingly know, what crime is it that
" will ſtop a man, who has no other law than the de-
" ſires of his heart, and who knows not how to re-
" ſtrain any of his deſires?

" My child, there is no ſuch thing as ſucceſs with-
" out courage, or virtue without ſtruggle. The word
" *virtue* is derived from *force*: this is the foundation
" of all virtue. Virtue belongs only to a being weak
" by its nature, and ſtrong by its will; in this conſiſts
" the juſt man's merit; and though we call the Deity
" good, yet we do not ſay he is virtuous, becauſe he
" has no need of any effort or ſtruggle to ſhew his
" beneficence. In order to explain this word to you,
" which has been ſo often prophaned, I waited till
" thou wert capable of underſtanding me. So long
" as the practice of virtue is attended with no diffi-
" culty or ſtruggle, there is very little occaſion to
" know it. This knowledge becomes neceſſary,
" when the paſſions are awakened; and that is the
" time at which thou art arrived.

" Having educated thee in all the ſimplicity of
" nature, inſtead of inculcating painful duties, I
" have preſerved thee from thoſe vices which render-
" ed thoſe duties painful; I have rendered falſhood not
" ſo odious as uſeleſs to thee; I have inſtructed thee
" leſs concerning the obligation of giving every man
" his due, than in that of minding only what belongs

" to

" to thyſelf. I have made thee rather good than vir-
" tuous; but he who is only good, continues ſo no
" longer than he is influenced by the pleaſure re-
" ſulting from it. Goodneſs is broke down and de-
" ſtroyed by the weight of the human paſſions; a
" man who is no more than good, is good only to
" himſelf.

" What is then a virtuous man? He who knows
" how to conquer his paſſions: for then he follows
" the dictates of his reaſon and conſcience; he con-
" forms to his duty, he confines himſelf to order,
" and nothing can make him deviate from it. Hi-
" therto thou haſt been free only in appearance;
" thou haſt enjoyed only the precarious liberty of a
" ſlave, who has received no commands from his
" maſter. Now be free indeed; learn to become thy
" own maſter; command thy heart, O Emilius, and
" thou wilt be virtuous!

" Here then we have another apprenticeſhip to
" ſerve; and this is more painful than the former.
" For nature either delivers us from the evils to which
" ſhe expoſes us, or teaches us to endure them:
" but ſhe is quite ſilent in regard to thoſe of our own
" creating; ſhe abandons us to ourſelves; ſhe ſuffers
" us to be victims to our paſſions, to be overpowered
" by our vain ſorrows; and to boaſt of thoſe tears
" of which we ought to be aſhamed.

" Behold this is thy firſt paſſion, and perhaps the
" only one worthy of thee. If thou knoweſt how to
" rule it as a man, it will be the laſt; thou wilt ſub-
" due all others, and be ſubject only to virtue.

" This, I am very ſenſible, is not a criminal paſ-
" ſion; it is as pure as the minds of thoſe who feel it.
" It was formed in the boſom of modeſty, and train-
" ed up by innocence. Happy lovers! The charms
" of virtue only add to thoſe of your mutual affec-
" tion; and the endearing union which you ſo ar-
" dently expect, is not leſs the reward of your pru-
" dence, than of your fond attachment. But tell me

" ſincerely, my friend, haſt thou been leſs ſubdued
" by this paſſion, notwithſtanding its great purity?
" Art thou become leſs a ſlave to it; and even were
" it to ceaſe to be innocent to-morrow, wouldſt thou
" ſuppreſs it? This is the time to try thy ſtrength; it
" will be too late, when thou art obliged to exert it.
" Theſe eſſays ought to be made when remote from
" danger. Troops are not taught to fight in the pre-
" ſence of the enemy; they are trained to diſcipline
" before they take the field; they engage in battle
" when they are quite prepared.

" It is a miſtake to diſtinguiſh the paſſions into
" lawful and prohibited, in order to indulge ourſelves
" in the one, and to ſuppreſs the other. They are all
" good when under our command, all bad when we
" ſubmit to their empire. That which nature forbids
" us, is to extend our attachments beyond our
" ſtrength; that which is prohibited by reaſon, is
" to deſire what is not in our power to obtain; that
" which is forbidden by conſcience, is not being
" tempted, but our ſuffering ourſelves to be over-
" come by temptation. It does not depend on us,
" whether we are to have paſſions or not; but it is
" in our power to prevent them from bringing us
" under ſubjection. Every affection ſubject to our
" controul is lawful; thoſe which tyrannize the mind,
" are criminal. A man is not guilty for loving ano-
" ther perſon's wife, provided he reſtrains that un-
" happy paſſion within the limits of his duty; but
" he is guilty in loving his own wife, ſo as to ſacri-
" fice every thing to that affection.

" Do not expect from me long precepts of mora-
" lity; I have only one to give thee, and that com-
" prehends all the reſt. Be a man, and confine thy
" heart within the limits of thy condition. Inquire
" into thoſe limits, and know them well; how nar-
" row ſoever their extent, thou canſt not be unhappy;
" ſo long as thou doſt not attempt to go beyond
" them: but when thy fooliſh deſires lead thee to

" look

" look on that as poſſible, which is otherwiſe; when " thou forgetteſt thy ſtate of humanity, to frame " imaginary ones, from which thou muſt always " fall back into thy own, then indeed thou wilt be " miſerable. The only goods we grieve to be with- " out, are thoſe to which we think we have a right. " The evident impoſſibility of obtaining them, takes " off our affection; and a wiſh without hope never " creates uneaſineſs. A beggar is not tormented with " the deſire of being king; a king does not wiſh to " be a deity, till he no longer fancies himſelf to be " a man.

" Pride is the ſource of our greateſt evils; but the " ſage is always rendered moderate by the contem- " plation of human miſery. He continues in his " own place; he does not give himſelf any uneaſi- " neſs to remove from it; he does not employ his " ſtrength to acquire what he is unable to preſerve, " but to ſecure the poſſeſſion of what he has acquir- " ed; ſo that he exceeds others in power and happi- " neſs, by ſo much as they exceed him in the multi- " plicity of their deſires. Shall I, a poor mortal, a " vain periſhable being, pretend to form eternal con- " nexions upon this earth, where every thing is " fading and tranſitory, and from whence to-mor- " row I muſt vaniſh? O Emilius! My ſon! Were I " to loſe thee, I ſhould be deprived of the better part " of myſelf! And yet I muſt learn to loſe thee; for " who knows when we ſhall be parted?

" Art thou then willing to live happy and wiſe? " Set thy heart on no beauty, but that which never " fades; let thy condition limit thy deſires; let thy " duties precede thy inclinations; extend the law of " neceſſity to moral ſubjects; learn to loſe what may " be taken from thee; learn to ſacrifice every thing, " when virtue commands it; to place thyſelf above " events, to detach thyſelf from objects without any " great violence; to be intrepid in adverſity, to the " end that thou may'ſt never be unfortunate; to be

" ſteady to thy duty, that thou may'ſt incur no guilt: " then wilt thou be happy in ſpite of fortune, and " wiſe in ſpite of the paſſions. Then wilt thou find, " even in the poſſeſſion of periſhable goods, a plea- " ſure which nothing can interrupt; thou wilt poſſeſs " them, without their poſſeſſing thee; and wilt per- " ceive, that as every thing is ſo brittle and tranſient, " man enjoys nothing but what he is prepared to " loſe. It is true, thou wilt not have the de- " ception of imaginary pleaſures; neither wilt thou " have the pains with which they are attended. Thou " wilt profit greatly by this exchange; for thoſe pains " are frequent and real, while the pleaſures are ſcarce " and imaginary. After ſubduing ſo many fallacious " opinions, thou wilt alſo triumph over that, which " ſets ſo great a value on life. Thou wilt ſpend thine " without trouble and anxiety, and finiſh it without " terror and affright; thou wilt detach thyſelf from it, " as from every thing elſe. Let others ſhudder with " horror, and imagine, that upon quitting this life, " they ſhall ceaſe to exiſt; thou haſt been acquainted " with its nothingneſs, and therefore wilt think that " thy exiſtence is only going to begin. Death is the " period of the life of a wicked man, and the be- " ginning of that of the juſt."

Emilius liſtened to me with great attention, mixed with inquietude. From this introduction, he apprehended ſome diſagreeable concluſion. From my enlarging on the exerciſe of reſignation and fortitude, he foreſaw that I intended to put him to ſome very ſevere trial; like a wounded man, who trembles at the approach of a ſurgeon, and fancies that he already feels the hand which gives him pain, at the ſame time that it prevents a mortification.

Dubious, uneaſy, and ſollicitous to diſcover my intention, inſtead of making me an anſwer, he aſks me a queſtion, but with ſome apprehenſion. What muſt I do? ſaid he to me, almoſt trembling, and without daring to raiſe his eyes from the ground. What muſt

you

you do? replied I, in a very reſolute tone. You muſt quit Sophia! What's that you ſay? cried he with ſome vehemence. Quit Sophia! Quit her, deceive her, be a traitor, a villain, a perjured wretch! . . . . . What! replied I, interrupting him, is Emilius afraid I ſhall teach him to deſerve ſuch appellations? No, continued he with the ſame impetuoſity, neither you nor any body elſe ſhall teach me. I ſhall know how to preſerve your pupil, even in ſpite of you; I ſhall know how to avoid deſerving any ſuch titles.

As I had expected this firſt ſally, I let it paſs off without ſhewing the leaſt emotion. If I had not been maſter of my own temper, with what face could I preach up moderation to him? Emilius knows me too well, to think me capable of requiring him to do any thing that is wrong; and he is very ſenſible it would be wrong to quit Sophia, according to the meaning in which he takes this word. He therefore waited ſome time for me to explain myſelf. Upon which I reſumed my diſcourſe.

"Do you believe, dear Emilius, that any man living, let his ſituation be what it will, can be happier than you have been theſe three months? If you think he can, I would have you undeceive yourſelf. Before you have taſted the pleaſures of life, you have enjoyed its utmoſt happineſs. There is nothing ſuperior to what you have felt. Senſual felicity is tranſitory and fleeting; there the heart is always diſappointed. You have enjoyed more in expectation, than ever you will in reality. The imagination adorns the object we deſire; but poſſeſſion ſtrips it of its borrowed ornaments. Except the ſole ſelf-exiſtent being, nothing is beautiful, but that which is ſo only in idea. Could this ſtate have always laſted, you would have found ſupreme happineſs. But every thing belonging to man partakes of his mortality; every thing is finite, every thing is tranſitory in human life; and even were that ſtate, which renders us happy, to laſt for

"ever,

" ever, habit would ſoon deprive us of the reliſh of " enjoyment. If nothing changes outwardly, the " heart is ſubject to change; either happineſs for- " ſakes us, or we it.

" The time, of which you have kept no account, " was ſliding away during your delirium. The ſum- " mer is gone, and winter is approaching. Even " were we able to continue our walks in ſo rude a " ſeaſon, it would not be ſuffered. We ſhould be " obliged, againſt our will, to change our manner " of living; our preſent method of viſiting can " be of no longer continuance. I ſee by the impa- " tience of your looks, that this difficulty does not at " all embarraſs you. Sophy's declaration, and your " own deſires, have ſuggeſted to you a very eaſy " ſcheme for avoiding the ſnow, and for ſeeing your " miſtreſs as often as you pleaſe, without the trouble " of a journey. The expedient, doubtleſs, is com- " modious; but when ſpring comes, the ſnow is " melted, and the marriage abides: we muſt think " of it, ſo as to make it agree with all ſeaſons.

" You would fain eſpouſe Sophia, and you have " not been acquainted with her five months! You " want to marry her, not becauſe ſhe ſuits your " condition, but becauſe ſhe is agreeable in your " eye; juſt as if lovers were never miſtaken in regard " to points of agreement, and they who commence " with love, did not often conclude with averſion. " She is virtuous, I know, but is that enough? Is it " ſufficient to be honeſt, for people to agree in tem- " per? It is not her virtue I call in queſtion, it is " her temper, her diſpoſition of mind! Does a " woman ſhew herſelf in a day? Do you know in " how many different points of view you muſt behold " her, to be a complete judge of her humour? Will " a four months acquaintance be a ſufficient ſecurity " for her whole life? Perhaps two months abſence " will put her out of your mind; perhaps another " perſon only waits for your removal to baniſh you

" from

" from her heart; poſſibly upon your return, you " will find her as indifferent, as hitherto ſhe has " ſhewn herſelf tender and affectionate. The paſſions " do not depend upon principle; ſhe may continue " to be extremely virtuous, and yet ceaſe to love you. " She will be faithful and conſtant, I am apt to be- " lieve; but who can anſwer for either of you, ſo " long as you have not made any trial of each other? " Will you wait till this trial can be of no uſe to you? " Will you ſtay to be acquainted, when it is impoſſi- " ble to ſeparate?

" Sophia is not eighteen years of age, you are " hardly paſt your twenty-ſecond; this is the age of " love, but not of marriage. What a father, and " what a mother of a family! For God's ſake, be- " fore you think of bringing up children, ceaſe to be " one yourſelf! Do you know how many young wo- " men, by a premature pregnancy, have enfeebled " their conſtitution, ruined their health, and ſhort- " ened their days? What numbers of children re- " main in an enfeebled ſtate, from not having been " nouriſhed in a full grown body? When the mo- " ther and the child are both increaſing in bulk at " the ſame time, and the ſubſtance neceſſary for the " growth of each is divided, neither of them have " that ſhare which was intended by nature: and how " is it poſſible then but both ſhould ſuffer? Either I " am very ill acquainted with Emilius, or he will " chuſe rather to have his wife and children robuſt, " than ſatisfy his impatience at the expence of their " health and their life.

" Let us proceed to your caſe. In aſpiring to the " ſtate of a huſband and of a father, have you well " weighed the duties of both? By making yourſelf " the head of a family, you become a member of " the ſtate; and do you underſtand what is meant by " ſuch a member? Do you know the nature of laws, " and government, and your duty to your country? " Are you ſenſible at what price you are permitted to

" live,

" live, and for whom you ought to ſacrifice your life? " You imagine you have learnt every thing, and as " yet you know nothing at all. Before you accept a " place in civil ſociety, learn the nature thereof, and " ſee what rank is moſt ſuitable to your diſpoſition.

" Emilius, you muſt quit Sophia; I do not ſay " you muſt forſake her: were you capable of ſuch an " action, ſhe would be too happy in not having made " you her huſband; you muſt part with her, in order " to become worthy of ſuch a wife. Do not be ſo " vain, as to think you are arrived at that perfec- " tion already! Oh, what a vaſt deal you have as " yet to learn! Come and execute this noble taſk; " come and learn to endure the pain of abſence; " come and gain the prize of fidelity, to the end, that " upon your return you may have ſome merit to boaſt " of in her eye, and you may aſk her hand, not as " a favour, but as a reward of your conſtancy."

The youth, not as yet accuſtomed to ſtruggle with himſelf, unuſed to deſire one thing, and to chuſe another, does not immediately ſurrender, but reſiſts, and diſputes. Why ſhould he refuſe a happineſs which is intended for him? Would not it be ſcorning the hand that was offered him, to delay accepting of it? What occaſion has he to abſent himſelf from her, to learn his duty? And even were ſuch a ſtep neceſſary, why ſhould not he be tied in an indiſſoluble bond, the certain pledge of his return? Let him be permitted to make her his wife, and he is ready to follow me; let them be united, and he will leave her without apprehenſion. . . . " To be united, in order to be ſeparat- " ed, my dear Emilius, what a contradiction! It is " heroic for a lover to be able to live without his " miſtreſs, but a huſband ſhould never leave his wife " without urgent neceſſity. In order to remove your " ſcruples, I perceive your delays muſt be involun- " tary; you muſt be able to tell Sophia, that you " part with her againſt your conſent. Well then, " content yourſelf; and ſince you do not chuſe to

" ſubmit

" ſubmit to reaſon, acknowledge another maſter. " You have not forgot the engagement you have " contracted with me. Emilius, you muſt quit So- " phia; I command you."

At this word he hung down his head, was mute, fell into a brown ſtudy, then looking in my face, he ſaid, When ſhall we ſet off? In eight days, replied I; but we muſt prepare Sophia for this departure. The women are weaker veſſels, therefore ſome conſideration ought to be paid to them; and this abſence not being a duty in regard to her, as it is to you, ſhe is allowed to bear it with leſs firmneſs.

I have been often tempted to continue the journal of this young couple down to the time when Emilius ſeparated from his miſtreſs, in order to travel; but I have already but too much treſpaſſed on the reader's indulgence, and therefore for once I ſhall cut it ſhort, in order to finiſh my narrative. Will Emilius dare to ſhew the ſame aſſurance at the feet of his miſtreſs, as he lately did to his friend? For my part, I believe he will; this very aſſurance is a proof of the ſincerity of his affection. He would be much more confuſed in her preſence, were his ſeparation leſs painful; he would then be guilty of a crime in leaving her, a circumſtance that muſt be always embarraſſing to a perſon educated in the principles of virtue. But the dearer the ſacrifice, the more merit he claims in the eye of her for whoſe ſake he undergoes ſuch torture. He is not at all afraid leſt ſhe ſhould miſtake the motive by which he is determined. He ſeems to ſay to her at each glance, O Sophy! look into my heart, and be faithful; thy lover is true to thee and to virtue.

The proud Sophia, on the other hand, endeavours to ſupport with dignity ſo ſudden a ſhock. She would fain appear to be unaffected with it; but as ſhe has no honour, like Emilius, in ſubduing the violence of paſſion, her firmneſs is not ſo unſhaken. At length ſhe indulges her grief, ſhe weeps, ſhe ſighs in a diſ-

conſolate

conſolate manner; the apprehenſion of being forgot, heightens her concern for the approaching ſeparation. It is not before her lover the lovely Sophia weeps, nor is it to him ſhe expreſſes her fears; ſooner would ſhe periſh than ſuffer one ſingle ſigh to eſcape from her in his preſence; it is I that hear her plaintive notes, it is I that behold her cheeks bedewed with tears; and ſhe affects to make me her confident. The women are artful, and know how to diſguiſe their paſſions; the more ſhe murmurs in private againſt my tyrannical reſolution, the more ſhe ſtudies to ſooth me into pity, knowing that I am the arbiter of her deſtiny.

I endeavour, for my part, to alleviate her pain, and to make her eaſy, by rendering myſelf anſwerable for her lover, or rather for her ſpouſe: if ſhe will but prove as faithful to him, as he to her, I ſwear that in two years they ſhall be joined in Hymen's bands. She has ſo good an opinion of me, as to believe I would not deceive her. I am ſecurity for each to each. Their own virtuous diſpoſition, their opinion of my probity, and the confidence they repoſe in their parents, ought to quiet their minds: but what can reaſon avail againſt human weakneſs? They part as if they were never more to behold each other.

Then it was that Sophia recollected the grief and concern of Eucharis, and imagined herſelf really in the place of that diſconſolate nymph. I was afraid leſt ſhe ſhould revive the idea of thoſe romantic adventures during her lover's abſence. Sophy, ſaid I to her one day, make an exchange of books with Emilius. Give him your Telemachus, that he may learn to imitate the example of that hero; and let him give you his Spectator, with the peruſal of which you are ſo greatly delighted. There you may inſtruct yourſelf in the duties of a married woman, and remember that in two years thoſe duties will be yours. They were both pleaſed with the exchange, which inſpired them with mutual confidence. At length the dreadful

dreadful day arrived, and they were obliged to ſeparate.

I had concerted every thing before-hand with Sophia's father, who embraced me moſt tenderly at our departure; then taking me aſide, he ſpoke theſe words to me with a grave tone of voice, and a particular emphaſis: "I have done all I could to oblige you; I "knew I had to deal with a man of honour; I have "only one word more to ſay to you: Remember "that your pupil has ſealed his marriage contract on "my daughter's lips."

How great a difference in the behaviour of the two lovers! Emilius, agitated by the violence of his paſſion, inflamed with love, and tranſported beyond himſelf, breaks out into lamentations, and with floods of tears bedews the hands of the father, mother, and daughter: in the midſt of his ſobs and cries, he embraces the whole family, repeating the ſame thing a thouſand times in ſuch diſorder, as on any other occaſion would be a ſubject of laughter. On Sophia's countenance is painted the deepeſt ſorrow; the roſes are fled from her cheeks, the dazzling luſtre from her eyes, and every charm is faded; thus reſigned a victim to grief, ſhe continues diſconſolate in her lonely apartment; ſhe ſays not a word, ſhe drops not a tear, ſhe perceives no body, not even Emilius. In vain does he take hold of her hand, or preſs her in his arms; ſhe remains motionleſs, inſenſible to his tears, to his careſſes, and to every endearment; for ſhe conſiders him as already departed. Is not this a more affecting ſcene by far, than the loud lamentations of her noiſy and importunate lover? He ſees it, he feels it, and he is pierced through the heart: with difficulty I drag him away; for if I ſuffer him to tarry a moment longer, he will not chuſe to depart. I am vaſtly pleaſed at the impreſſion, which this ſcene of unfeigned ſorrow has made on his mind. Should he ever be tempted to go aſtray, and to forget what he owes to Sophia, he need only to be reminded of the condition

in which he beheld her at his departure, and his heart muſt be ſtrangely altered, if I do not bring it back to his Sophia.

Of TRAVELLING.

IT is a queſtion, whether it be proper for young people to travel; and a great deal has been ſaid upon the ſubject. Were the queſtion to be propoſed in another manner, whether mankind have received any benefit from travelling; perhaps there would not be ſo much room for a diſpute.

The multiplicity of books is deſtructive of ſcience. Imagining the theory we have read in authors to be ſufficient, we think ourſelves excuſed from the trouble of learning the practice. Too much reading only encourages preſumption and ignorance. In no age of literature has there been ſo much reading as in the preſent, and in no age has there been leſs learning: no country in Europe has abounded with ſuch a number of hiſtories, relations, and voyages, as France; and yet none is leſs acquainted with the genius and manners of other nations. Such a multitude of books makes us forget the volume of the world; or if we ſtill peruſe it, every man ſticks to his own leaf. Were I unacquainted with the expreſſion, *Can ſuch a one as I be a Perſian?* I ſhould gueſs, upon firſt hearing it, that it came from that country, where national prejudices are moſt in vogue, and from the ſex by which they are chiefly encouraged.

A Pariſian imagines he has a knowledge of mankind, and he only knows ſomething of Frenchmen: though their capital continually ſwarms with foreigners, yet they look upon every ſtranger as a phænomenon, and think there is not his fellow in any part of the globe. One muſt have lived and converſed with the

the inhabitants of that great city, to be convinced that it is poſſible for people of ſo much underſtanding to be ſo egregiouſly ſtupid. But what is very extraordinary, they have all read ſeveral accounts of the country of that ſtranger, who appears to them ſo ſurprizing a phenomenon.

It is too great a trouble, to be obliged to ſurmount the prejudices of authors and our own, to come at the truth. I have ſpent great part of my life in perufing the relations of travellers, and I never met with any two of them, that gave me the ſame idea of the ſame people. Upon comparing what little I had obſerved, with what I had read, I concluded with diſcarding all narratives of voyages, and with regretting the time I had ſpent in ſuch reading; from a conviction that we ought not to depend on the relations of others, but on our own eye, for the truth of obſervations. This would hold good, even were all travellers to be ingenuous, and to relate only what they have obſerved themſelves, or what they believe on authentic reports, and not to diſguiſe the truth by wilful miſrepreſentation. What muſt the caſe be then, when we are to diſentangle the real facts from the various lies, with which thoſe narratives are artfully crowded?

Let us therefore leave the ſo much boaſted aſſiſtance of books to thoſe who are ſo credulous as to be content with ſuch authority. It is like the art of Raymond Lully, adapted for learning to prattle about what we do not underſtand. It is proper for training up young philoſophers of fifteen years of age to chatter in aſſemblies, and to inform a company of the cuſtoms of Egypt and India upon the authority of Paul Lucas or Tavernier.

I hold it as a certain maxim, that a perſon who was never out of his own country, inſtead of having a knowledge of mankind, knows only the people with whom he has converſed. This is alſo another manner of ſtating the queſtion about foreign travel:

whether it be ſufficient for a perſon of good education to be acquainted only with his countrymen, or it be alſo requiſite he ſhould have a general knowledge of mankind? This admits of no diſpute or doubt. And thus you perceive, how the ſolution of a difficulty depends on the manner of ſtating it!

But to ſtudy mankind, muſt we travel over the whole globe? Is it neceſſary to ſail to Japan, in order to obſerve the manner of the Europeans? To know the ſpecies, muſt we be acquainted with all the individuals? No; there are people who bear ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to each other, that it is not worth while to ſtudy them ſeparately. Whoever has ſeen ten Frenchmen, has beheld them all; and though this remark cannot be applied to the Engliſh, and to ſome others, yet it is certain, that every nation has its peculiar characteriſtic, which is drawn, not from the obſervation made on a ſingle member, but on a variety of people. He who has compared ten different countries, may be ſaid to know mankind; as he who has ſeen ten Frenchmen, knows the whole French nation.

In order to gain inſtruction, it is not ſufficient to traverſe a country; you muſt know how to travel. To obſerve, you muſt direct your eyes towards the object. There are many who improve leſs by travelling than by books; becauſe they know not how to reflect; and in reading they are at leaſt directed by the author, but in travelling they are incapable of making any obſervation of their own head. Others acquire no inſtruction, becauſe they do not deſire it. Their favourite object is ſo very different, that this does not at all affect them; and it is a very great chance, whether they have an exact idea of what they have no deſire to know. The French travel the moſt of any people in the world; but prepoſſeſſed with their own cuſtoms, they confound every thing that deviates from them. There are Frenchmen in all parts of the globe. In no country will you meet with

greater numbers of perſons who have travelled, than in France. And yet they who ſee moſt nations, know them the leaſt. The Engliſh are alſo travellers, but in a different taſte; for theſe two nations muſt be oppoſite in every thing. The Engliſh nobility go abroad, which is not the caſe of the French: the common people in France ramble a great deal; in England the vulgar are not travellers. The difference ſeems to be in favour of the Engliſh. The French have always ſome intereſted view in going abroad; but the Engliſh do not go to ſeek their fortune among other nations, except it be to trade, and with a proper ſtock: when they travel, it is to ſpend their money, and not to live upon their induſtry; they are too proud, to creep and cringe out of their own country. And this is alſo the reaſon, that they gain better inſtruction among foreigners, than is uſual for Frenchmen, who have quite a different object in view. Yet the Engliſh have alſo their national prejudices, nay they have them ſtronger than any other people; but theſe depend more on paſſion than on ignorance. The Engliſhman's prejudices are founded in pride, the Frenchman's in vanity.

As the nations leaſt poliſhed are generally the wiſeſt; thoſe who go leaſt abroad, improve moſt by their travels: becauſe as they have not made ſo great a progreſs as we in frivolous reſearches, and are leſs employed about the objects of our idle curioſity, their whole attention is directed towards matters of real utility. I know none but the Spaniards, who travel in this manner: while a Frenchman runs after the polite artiſts, while an Engliſhman buſies himſelf about the deſigning of an antique, and a German carries his *album* to ſhew to the learned; the Spaniard ſilently remarks the government, the manners, and the police of a country; and out of the four, he is the only one who brings back with him any obſervations of public utility.

The ancients travelled very little, read but little, and wrote few books; yet we ſee by thoſe extant, that they excelled us in their remarks on neighbouring nations. Without aſcending ſo high as Homer, the only poet who tranſports us into the country he deſcribes, we cannot refuſe Herodotus the honour of having drawn a more lively picture of the manners of the times, though it be chiefly in the way of narrative, than we meet with in our modern hiſtorians, who overload their writings with portraits and characters. Tacitus has left us a more accurate deſcription of the Germans of his time, than any writer has given of the preſent inhabitants of that nation. And doubtleſs thoſe who are verſed in ancient hiſtory, have a more perfect knowledge of the Greeks, of the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Gauls, and the Perſians, than any of us can have of our neighbouring countries.

It muſt alſo be acknowledged, that as the original characters of nations are continually wearing away, they become every day more difficult to diſcern. In proportion as the ſeveral races intermix, and are confounded with one another, thoſe national differences, which were formerly ſo ſtriking, begin to vaniſh. In ancient times, every country was more incloſed within itſelf, and there was leſs intercourſe between different nations: there were fewer travellers, fewer intereſts to ſettle, and fewer connexions, either in a political or civil order: they had little or none of the parade of negotiations; they had no ordinary ambaſſadors, no conſtant reſidents: there was very little foreign commerce; and even that little was carried on by the prince, who made uſe of ſtrange merchants; or by a contemptible ſet of people, who had no weight to take the lead, or to eſtabliſh a correſpondence between ſeparate nations. There is a hundred times more connexion at preſent between Europe and Aſia, than there was formerly between Gaul and Spain. There was a greater ſeparation between

tween the different countries of Europe alone, than there is at preſent in the whole globe.

Add to this, that the ancient nations looked upon themſelves rather as *Autochthones*, or original natives of their reſpective countries: they had been ſo long in poſſeſſion, that they had loſt all accounts of the diſtant ages, in which their anceſtors firſt ſettled in thoſe parts; and there had been time for them to receive the impreſſions of the climate; whereas, ſince the declenſion of the Roman empire, the inundations and different migrations of barbarians have created a total confuſion. The modern French are no longer thoſe large bodied men, with flaxen hair, and fair complexion; the Greeks have ceaſed to be thoſe men of elegant form, capable of ſerving as models to ſculptors; the perſons of the Romans, as well as their natural temper, have alſo changed; the Perſians, originally deſcended from the Tartars, have, by mixing with Circaſſian blood, decreaſed very much in their ancient deformity. The Europeans are no longer the Gauls, the Germans, the Iberians, the Allobroges; they are no more than Scythians differently degenerated in their figure, and much more ſo in their manners.

Hence it is, that the ancient diviſions of races and tribes, together with the qualities of air and ſoil, produced a greater difference in the conſtitution, figure, manners, and character of the ſeveral nations, than appears at preſent: for the inconſtancy of the modern Europeans does not allow a ſufficient time to any natural cauſe to make a proper impreſſion. By cutting down the foreſts, draining the maſhes, and cultivating the lands in a more uniform, though not a better manner, even the difference in the natural cauſes is greatly removed.

Were we to be prepared with the like reflections, we ſhould not be ſo ready to ridicule Herodotus, Cteſias, and Pliny, for painting the inhabitants of ſeveral countries in characteriſtic traces, for which

they are no longer diſtinguiſhed. We muſt bring thoſe men again to life, and they muſt have undergone, during ſo great an interval of time, no manner of change, before we can pretend to find exactly the ſame lineaments. Were we to take a general ſurvey of all the men that ever exiſted, is there the leaſt doubt, but we ſhould perceive a greater alteration in the inhabitants of different centuries, than in thoſe of different nations?

At the ſame time that it is become more difficult to make proper remarks, we find the obſervers more careleſs and inaccurate; and this is another reaſon of the ill ſucceſs of our inquiries into the natural hiſtory of mankind. The improvement derived from voyages, is relative to the view or deſign with which they are undertaken. When this happens to be a particular ſyſtem of philoſophy, the traveller ſees nothing but what makes for his purpoſe; if intereſt be his deſign, it abſorbs his whole attention. Commerce and the arts produce a communication and mixture of different nations, but prevent their ſtudying the manners of each other. When once they are acquainted with the pecuniary advantage they can derive from a mutual intercourſe, what more do they want?

It is uſeful to man to be acquainted with every habitable part of the earth, to the end that he may chuſe the moſt convenient ſpot to live in. Were each perſon able to ſubſiſt by himſelf, it would be of no importance to him to know any other country, than that which is ſufficient for his ſupport. The ſavage, independent of any body's aid, and free from avarice, neither knows, nor deſires to know, any other country but his own. If he is obliged to wander for his ſubſiſtence, he avoids inhabited places; his purſuit is only after the wild beaſts, and he wants them only for his nutriment. But in this part of the world, as we cannot do without a ſocial life, and it is become neceſſary for men to devour one

one another, it is the intereſt of each to frequent thoſe countries, where our ſpecies is moſt numerous. This is the reaſon why there is always ſuch a concourſe of foreigners at Rome, at Paris, and at London. It is in great capitals that human blood is eaſieſt to purchaſe. Hence we are acquainted only with great and potent nations, and theſe are much the ſame over all the world.

You will ſay, we have men of learning, who travel for improvement; but that is a miſtake. The learned travel with a view of intereſt like other people. There are no more Plato's nor Pythagoras's; or if there be any ſuch, they are at a great diſtance from hence. Our literati travel by order of the court; they are commiſſioned, and appointed by the prince, who defrays their expences, and pays them for viewing particular objects, which have no manner of connexion with morality. They are engaged to employ their whole time about that ſingle point, and they are too honeſt to take their ſalaries for nothing. If there are men of curioſity that travel in any country at their own expence, it is not in order to know, but to inſtruct, mankind. They are not in purſuit of learning, but of vanity. How ſhould they learn abroad to ſhake off the yoke of opinion, ſince it was in compliance with this prejudice they began their travels?

There is a very wide difference between going abroad, in order to ſee a country, and in order to obſerve the people. The former is ever the chief object of curious perſons; the latter is to them an adventitious concern. But he who would improve in philoſophy, muſt act the very reverſe. A child forms his obſervation on inſenſible objects, and waits till he is capable of making his remarks alſo on mankind. Man ought to commence with obſerving his own ſpecies; and then let him ſpeculate on other objects at his leiſure.

It is therefore very bad reaſoning, to pretend that voyages are uſeleſs, becauſe they are ill managed. But ſuppoſing the utility of voyages, does it follow that they are proper for every body? So far from it, that on the contrary they are adapted to very few; to ſuch only as have arrived at a ſufficient conſtancy and firmneſs of mind, to liſten to the ſophiſms of error without being miſled, and to behold the example of vice without being corrupted. Travelling encourages a man's natural bent, and completes his character, either on the ſide of vice or virtue. A perſon that has made his foreign tour, is at his return the man he will be all his life: there are more vicious than virtuous men, who return from their travels, becauſe there are more inclined to vice than to virtue who go abroad. Young people, that have had but a bad education, and no proper governor to direct them, are apt to contract, during their travels, the vices of thoſe with whom they converſe, and none of their virtues. But they who are virtuouſly inclined, and who having improved their minds by a good education, go abroad with a real deſign of inſtruction, will be ſure to return with an increaſe of virtue and wiſdom. In this manner will my Emilius direct his travels: and ſuch was the method obſerved by that virtuous youth, worthy of a better age, whoſe merit was beheld and admired by all Europe; who died for his country in the bloom of life, but deſerved to live for ever; and whoſe tomb was adorned by his virtues only, till a foreign hand ſtrewed it with flowers.

Whatever is done from a principle of right reaſon, ought to be directed by its rules. Foreign travel, conſidered as a part of education, ſhould be under a proper regulation. To travel for the ſake of going abroad, is wandering, is ſtrolling like a vagabond; to travel for the purpoſe of inſtruction, is too vague an object; ſince inſtruction, without ſome particular point in view, is nothing at all. I ſhould be for exciting my pupil by a ſtrong motive or intereſt to improve his underſtanding;

ſtanding; and the right choice of this intereſt would determine the nature of his improvement. This is a ſure conſequence of the method I have endeavoured to inculcate.

But after he has viewed himſelf in his phyſical relations to other beings, and in his moral relations to other men, it remains for him to enter into the conſideration of his civil relations to his fellow-citizens. For this end, he muſt begin to ſtudy the nature of government in general, its different forms, and particularly that of the country in which he is born, in order to determine whether it be proper for him to live under it. For every man upon coming to age, being his own maſter, has a right, which nothing can abrogate, to renounce the contract that binds him to the community, by quitting the country in which that community is eſtabliſhed. It is only by continuing to reſide there, after he has attained the uſe of reaſon, that he is tacitly ſuppoſed to confirm the engagements of his parents. He acquires the right of renouncing his country, like that of relinquiſhing his father's inheritance: beſides, as the circumſtance of our having drawn our firſt breath in ſuch a particular ſpot, is a gift of nature, we part with ſomething whenever we renounce it. Strictly ſpeaking, every man, in whatever country he is born, remains free to leave it at his own hazard, at leaſt while he does not voluntarily ſubmit to the laws, in order to acquire the right of protection.

I ſhould therefore, for inſtance, ſay to him: "Hitherto you have lived under my direction; you were incapable of being your own governor: but behold you are drawing towards the period, at which the laws leave you at liberty to diſpoſe of your eſtate, and to become your own maſter. You will now find yourſelf alone in ſociety, dependent on every thing, even on your own patrimony. You intend to ſettle and marry; a very laudable deſign, and one of the principal duties of man. But before you take a wife, you ſhould know what ſort of a

"man

" man you intend to be, how you deſign to ſpend " your days, what means you have in view to pro- " cure a livelihood for yourſelf and your family; for " notwithſtanding this is not the main affair, yet you " muſt ſeriouſly think on it. Are you willing to en- " ter into a dependance on mankind, whom you hold " in ſuch contempt? Are you deſirous to eſtabliſh " your fortune, and to fix your condition by civil re- " lations, which will inceſſantly leave you expoſed to " the diſcretion of others, and oblige you, in order " to eſcape from knaves, to turn knave yourſelf?"

Upon this I ſhall lay before him the ſeveral poſſible means of improving his capital, either in commerce, or in the law, or in the revenue; and I ſhall convince him, that each of theſe profeſſions expoſes him to great riſks, reduces him to a precarious and dependent ſituation, and obliges him to regulate his manners, his ſentiments, and his conduct, by the example and prejudices of others.

" There is, I ſhall ſay to him, another way of " employing your time and your perſon, by entering " into the ſervice, that is, by letting yourſelf out for " an eaſy hire, to kill people who have done you no " harm. This is a trade greatly eſteemed by man- " kind; and thoſe who are good for nothing elſe, are " in high reputation. But inſtead of exempting you " from other reſources, it only renders them more ne- " ceſſary; for there is ſo much honour in this ſtate of " life, as to ruin and exhauſt thoſe who devote them- " ſelves to it. I confeſs they are not all ruined; for " it is now become inſenſibly the cuſtom to grow rich " in this, as well as in other profeſſions. But I que- " ſtion, were I to acquaint you with the ſteps they " take to ſucceed, whether I ſhould render you deſi- " rous to follow their example.

" You muſt alſo know, that in this very trade, " courage and valour are no longer requiſite, except " perhaps with the women. But on the contrary, " the meaneſt and moſt cringing are always the moſt " reſpected;

" reſpected; and if you ſhould take it into your head " ſeriouſly to follow your trade, and to diſcharge your " duty, you would be deſpiſed, hated, and perhaps " caſhiered; or at leaſt you would be overlooked, " and ſupplanted by your brother officers, for being " upon duty in the trenches, while they were upon " theirs at the toilette."

I have very good reaſon to believe, that none of theſe employments will be agreeable to Emilius. " Alas! he will ſay to me, have I then forgot the " ſports of my infancy! Have I loſt my arms! Is " my vigour exhauſted! Am I no longer able to " work for my livelihood! Of what uſe are all thoſe " fine employments, and all the fooliſh opinions of " men to me? I know no other glory, than that of " being humane and honeſt; no other happineſs, than " that of living independent with the perſon I love, " and of gaining appetite and health by our daily la- " bour. Thoſe troubleſome offices you have been men- " tioning, I will have nothing to do with. My whole " eſtate ſhall be a little farm in ſome corner of the " world. All my avarice and ambition ſhall be to " improve it; there I ſhall live without care or in- " quietude. Give me Sophy and a farm, and I ſhall " be as rich as Crœſus.

" Yes, my friend, I ſhall reply, it is ſufficient for " the happineſs of a wiſe man, to have a wife and a " farm of his own. But theſe treaſures, though very " moderate, are not ſo common as you imagine. " The moſt difficult of the two we have diſcovered " for you; let us come to the other.

" A farm of your own, dear Emilius! And in " what part of the world would you chuſe it? In what " corner of the earth could you ſay, Here I am maſter " of my own perſon, and of this ſpot of land? The " places where riches may be eaſily acquired, are well " known; but who can tell where one may do with- " out them? Who can tell where you may live free " and independent, without having occaſion to hurt

" any

" any man, or being under an apprehenſion of re-
" ceiving an injury? Do you imagine it is ſo eaſy to
" find a country, where you are always permitted to
" be honeſt? If there be any lawful and certain
" means of ſubſiſting without artifice, quarrels, or
" dependence, I grant it is by manual labour, and
" by cultivating your own land: but where is the
" country in which a man can ſay, The ground I
" tread on is mine? Before you pitch upon this hap-
" py ſpot, be ſure firſt of all of not having your
" quiet diſturbed; take care that no deſpotic go-
" vernment, no perſecuting religion, no general cor-
" ruption of manners, ſhall come to interrupt your
" repoſe. Beware of immoderate taxes, which would
" eat up the fruit of your labour; and of end-
" leſs law-ſuits, which would devour your eſtate.
" Contrive ſo, that behaving as an honeſt man, you
" ſhall have no occaſion to make your court to in-
" tendants and their officers, to judges, to prieſts, to
" opulent neighbours, and to knaves of all kinds,
" who are ever ready to torment you, if they find
" themſelves ſlighted. Guard againſt the oppreſſion
" of the great and the rich; and remember, that in
" every country their lands may border on Naboth's
" vineyard. Should it be your ill fate that ſome
" great man in office, has either built or purchaſed a
" houſe near your little cottage, how are you ſure
" that he will not find means, under ſome pretence
" or other, to invade your inheritance, in order to
" make his own place more compact; or that your
" land will not perhaps be abſorbed to-morrow in a
" ſpacious highway? But if you have ſufficient cre-
" dit to guard againſt all theſe inconveniencies, you
" may as well preſerve your riches, for this is no
" more difficult than the other. Wealth and credit
" are of mutual aſſiſtance; one cannot well ſupport
" itſelf without the other.

" I have more experience than you, my dear Emi-
" lius; and I ſee better into the difficulty of your pro-
" ject.

"ject. It is, however, a very good one; it does "you honour, and will effectually render you hap- "py: but let us try to carry it into execution. I "have one propoſal to make to you: let us devote "the two years we have allotted to our foreign tra- "vels, in chuſing a proper retreat in ſome part of Eu- "rope, where you may live contentedly with your fa- "mily, ſecure from all the dangers above deſcribed. "Should we ſucceed, you will have diſcovered the "ſeat of true happineſs, the vain purſuit of ſo many "adventurers, and you will not have occaſion to "complain of loſs of time. If we do not ſucceed, "you will be cured of a chimerical notion; you will "make yourſelf eaſy under an inevitable evil, and "ſubmit to the law of neceſſity."

I queſtion whether all my readers will be able to perceive the drift of this inquiry; but this I know, that if Emilius, after finiſhing his travels according to the plan above mentioned, be not perfectly acquainted with the ſeveral matters relating to government, to national cuſtoms, and ſtate affairs of every kind, it muſt be owing either to his incapacity, or to my want of judgment.

The true principles of the law of politics have not been yet eſtabliſhed, and I preſume never will. Grotius, the maſter of this ſcience, is but a child, and what is worſe, he is reprehenſible for his inſincerity. When I heard this writer's praiſes ſounded ſo high, and Hobbes loaded with infamy, I perceived that theſe two authors are very little underſtood. The truth is, their principles are exactly ſimilar, and vary only in the expreſſion. There is likewiſe a difference in their method. Hobbes builds his ſyſtem on ſophiſms, and Grotius his upon the poets; in every thing elſe they agree.

The only modern, capable of creating this great and uſeleſs ſcience, was the celebrated Monteſquieu. But he avoided entering into a diſcuſſion of the principles of the law of politics; he was content with treating of

the

the poſitive law under eſtabliſhed governments; and there is nothing in the world more different than theſe two ſciences.

Yet whoſoever would conceive a juſt idea of eſtabliſhed governments, is obliged to unite both inquiries: to form a proper judgment of the preſent inſtitutions, we ſhould be very well acquainted with the foundation and right of civil power. The chief difficulty in clearing up theſe important ſubjects, is to intereſt a private perſon in the diſcuſſion, and to make him anſwer theſe two queſtions: *Of what ſignification is it to me? And what good can I do?* We have rendered our Emilius capable of giving a reply to both.

The ſecond difficulty is owing to the prejudice of education, to the maxims which we have early imbibed, and eſpecially to the partiality of authors, who are ever preaching up the truth to which they pay but little regard, while they are thinking of their own intereſt, concerning which they are ſilent. Now as the common people have not the beſtowing of profeſſorſhips, penſions, and places in the academies, you may judge how their rights are ſupported by thoſe authors. I have taken care that this ſhould be no ſort of difficulty to Emilius: he ſcarce underſtands the nature of government; the only article of importance to him, is to find out the beſt; his deſign is not to write books; and if ever he takes pen in hand, it is not to pay his court to higher powers, but to eſtabliſh the rights of humanity.

There remains a third difficulty, more ſpecious than ſolid; and which I am neither to ſolve, nor to propoſe. Let it ſuffice for me, that it does not damp my zeal for the cauſe of truth; for I am well convinced, that diſcuſſions of this kind do not ſo much require great abilities, as a ſtrict impartiality and ſincere love of juſtice. Hence if it be poſſible ever to enter into a fair diſcuſſion of matters of government, it muſt, in my opinion, be in the following caſe.

Before

Before we obſerve, we muſt lay down ſome rules for our conduct: we muſt make a ſcale, in order to regulate our meaſures. Our principles of politic law conſtitute this ſcale; and our meaſures are the civil laws which obtain in each country.

Our elements are clear and ſimple, and derived immediately from the nature of the ſubject. Queſtions will ariſe, and be regularly debated between us, but we ſhall not form them into principles, till they have been ſufficiently determined.

For inſtance: aſcending directly to the ſtate of nature, we ſhall inquire whether men are born in ſubjection or freedom, in ſociety or independency; whether they are voluntarily or forcibly united; whether the force, by which they are united, is capable of forming a permanent right, by which this antecedent force continues to oblige, even when ſuperſeded by another; ſo that ever ſince the reign of Nimrod, who is ſaid to have been the firſt that made uſe of force to ſubdue other nations, all the powers, who ſubverted that force, are become tyrants and uſurpers, and there are no lawful kings but the deſcendants of Nimrod, or his repreſentatives? Or whether when that primitive force happened to ceaſe, that which ſucceeded was alſo binding, and deſtroyed the obligation of the other; ſo that we are no longer bound to obey than while we are compelled, and our obligation expires, as ſoon as we are enabled to reſiſt? This right, however, would in my opinion make no great addition to force, being little more than a quibble.

We ſhall inquire, whether it be not proper to ſay, that all diſeaſes proceed from God; and whether it follows from thence, that it is a crime to apply to a phyſician?

We ſhall alſo examine, whether a perſon is obliged in conſcience to give his purſe to a robber who demands it of him on the highway, even when he has it in his power to conceal it? For after all, the piſtol he holds in his hand is a power.

Whether

Whether the word *power*, on this occaſion, implies any thing more than a lawful authority, and of courſe ſubject to the laws from whence it derives its exiſtence?

Suppoſe we reject this right founded in power, and admit that of nature or paternal authority, as the ſource of civil government, we ſhall examine into the extent of this authority, in what manner it is founded in nature, and whether it has any other reaſon than the utility and weakneſs of the child, and the natural affection of the parent? Therefore, when the child's weakneſs ceaſes, and his reaſon is ripened, whether he does not become ſole natural judge of what is proper for his preſervation, and conſequently his own maſter, independently of any other man, even of his father? For it is more certain that the ſon loves himſelf, than that the father loves his offspring.

Whether, upon the father's deceaſe, the children are all obliged to obey their elder brother, or any other collateral who has not the ſame natural affection for them as their father had; and whether through a ſucceſſion of generations there is conſtantly an only chief, to whom all the reſt of the family are obliged to ſubmit? In which caſe we ſhould inveſtigate in what manner the authority came to be divided, and why there was more than one chief upon the whole earth, that had a right to govern and direct mankind?

Upon a ſuppoſition that people were formed into governments by their own choice, we ſhould then diſtinguiſh the right from fact, and put the queſtion, whether when they thus ſubmitted to their brothers, uncles, or relations, not from any obligation, but from their own choice and free will, this kind of government is ever to be conſidered as a free and voluntary aſſociation?

Proceeding thence to the right of ſlavery, we ſhall inquire whether one man can lawfully diſpoſe of himſelf to another, without any reſtriction or reſerve? That is, whether he has a right to renounce his perſon,

ſon, his life, his reaſon, *himſelf*, the whole morality of his actions; in a word, to ceaſe to exiſt before his death, in oppoſition to nature, by whom he is immediately entruſted with the care of his preſervation, and in ſpite of his own conſcience and reaſon, by which he is appriſed of the actions he ought to perform, and of thoſe from which he is bound to refrain.

If there be any reſerve or condition in the act of ſervitude, we ſhall make it a queſtion, whether this act does not then become a real compact, wherein each of the contracting parties, having no common ſuperior *, remains his own judge in regard to the conditions of the compact, and of courſe is at liberty to ſet it aſide whenever he conſiders himſelf injured?

If a man therefore cannot unconditionally reſign his liberty to his maſter; how can a whole people have a power of making an unlimited alienation of their perſons and properties to their chief? And if a ſlave remains judge of the obſervance of the contract on the part of his lord; why ſhould not the nation be judges of the performance of the compact on the part of their leader?

Being thus obliged to return to the point we ſet out from, we ſhall conſider the ſignification of this collective word *people*, and ſee whether it does not require a compact to eſtabliſh ſuch a ſociety, at leaſt a tacit compact, prior to that generally ſuppoſed?

Since the people, before they chuſe themſelves a king, are ſtill a people, who made them ſuch, but the ſocial compact? This is therefore the baſis of all civil ſociety; and from the nature of this contract, we muſt determine that of the ſociety to which it gives riſe.

* Were they to have a common ſuperior, he could be no other than their ſovereign, and then the right of ſlavery would not be the ſource from whence that of ſovereignty was derived.

We ſhall inquire into the tenor of this compact, and whether it may not be expreſſed nearly in this form: *Every one of us ſubmits his property, his liberty, his life, and all his power to the ſupreme direction of the general will; and we in a collective body receive each member, as an indiviſible part of the whole?*

This being premiſed, in order to define the terms we have occaſion for, we ſhall obſerve, that inſtead of the perſon of each contracting party, this aſſociation is productive of a moral and collective body, conſiſting of as many members as there are voters in the aſſembly. This public perſon aſſumes in general the name of a *body politic*, which by its members is denominated the *ſtate*, when paſſive; the *ſovereign*, when active; and when compared to other governments, it has the name of *Power*. With relation to the members themſelves, they take the name of *people* collectively, and in particular are called *citizens*, as members of the city, or partaking of the ſovereignty; and *ſubjects*, as ſubordinate to that ſame authority.

This act of aſſociation includes a reciprocal engagement between the public and private perſons; and every individual contracting, as it were, with himſelf, is engaged under a two-fold relation, namely, as members of the legiſlature to private people; and as members of the ſtate to the legiſlature.

We ſhall further obſerve, that as no man is bound by engagements made only with himſelf, the public deliberation having a power of binding all the ſubjects to the ſovereign, by reaſon of the two different relations under which each of them is conſidered, cannot bind the ſtate to itſelf. Whereby we ſee that it is impoſſible there ſhould be any other fundamental law, properly ſo called, than the ſocial compact. Which does not imply that one body politic cannot, in certain reſpects, enter into an engagement with another; for in regard to a foreign ſtate, it then becomes a ſimple and individual being.

The

The two contracting parties, namely, every individual and the public, having no common ſuperior capable of determining their differences, we ſhall examine whether each of them is at liberty to break the contract whenever he pleaſes; that is, whether he has a right to renounce it on his ſide, as ſoon as he thinks himſelf injured?

In order to clear up this matter, we ſhall obſerve, that as in purſuance of the ſocial compact, the ſovereign has a power to proceed only by a common and general will, his actions ought conſequently to be directed only towards general and common objects; whence it follows, that a private perſon cannot be directly injured by the ſovereign, without injuring the whole, which is impoſſible, becauſe this would be intending an injury to himſelf. Hence the ſocial compact ſtands in need of no other ſecurity than the public force, ſince the injury can proceed only from individuals, who in that caſe are not diſcharged from their engagement, but chaſtiſed for breaking it.

For the further illuſtration of this ſubject, it will be proper to obſerve, that the ſocial compact is of a particular nature, in this that the people contract with themſelves alone; that is, the people in a body as ſovereign, with individuals as ſubjects. A condition which conſtitutes the intire ſpring of the political machine, and alone renders thoſe engagements lawful, reaſonable, and ſafe, which would otherwiſe be abſurd, tyrannical, and ſubject to the moſt enormous abuſes.

As individuals did not ſubmit but to the ſovereign, and the ſupreme authority is nothing more than the general will, we ſhall ſee how each perſon, by obeying the ſovereign, really obeys himſelf; and how we are freer under the ſocial compact, than in the ſtate of nature.

After we have drawn a compariſon between natural and civil liberty in regard to perſons, we ſhall now compare the right of property to that of ſovereignty,

and private property to that called *tranſcendental* *. If the authority of the ſovereign be founded in the right of property, it ought to pay the greateſt reſpect to this right, and to hold it ſacred and inviolate, ſo long as it remains in private hands: but as ſoon as it is conſidered as common to all, it becomes ſubject to the general will, and by this it may be annihilated. Hence the ſovereign has no right to meddle with the property of one, or many individuals; but he may lawfully poſſeſs himſelf of the common fund, as was practiſed at Sparta in the time of Lycurgus; whereas the abolition of debts eſtabliſhed by Solon, was an unjuſt act.

Since the general will alone can bind the ſubject, we ſhall inquire in what manner this will is made manifeſt, by what tokens it may be certainly known; what is the nature, and what the characteriſtic of a law? This is altogether a new inveſtigation; for as yet the ſubject has not been juſtly defined.

As ſoon as the people paſs a decree on one or more of their private members, they become divided. There ariſes a relation between the whole and its parts, which forms them into two ſeparate beings, of which the part is one, and the whole excluſive of that part is the other. But the whole excluſive of a part is not the whole; ſo long as that relation ſubſiſts, there is no intire object, but two unequal parts.

On the contrary, when the people paſs judgment on their own body, then they conſider only themſelves; and if any relation ariſes, it is that of the intire object viewed in different lights, without any diviſion of the whole. Then the object on which judgment is paſſed, is general; and the will that decrees, is of the ſame nature. We ſhall examine whether there be any other kind of act capable of bearing the denomination of law?

* Dominium eminens.

If the ſovereign has a power of declaring his will only by means of the law, and this can never have any other than a general object, relative alike to all the members of the community; it follows, that he is not empowered to determine on private matters; and as it is of the utmoſt importance to the ſtate, that private affairs ſhould alſo be decided, we ſhall inquire in what manner this can be rightly effected.

Acts of ſovereignty are derived only from the general will, and of courſe can be nothing but laws; ſubſequent to theſe, there muſt be deciſive acts, or exertions of government, for the execution of ſuch laws, and theſe relate only to particular objects. Thus the act whereby the ſovereign decrees that a chief ſhall be elected, is a law; and the deciſion by which the election is made in purſuance of the law, is only an act of government.

Here therefore is a third relation, in which the body of the people may be conſidered, namely, as a magiſtrate, or executor of the law, which he has enacted as ſovereign *.

We ſhall examine whether the people can diveſt themſelves of their right of ſovereignty, to transfer it to one or many individuals; for as the act of election is not a law, and in paſſing that act the people themſelves are not the ſovereign, it does not appear how they can confer a right not inherent in themſelves.

As the eſſential part of ſovereignty conſiſts in the general will, it does not appear what certainty there is, that the will of a private perſon ſhall always be conſentaneous to the general will of the ſovereign. On the contrary, we ſhould rather preſume it will frequently differ; for private intereſt ever tends to prefer-

* Theſe queſtions and propoſals are chiefly taken from a treatiſe on the *Social Compact*; and this is but an extract from a larger work, which I undertook without conſulting my abilities, and have long ſince laid aſide. The little treatiſe I have picked out of it, and of which this is an abridgment, ſhall be publiſhed ſeparately.

ment, and the public to equality: and even were this agreement poſſible, it would be ſufficient for it to be neceſſary and undefeaſible, to prevent its being the ſource from which the ſupreme authority is derived.

We ſhall further examine, whether, without violating the ſocial compact, the heads of the nation, under what title ſoever elected, can be any thing more than the miniſters of the people, whom the latter have entruſted with the execution of the laws? Whether thoſe heads or chiefs be not accountable to the people for their adminiſtration, and ſubject to the laws which they have undertaken to ſee obſerved?

Whether if the people cannot alienate or transfer their ſovereign right, they can entruſt one or more perſons with it for a time? Whether if they cannot place a maſter over their heads, they can appoint their repreſentatives? This is a queſtion of great importance, and merits a particular diſcuſſion.

If the people can neither have a ſovereign nor repreſentatives, we ſhall ſee in what manner they are capable of paſſing their own laws; whether they ought to have a multiplicity of laws; whether theſe ſhould be frequently changed, and whether it be eaſy for a great people to be their own legiſlator?

Whether the Romans were not a great people?

Whether it be for the good of mankind, there ſhould be great and powerful nations?

From the preceding conſiderations it follows, that in every ſtate there is an intermediate body between the ſubjects and the ſovereign; and this being formed of one or ſeveral members, is entruſted with the adminiſtration, with the executive power, and with the maintenance of civil and political liberty.

The members of this body are called *magiſtrates* or *kings*, that is, *governors*. The intire body, conſidered in reſpect to the men of whom it is compoſed, is ſtiled the *prince*; and in reſpect to its manner of acting, is known by the name of *government*.

If

If we view the intire body as acting upon itſelf, that is, the relation of the whole to the whole, or of the ſovereign to the ſtate, we may compare this relation to that of the extremes of a continued proportion, the mean term of which is the government. The magiſtrate receives from the ſovereign the orders he gives to the people; and every thing conſidered, his power is in the ſame proportion as that of the citizens, who are ſubjects on the one hand, and ſovereigns on the other. There is no poſſibility of altering any of the three terms, without inſtantly breaking the proportion. Should the ſovereign attempt to adminiſter the laws, or the magiſtrate to enact them, or the ſubject refuſe to obey them; confuſion would enſue, and the ſtate being diſſolved, would fall either into deſpotic power or anarchy.

Let us ſuppoſe the ſtate conſiſts of ten thouſand citizens. The ſovereign can be conſidered only collectively and in a body; but every individual, as a ſubject, has a particular and independent exiſtence. Hence the ſovereign is to the ſubject, as ten thouſand to one; that is, every member of the ſtate hath for his ſhare no more than the ten thouſandth part of the ſupreme authority, though he is intirely ſubject to it. Let the people be compoſed of a hundred thouſand men, ſtill the ſituation of the ſubject does not alter; every man bears the whole weight of the laws, while his ſuffrage being reduced to a hundred thouſandth part, has ten times leſs influence in the legiſlature. Thus the ſubject being ſtill confined to an unit, the relation of the ſovereign increaſes in proportion to the number of citizens. Whence it follows, that the more a ſtate is aggrandiſed, the more the liberty of the ſubject diminiſhes.

Now the leſs relation there is between the private and general wills, or, in other terms, between the manners of the people and the laws, the more the coercive power ought to be increaſed. On the other hand, as the greatneſs of the ſtate affords the depoſi-

taries of the public authority more numerous temptations and means of abuſing it; the more the magiſtrate is inveſted with power to reſtrain the people, the more the legiſlature in their turn ought to be enabled to check the magiſtrate.

From this two-fold relation it follows, that the continued proportion between the legiſlature, the magiſtrate, and the people, is not an arbitrary idea, but a conſequence of the nature of government. It follows likewiſe, that one of the extremes, namely, the people, being fixed, as often as the duplicate proportion increaſes or diminiſhes, the ſimple ratio increaſes or diminiſhes in its turn; which cannot be effected, unleſs the mean term undergoes the like changes. And hence this conſequence may be drawn, that there is no one ſingle and abſolute form of government; but there ought to be as many different conſtitutions, as there are ſtates differing in power and extent.

If in proportion to the greater number of people, there is leſs relation between the manners and the laws, we ſhall inquire whether, by a very plain analogy, it may not be alſo affirmed, that the government is weakened in proportion to the greater number of magiſtrates?

In order to elucidate this maxim, we ſhall diſtinguiſh in the perſon of each magiſtrate three wills eſſentially different. Firſt of all, the private will of the individual, which tends only to his own particular advantage. The ſecond, the common will of the magiſtrates, which is intirely relative to the benefit of the prince; a will that may be called that of the whole body, being general in regard to the government, and particular with relation to the ſtate, of which the government conſtitutes a part. The third is the will of the people, or that of the legiſlature, which is general, as well in regard to the ſtate conſidered as a whole, as in relation to the government conſidered as a part. In a perfect legiſlation, private will ought to paſs almoſt for nothing; the will of the body proper

for

for the executive part ſhould be very ſubordinate, conſequently the general and ſupreme will ought to regulate all the reſt. On the contrary, in the natural order, theſe different wills become more active, in proportion as they are concentered; the general will is always the weakeſt; that of the magiſtrate has the ſecond rank; and that of the individual takes place of all the reſt. So that every man conſiders himſelf firſt, then the magiſtrate, and next the citizen. A gradation diametrically oppoſite to that required by the order of ſociety.

This being premiſed, let us ſuppoſe the government in the hands of a ſingle perſon. Then you have the private will and that of the magiſtrate perfectly united, and of courſe the latter in the higheſt degree it can poſſibly be extended. Now as it is on this degree the exertion of force depends, and the abſolute force of the government, which is always that of the people, never varies; the conſequence is, that the moſt active government is that of a ſingle perſon.

On the contrary, let us unite the executive to the legiſlative power; let us make the magiſtrate a ſovereign, the citizens ſo many magiſtrates. In that caſe, the will of the body of magiſtrates being abſolutely confounded with the general will, can have no more activity than the latter, and therefore the particular will muſt enjoy its intire force. Then the executive power, ſubſiſting with the ſame abſolute force, will be in the loweſt ſtage of its activity.

Theſe rules are undeniable, and may be confirmed by other conſiderations. We ſee for inſtance, that the body of magiſtrates are more active than private citizens, and conſequently they are under a ſtronger influence of private will. For each magiſtrate is generally intruſted with ſome particular department of the adminiſtration; whereas each citizen, ſeparately conſidered, has not a ſhare in the functions of ſovereignty. Beſides, the further a ſtate extends itſelf, the more its real force increaſes, though not in pro-

portion

portion to its extent: but the ſtate continuing the ſame, it is to no purpoſe for the number of magiſtrates to increaſe; the government would not there, by acquire more real force, becauſe it is entruſted with that of the ſtate, which we ſuppoſe to be always equal. Thus, by this increaſe of numbers, the activity of the adminiſtration would diminiſh, and at the ſame time its force could not poſſibly increaſe.

After we have diſcovered that the reins of government are relaxed, in proportion as the number of magiſtrates is multiplied, and that the more the people become numerous, the more the coercive power of government ought to increaſe, we ſhall conclude, that the relation of the magiſtrates to the government, ought to be the *inverſe ratio* of that of the ſubjects to the ſovereign: that is to ſay, the more the ſtate increaſes in extent, the more the government ought to contract itſelf, ſo that the number of chiefs ſhould diminiſh, in proportion to the increaſe of inhabitants.

In order to fix afterwards this variety of forms, by more particular denominations, we ſhall obſerve, in the firſt place, that the ſovereign may intruſt the whole body, or the greateſt part of the people, with the care of government, ſo that there ſhall be more magiſtrates than private citizens. This form of government is called Democracy.

Or the adminiſtration may be contracted within a narrower compaſs, ſo that there ſhall be a greater number of citizens, than of magiſtrates; and this is the form known by the name of Ariſtocracy.

Laſtly, the whole government may center in the hands of a ſingle magiſtrate. This third form is more common, and is diſtinguiſhed by the name of Monarchy.

We ſhall remark that all theſe forms, but eſpecially the two firſt, are ſuſceptible of extenſion or reſtriction, and have a very general ſignification. For democracy may either include the whole people, or be confined to one moiety. Ariſtocracy likewiſe

may,

may, from a moiety of the people indefinitely, be reſtricted to a very ſmall number; and even regal power itſelf ſometimes admits a partition, either between the father and ſon, or between two brothers, or in ſome other manner. There were two kings in Sparta, and there were eight Roman emperors at a time, and yet the empire could not be ſaid to have been then divided. There is a certain point at which every form of ſovereignty is confounded, with that which comes neareſt to it; and under three ſpecific denominations, the government is really ſuſceptible of as many forms, as there are citizens in the ſtate.

Further; as each of thoſe governments may in ſome meaſure be ſubdivided into different parts, differently adminiſtered, from a combination of theſe, there may reſult a multitude of mixt governments, each of which is multipliable by all the ſimple forms.

In regard to the beſt form of government, it is a ſubject that has been diſputed in all ages, without conſidering that every one of them is the beſt in ſome caſes, and the worſt in others. For our part, if in different ſtates, the number of magiſtrates * ought to be in an *inverſe ratio* to that of the citizens, we ſhall conclude, that a democracy is beſt adapted to ſmall ſtates, an ariſtocracy to middling ſtates, and monarchy to thoſe of a conſiderable extent.

By continuing theſe reſearches, we ſhall be able to diſcover which are the duties and rights of citizens, and whether the one may be ſeparated from the other? We ſhall likewiſe be capable of judging what is properly meant by our country, and how a perſon is to know whether he belongs to a country or not?

* Take notice, that I mean to ſpeak here only of the ſupreme magiſtrates or heads of the nation; the others being only their delegates in particular departments.

Having

Having thus conſidered each ſpecies of civil ſociety in itſelf, we ſhall compare them together, in order to obſerve their different relations. Some are large, others ſmall; ſome powerful, others feeble; ſome attack their neighbours, others defend themſelves; and by this continual action and re-action, they are productive of more oppreſſion, and deſtroy more lives, than if mankind had all preſerved their original liberty. We ſhall examine whether they have not done either too much or too little in the ſocial inſtitution. Whether individuals, by being ſubject to the laws and government of men, while ſocieties remain in a ſtate of natural independence, are not expoſed to the evils and inconveniencies of both ſtates, without enjoying any of their advantages; and whether it would not be much better there were no civil ſociety at all in the world, than ſuch a multiplicity? And is it not this mixed ſtate, which partakes of both, and renders neither ſecure, *per quem neutrum licet, nec tanquam in bello paratum eſſe, nec tanquam in pace ſecurum?* Is not this a partial and imperfect aſſociation, productive of tyranny and war; and are not theſe the greateſt ſcourges of mankind?

We ſhall at length inquire into the different ſorts of remedies, that have been contrived againſt thoſe inconveniencies, by leagues and alliances, which leave each ſtate in poſſeſſion of its own internal government, and ſecure it by a junction of arms againſt every unjuſt aggreſſor? We ſhall next make it our conſideration in what manner a good confederacy or alliance may be formed; what is capable of rendering it durable; and how far the right of confederacy may be extended, without prejudicing that of ſovereignty?

The abbé de St. Pierre had formed a plan for aſſociating the ſeveral ſtates of Europe, in order to maintain and preſerve a perpetual peace. Was ſuch an aſſociation practicable? and ſuppoſing it had been ſet on foot, is it to be preſumed it could have laſted?

ed *? Thoſe inquiries directly lead us to all the different queſtions of the law of nations, capable of elucidating thoſe of civil polity.

And laſt of all, we ſhall eſtabliſh the true principles of the laws of war; and inquire how happened it that Grotius and others have been ſo groſly miſtaken.

I ſhould not be at all ſurprized, that my young man, who does not want ſenſe, ſhould interrupt me in the midſt of my reaſonings, and tell me; That one would imagine we built our ſtructure with wood, and not with men, ſo very exactly do we ſquare each piece by rule! It is true, my friend, (I ſhould anſwer) but remember that the law is not pliable to human paſſions, and the point with us was to eſtabliſh the true principles of civil government. Now our foundations are laid, come and examine into the ſuperſtructure raiſed by men, and you will ſee very extraordinay things!

Then I make him read Telemachus, and accompany him in his adventures. We are in ſearch of the happy town of Salentum, and of good king Idomeneus, whoſe misfortunes have taught him wiſdom. By the way we meet with many who reſemble Proteſilaus, and none like Philocles. It is not impoſſible to find an Adraſtus king of the Daunians. But let us permit the reader to imagine our adventures, or to make them for us, with a Telemachus in his hand; and let us not ſuggeſt any of thoſe mortifying applications, which the author himſelf avoids, or makes againſt his will.

But as Emilius is not a king, nor I a deity, we do not give ourſelves any uneaſineſs at not being able to imitate Telemachus and Mentor, in their beneficence to mankind. No body knows better than we.

* Since I wrote the above, the reaſons for the queſtion have been canvaſſed in the extract of this project; the reaſons *againſt it*, at leaſt thoſe that ſeem to have any weight, will be found in a collection of my writings at the end of this very extract.

how to confine ourſelves to our ſtation, and no one has leſs deſire to exceed theſe bounds. We know that the ſame taſk is preſcribed to all; and whoſoever loves that which is right with all his heart, and does it with all his power, has performed his duty. We know that Telemachus and Mentor are chimeras. Emilius is not idle during his travels, but does more good than if he were a prince: were we kings, we ſhould be no longer beneficent; were we kings and beneficent, we ſhould, unknown to us, do a thouſand real evils, for one apparent good of our own imagination. Were we kings and endowed with wiſdom, the firſt good we ſhould chuſe to do to ourſelves and to others, would be to abdicate the regal dignity, and to revert to our preſent ſituation.

I have taken notice of the cauſe, that generally defeats the utility of travelling. What renders it ſtill leſs uſeful to young people, is the manner in which their travels are conducted. Their governors, more deſirous of amuſement than inſtruction, carry them from town to town, from palace to palace, from one circle and aſſembly to another; or if they are men of learning, they make them ſpend their time in running to libraries, in viſiting antiquarians, in rummaging into muſty old records, and tranſcribing ancient inſcriptions. In each country they buſy themſelves about paſt centuries; this is juſt as if they were to employ their time about the affairs of diſtant nations; ſo that after they have been at a great deal of idle expence in making the tour of Europe, they return without having obſerved any intereſting object, or made any acquirement conducive to their real advantage.

The capital cities in all countries reſemble one another; the people are intermixed, and their cuſtoms confounded; therefore thoſe are not the places we ſhould chuſe, to ſtudy the manners of nations. Paris and London appear to me to be much

much the ſame city. The inhabitants differ in their prejudices; but ſtill thoſe prejudices are equally numerous in both places, and their maxims of life are the ſame. It is well known what ſort of men muſt aſſemble at court, what manners muſt flow from the crowding of people into one place, and from the inequality of fortunes. As ſoon as you talk to me of a city, containing two hundred thouſand inhabitants, I know immediately their manner of life. The little more I ſhould learn by being on the ſpot, is not worth the trouble of a journey.

The genius and manners of a nation, are to be learnt in the diſtant provinces or counties, where there is leſs communication with one another, leſs trade, and reſort of ſtrangers, and where the inhabitants being more fixed, ſeldom change their rank or condition in life. Take a view of the capital as you go through it; but make your obſervations in the remote parts of the country. The Frenchmen are not in Paris, but in Touraine; the Engliſh are more Engliſh in the diſtant counties, than at London; and the Spaniards more Spaniards in Gallicia, than at Madrid. It is at thoſe great diſtances, that the real character of the people diſplays itſelf without any mixture: there it is that the good and bad effects of government are more perceptible; as at the end of a larger radius, the meaſure of the arches is more exact.

The neceſſary relations of manners to government, have been ſo well explained in the famous work of the Spirit of Laws, that we cannot do better than have recourſe to that writer, for the knowledge of thoſe relations. But in general, there are two eaſy ſimple rules, to judge of the relative goodneſs of government. The firſt is population. Wherever a country diminiſhes in people, the ſtate is tending to its ruin; and the country beſt peopled, though it were the pooreſt, is certainly under the beſt government.

But it is neceſſary for this end, that the population be a natural effect of the government, and of the manners of the inhabitants: for if it were owing to colonies, or to other tranſient and occaſional methods, then the remedy would be a proof of the diſeaſe. When Auguſtus enacted laws againſt celibacy, thoſe laws ſhewed the Roman empire to be already upon the decline. The people muſt be induced by the goodneſs of the government, and not compelled by laws, to marry: we muſt not inquire into what is done by force (for the law which does violence to the conſtitution, is eluded and falls to the ground) but what is owing to the influence of manners, and to the general tendency of the government; for theſe are the only means productive of a conſtant effect. It was the policy of the honeſt abbé de St. Pierre, always to look out for ſome little remedy to each particular evil, inſtead of traceing them to their common ſource, and obſerving that they could not be cured but all at the ſame time. A ſkilful phyſician will not apply a topical cure to every ulcer that appears on the body of his patient, but will endeavour to remove the foulneſs of blood, from which they are all derived. It is ſaid that there are bounties in England for the encouragement of agriculture; I deſire no ſtronger proof, that it will not long flouriſh in that nation.

The ſecond ſign of the relative goodneſs of government, and of the laws, is alſo derived from population, but in a different manner; this is from the diſtribution of the people, and not from their multitude. Two ſtates equal in extent, and in number of inhabitants, may be very unequal in ſtrength; the moſt powerful is that, whoſe inhabitants are moſt equally diffuſed over the ſurface of the country: that which has not ſuch great cities, and conſequently makes the leaſt figure, will be ſure to overcome the other. Great cities exhauſt and weaken a ſtate; the riches they produce are imaginary, and in appearance only; they conſiſt

of

of plenty of money, and a ſcarcity of commodities. It is ſaid that Paris yields as conſiderable a revenue to the king as a whole province: I believe that capital rather hurts the revenue, and that in ſeveral reſpects it is maintained by the diſtant counties; for the greateſt part of their annual income is abſorbed in that gulf, without ever returning either to the people, or into the king's coffers. It is aſtoniſhing, that in this age, ſo celebrated for political arithmetic, they do not ſee that France would be more populous by far, if Paris were annihilated. A people, improperly diſtributed, are of no ſervice to the ſtate: beſides, their numbers are more deſtructive than a depopulation; for the latter gives only a negative evil, whereas the former is attended with a poſitive inconveniency, namely, an imprudent conſumption. Whenever I hear a Frenchman and an Engliſhman vainly diſputing about the largeneſs of the capital of each kingdom, it ſounds to me as if they were conteſting which of the two nations had the honour of being worſt adminiſtered.

The right way of knowing a nation, is to inquire into their manner of living in the diſtant provinces. To view the external form of an eſtabliſhment, with the pomp and apparatus of the adminiſtration, is nothing at all, unleſs we examine at the ſame time into its nature and conſtitution, and ſee the different effects theſe produce in the minds of the people, and in the ſeveral departments of government. The difference between the external appearance and the internal ſubſtance, being divided among thoſe departments, it is only by comprehending them all, that this diverſity can be known. In ſome countries, the ſpirit of the miniſtry diſplays itſelf in the conduct of the delegates and ſubordinate officers; in others, it is neceſſary to be preſent at a general election of members of parliament, to be able to judge whether they are a free people or not; and in no country whatever is it poſſible that a perſon who

has ſurveyed only the large towns, ſhould underſtand the nature of the adminiſtration, becauſe it acts with a different principle and ſpirit in the capital, from what it does in the provinces. Now it is the latter that conſtitute the country, and the inhabitants thereof compoſe the nation.

This review of the natives of the remote provinces, in their original genius and ſimplicity, affords a general obſervation, agreeable to my motto, and extremely conſoling to humanity. It is, that all nations, thus conſidered, appear more worthy and amiable, than in any other reſpect; the nearer they approach to nature, the more virtue predominates in their character. It is by ſhutting themſelves up in towns, and altering their natural diſpoſition by ſocial inſtitutions, that they become corrupted, and change a few blemiſhes, rather of the rude than malevolent kind, into agreeable vices of a moſt pernicious tendency.

This obſervation is productive of another advantage in my method of travelling, which is, that young gentlemen by making but a ſhort ſtay in the great towns, where a general corruption of manners prevails, are in leſs danger of being infected; and by converſing in leſs numerous ſocieties with people of greater ſimplicity, they preſerve a ſounder judgment, a truer taſte, and greater innocence of manners. My Emilius, however, is in no danger of this contagion: he has every preſervative to guard againſt it. Among the ſeveral precautions I have taken for this purpoſe, I depend greatly on his preſent attachment to Sophia.

What influence real love may have over the vicious inclinations of young gentlemen, is little known at preſent; becauſe their governors, being as ignorant in this reſpect as themſelves, endeavour to divert them from it. Yet I affirm, that a young man muſt either be in love, or be a debauchee. We are eaſily impoſed upon by appearances. You may mention a thouſand young men, who are ſaid to have lived very chaſtely

chaſtly without being in love: but ſhew me a grown man, of real paſſions, that will honeſtly affirm he ſpent his youth in that manner. Appearances are what people are contented with in all virtues, and in all duties whatever; but I want real facts; and I am very much miſtaken, if there be any other way to attain this end, than that above mentioned.

The notion of making Emilius fall in love with a lady, before he went abroad, is not my own invention; it was ſuggeſted to me by the following incident.

When I was at Venice, I went to viſit the governor of a young Engliſh gentleman. It was in winter, and we were ſeated round the fire. The poſt being come in, the governor received his letters from England, and read one of them out loud to his pupil. As it was in Engliſh, I did not underſtand a word of it; but while he was reading, I perceived the youth tear off his fine lace ruffles, and throw them into the fire, as ſoftly as poſſibly he could, that it might paſs unobſerved. Surpriſed at this oddity, I looked in his face, and thought I diſcovered ſome emotion; but although the external ſigns of the paſſions are pretty much the ſame in all mankind, yet there are ſome national differences, which may eaſily lead a perſon into an error. There is a different language of the eyes, as well as of the lips. I waited till the governor had done reading the letter, then pointing to his pupil's naked wriſts, which the young gentleman endeavoured to conceal as well as he could, I aſked him the meaning of ſuch extraordinary behaviour.

The governor obſerving what had paſſed, began to laugh, and embraced his pupil with the greateſt ſatisfaction; and after he had obtained his conſent, he gave me the explication I deſired.

The ruffles, ſaid he to me, which Mr. St. John has juſt now torn, are a preſent he lately received from a lady in this city. Now you muſt know, that Mr St. John is promiſed in marriage to a young lady in his

own country, for whom he has a very great affection, and who is worthy of his regard and eſteem. This letter comes from the young lady's mother, and I will read you the paſſage which was productive of the miſchief you obſerved:

"Lucy never ſtirs from Mr. St. John's ruffles. "Miſs Betſy Rawlins came to ſee her yeſterday, and "ſpent the afternoon with us, when ſhe would lend a "hand to the ruffles, whether Lucy would or no. "Finding that Lucy had riſen earlier than uſual this "morning, I was deſirous to know what ſhe was "about, and I found her extremely buſy in unrip-"ping all that had been done yeſterday by Miſs "Betſy. She will not ſuffer a ſingle ſtitch in her pre-"ſent to be done by any other hand than her own."

Mr. St. John went out a moment after to look for other ruffles, and I ſaid to his governor: Your pupil is a youth of an excellent diſpoſition; but permit me to aſk you freely: Is not the letter from Miſs Lucy's mother a concerted ſcheme? Is it not a contrivance of your own againſt the lady with the ruffles? No, anſwered he, it is real fact; I have not uſed ſo much artifice with my pupil; I treat him with ſimplicity and affection, and God has bleſſed my endeavours.

This behaviour of the Engliſh young gentleman did not eſcape my memory; and it was likely to be productive of ſomething in the head of ſuch a viſionary as myſelf.

But it is time to conclude. Let us bring Mr. St. John back to Miſs Lucy, that is, Emilius to Sophia. He returns with the ſame tender heart as when he ſet out upon his travels, and with a more enlightened underſtanding; he has the advantage of knowing the different vices, and imperfections of government, with the different virtues of nations. I have even taken care he ſhould get acquainted in each country with ſome perſon of merit, by a treaty of hoſpitality after the manner of the ancients; and I ſhould not be ſorry to ſee him cultivate this acquaintance by a literary correſpondence.

reſpondence. Not to mention that it may be uſeful and agreeable to maintain an epiſtolary commerce in foreign countries, it is an excellent precaution againſt the ſway of national prejudice, by which we are perpetually aſſailed, and ſooner or later in ſome meaſure overpowered. Nothing is more proper for removing this prejudice, than an impartial correſpondence with men of ſenſe, of whom we entertain a good opinion; for as they are free from theſe prejudices, and endeavour to refute them by others of their own, they give us a continual opportunity of ſetting the one againſt the other, and by that means of avoiding them all. There is a conſiderable difference between converſing with foreigners in our own country and in theirs. In the former caſe, they generally have a reſpect for the place where they live, which makes them either diſguiſe their ſentiments, or inclines them to think favourably of that ſpot ſo long as they reſide there: when they get back to their own country, their reſpect is abated, and their ſentiments are become more exact. I ſhould like that the foreigner I conſulted had ſeen my country; yet I would not apply for his opinion of it, till he had returned to his own.

After having employed near two years in travelling through ſome of the moſt conſiderable kingdoms and many of the leſſer ſtates of Europe, during which time we had learnt two or three of the principal languages, and made our obſervations on the natural hiſtory, government, arts, cuſtoms, and manners of each country, Emilius, labouring with impatience, appriſed me that our term was almoſt expired. Upon which I ſaid to him: Well then, my friend, you remember the chief intent of our coming abroad, you have ſeen a variety of objects, and you have made your remarks. I ſhould be glad to know their reſult. On what are you determined? Either I am greatly

miſtaken in regard to my method, or he would anſwer me nearly in the following manner:

"On what am I determined? To remain as you "formed me, and not to add of my own accord any "other chain to that with which I am bound by na- "ture, and by the laws of my country. The more "I inquire into the deſigns of mankind in all their "inſtitutions, the more I perceive, that by endeavour- "ing at independance, they have rendered themſelves "ſlaves, and that they make uſeleſs efforts to ſecure "their liberty. To prevent their being hurried away "by the torrent, they have formed a thouſand con- "nexions; as ſoon as they deſire to advance a ſtep, "they perceive it impoſſible, and are ſurpriſed to "find themſelves reſtrained by every object. To "me it ſeems, that to become free, we need only "to be inactive; it is ſufficient to have no deſire of "ceaſing to exiſt. It is you, O my worthy maſter, "that reſtored me to my liberty, by teaching me to "yield to neceſſity. Let it come when it will, I ſhall "ſuffer myſelf to be dragged away without repining; "and as I do not intend to ſtruggle, I ſhall catch at "nothing to keep me from ſinking. I have inquired, "during our travels, whether there were not ſome "corner of the world, in which I could be abſolutely "at my own diſpoſal: but where is the ſpot in which "men ceaſe to be ſwayed by their paſſions? Every thing "duly conſidered, I even found that my deſire was ab- "ſurd; for were I to be connected with nothing elſe, "I ſhould at leaſt be dependent on the ground where "I fixed my reſidence: my life would be annexed to "th at ſpot of earth, as the Dryads were to their "trees. I am convinced that empire and liberty are "terms incompatible, and that I could not be owner "of a cottage, without ceaſing to be my own maſter.

Hoc erat in votis modus agri non ita magnus *.

* I often wiſh'd I had a farm,
A decent dwelling, ſnug and warm.
Francis's Horace, lib. 2. Sat. 6.

"I re-

"I remember that my eſtate was the cauſe of "our reſearches. You proved extremely well that I "could not poſſeſs my wealth together with my li- "berty: but when you deſired I ſhould be free, and "at the ſame time exempt from wants, you wiſhed "for two things abſolutely incompatible; for I could "not withdraw myſelf from my dependance on man, "without reverting to that on nature. What ſhall "I therefore do with the fortune I have received by "paternal inheritance? I ſhall begin with render- "ing myſelf independent on it; I ſhall looſen the "ties by which I am bound to it: if I am ſuf- "fered to keep it, it will abide with me; if it be ta- "ken from me, it ſhall not drag me along with it. "I ſhall give myſelf no uneaſineſs, in order to pre- "ſerve it, but continue firm in the poſt where I am "at preſent. Rich or poor I will be free; and free "not only in this or that particular country, but in "every part of the globe. In regard to me, the "fetters of opinion are all broken; I know of none but "thoſe of neceſſity. Theſe I learned to wear from "my nativity, and I ſhall continue to wear them till "the day of my death, for I am a man; and why "ſhould not I be reconciled to them when I am "free, ſince, were I a ſlave, I ſhould be obliged "to bear their weight, together with that of ſervi- "tude?

"Of what importance is my ſituation on this earth "to me? When I am with men, I am among my bre- "thren; where I find none, I am ſtill at home. So "long as I am able to remain independent, I have for- "tune enough to maintain myſelf in the affluent man- "ner in which I am determined to live. When my "fortune attempts to enſlave my mind, I will free- "ly relinquiſh it; I have hands to work, and I will "earn my livelihood. When my hands fail me, I "ſhall continue to live, if ſupported by others; but "ſhould they forſake me, I ſhall die; I ſhall die,

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" even if not forſaken; for death is not inflicted as " a puniſhment on the poor, but is a law of nature. " At whatever time my diſſolution approaches, I defy " its terrors; it will never ſurpriſe me preparing to " live, nor prevent my having enjoyed a proper al- " lotment of happineſs.

" Such, my good father, are my firm reſolutions. " Were I exempt from paſſions, I ſhould be, in my " ſtate of humanity, independent like the Deity him- " ſelf; ſince contented with the actual ſyſtem of things, " I ſhould never repine againſt deſtiny. At leaſt I " have but one chain, and that is the only one I ſhall " wear henceforward; a chain in which I may ſafely " glory. Come then, give me my Sophia, and I am " free, I am happy."

" Dear Emilius, I ſhould reply, I am pleaſed to " hear ſuch a manly diſcourſe from your mouth, and " to be informed of your inward ſentiments. This " exceſſive detachment from the affairs of the world is " not diſagreeable to me, when I conſider you in the " ſpring of life. It will abate as ſoon as you come to " have children, and then you will have the character " of a prudent man, and be a good father of a family. " Before you went abroad, I foreſaw the effect of your " travels; I knew, that upon taking a nearer view of " our inſtitutions, you would be very far from ho- " nouring them with a confidence which they do not " deſerve. It is in vain we aſpire at liberty under the " protection of the laws. Laws! Where are they? " And where are they reſpected? Wherever you have " directed your ſteps, you have ſeen concealed under " this ſacred name nothing but ſelf-intereſt and human " paſſions. But the eternal laws of nature and of or- " der, are ſtill in being. They ſupply the place of " poſitive laws in the eye of the man of prudence; " they are written in the inmoſt receſs of his heart by " the hands of reaſon and conſcience; it is to theſe " he ought to ſubmit, in order to be free, for no man " is a ſlave but he who does wrong, ſince he always acts

" againſt

"againſt his will. The baſe man carries ſervitude
"with him, wherever he goes. One would be a
"ſlave at Geneva, and the other free in Paris.

"Were I to talk to you of the duties of a citi-
"zen, perhaps you would aſk me, where is our
"country, and you would imagine you had con-
"founded me. But in this you would be miſtaken,
"my dear Emilius, for he who has not a country,
"has at leaſt a place of his nativity. There he will
"always find a government, and the form of laws,
"under which he may quietly live. Though the
"ſocial compact has not been obſerved, what does
"that ſignify, if private intereſt has afforded him
"the ſame protection, as he would have received
"from the general will; if the public violence has
"ſecured him againſt private outrages; if the vice
"he has ſeen committed, has been the means of
"his falling in love with virtue; and if, amidſt our
"inſtitutions and laws, he has diſcovered, and de-
"teſted the iniquity of their practices? O Emilius,
"where is the honeſt man, that owes nothing to his
"country? Every man living is indebted to her, at
"leaſt, for the moſt valuable bleſſings in life, the
"morality of his actions, and the love of virtue.
"Had he drawn his firſt breath in ſome lonely foreſt,
"he would have lived happier and enjoyed more
"freedom; but having no inducement to ſtruggle
"with his paſſions, he would have been of a harmleſs
"nature, devoid of merit; he would not have had
"virtue to adorn his mind; and now it is in his power
"to be virtuous in ſpite of all his paſſions. The ap-
"pearance of order alone is ſufficient to attract his
"affection. The public welfare, though only a cloak
"to others, is to him a real motive of action. He
"learns to ſubdue his paſſions, and to ſacrifice his
"private intereſt to that of the community. It is
"not true that he receives no benefit from the laws;
"they inſpire him with courage to be juſt and ho-
"neſt, even among villains. Neither is it true that

"they

" they have not made him free; they have taught
" him to conquer himſelf.

" You muſt not therefore ſay, what does it ſig-
" nify where I am placed? It is of ſignification you
" ſhould be where you are, capable of fulfilling
" your different duties; and one of theſe is an at-
" tachment to the place of your nativity. Your
" countrymen protected you, during your infancy;
" therefore you ſhould make them a return of your
" love, now you are arrived at the ſtate of manhood.
" You ſhould live in their ſociety, or at leaſt where
" you may be able to do them all the ſervice in your
" power; and where they may have an opportunity
" of applying to you, whenever they ſtand in need
" of your aſſiſtance. There are particular circum-
" ſtances, in which a perſon may be of more uſe to
" his fellow-citizens by living abroad, than by re-
" ſiding at home intirely. Then he ought to be
" directed by his zeal for the public good, and to
" bear his exile without murmuring; for even this
" exile is one of his duties. But you, my good
" Emilius, whom nothing has obliged to make ſo
" painful a ſacrifice, who have not undertaken the
" ungrateful office of telling the truth to mankind,
" go and live in the midſt of them, cultivate their
" friendſhip by ſocial intercourſe, be their pattern,
" and their benefactor. Your example will inſtruct
" them more than a multitude of books; and the
" good actions they ſee you perform, will make a
" greater impreſſion on their minds, than all the
" preaching in the world.

" Yet I do not adviſe you to go and live in any
" of the large towns; on the contrary, one of the
" examples which men of virtue and goodneſs
" ought to ſet to others, is the ſimplicity of a
" country life: this is the life of the primitive
" patriarchs; this the life of the greateſt content
" and ſatisfaction; this, in ſhort, the life moſt na-
" tural to thoſe whoſe hearts are uncorrupted.

" Happy,

" Happy, my young friend, the country, where a " perſon is not obliged to look for peace in a de- " ſert! But where is that country? A man of a be- " nevolent diſpoſition finds himſelf confined in the " midſt of large cities, where he ſcarcely meets " with any but knaves and impoſtors. The encour- " agement which idle people are apt to receive, in " thoſe populous reſorts, completes the deyaſtation " of the provinces, which ought rather to be re- " peopled at the expence of the capital. Every " man who retires from large ſocieties, is merely on " that account of conſiderable uſe to mankind; " ſince their vices are all owing to their flocking " together in ſuch multitudes. They are likewiſe " uſeful, when they have it in their power to revive " the ſpirits of the drooping inhabitants, to reſtore " the love of huſbandry, together with that of their " primitive ſtate. I feel an exquiſite ſatisfaction, " when I reflect on the good, which Emilius and " Sophia are capable of doing in their rural retreat; " how greatly they may enliven the country, and " infuſe new ſpirits and vigour, into the minds of " the unfortunate peaſants. Methinks I ſee the peo- " ple multiplying all around, the fields improving in " fertility, the lands cloathed with freſh beauty, the " induſtrious hinds diverted with their toil, and a " number of hands diffuſing abundance, and feſti- " vity throughout the neighbourhood; in ſhort, " I think I hear loud ſhouts of joy and acclamation, " in the midſt of rural ſports, in praiſe of the happy " pair by whom they were reſtored. The golden " age is uſually conſidered as a chimera; and it " muſt ever appear in that light to thoſe, whoſe " taſte and natural inclinations have been corrupted. " It is not even true that we regret that age, ſince " we uſe no endeavour to revive it. But you will " ſay, how is that to be effected? Only one way, " and that I deſpair of, namely, by really loving it.

" This

" This age ſeems already to revive in the neigh-
" bourhood of Sophia; and you, my dear Emilius,
" will put the laſt hand to the undertaking of her
" parents. But let not the ſweets of ſo tranquil a life,
" give you a diſreliſh for painful duties, whenever
" it becomes neceſſary to bear their weight; re-
" member that the Romans paſſed from the plough
" to the conſulate. Should the ſovereign call you
" to the ſervice of your country, relinquiſh every
" other view to obey the ſummons, and to diſcharge
" with honour, the duty of a citizen in the poſt
" with which you have been intruſted. Should this
" duty be burdenſome, there is one honourable and
" ſure way of getting rid of it; this is to diſcharge
" it with ſuch integrity, as it ſhall not remain long in
" your poſſeſſion. But do not be apprehenſive of
" the inconveniencies of ſuch an office; while there
" are ambitious men in the world, ſuch as you will
" not be called upon to ſerve the ſtate."

Why am not I permitted to deſcribe the return of Emilius to his Sophia, at the expiration of their courtſhip, or rather the commencement of that conjugal love, by which they are ſo happily united? A love founded on eſteem, which will laſt their whole lives; on virtues which do not fade with beauty; on conformities of diſpoſition, which render the intercouſe more endearing, and extend the charms of their union to the lateſt period of old age. Theſe particulars might be amuſing, but not uſeful; and hitherto I have not taken the liberty to mention any agreeable incident, but ſuch as I imagined would be productive of utility. Shall I deviate from this rule at the concluſion of my performance? No; and I am ſenſible, moreover, of my preſent fatigue. Too feeble for a work of any great extent, I ſhould have relinquiſhed this, had it not been ſo far advanced; but that it may not remain imperfect, it is time to bring it to a concluſion.

At

At length I behold the delightful day, which completes Emilius's happineſs and mine; I ſee my labours crowned with ſucceſs, and I begin to reliſh the ſweets of my reward. The happy pair are united by an indiſſoluble band; their lips pronounce, and their hearts confirm the ſolemn vow of fidelity; in ſhort, they are joined in wedlock. In their return from church, inſenſible to every object around them, they ſuffer themſelves to be conducted, they know not where nor whither. Intoxicated with the bliſsful ſcene, they have loſt all perception; a dimneſs has ſeized their eyes, a deafneſs their ears, and they anſwer only in broken accents. Such is the power of delirium! Such the weakneſs of humanity! Man, feeble man, ſinks under the weight of his own happineſs.

There are very few who know how to behave properly to a young couple on the day of marriage. Some by their formality, and others by their levity, are equally apt to give offence. I ſhould think the beſt way would be to let their innocent hearts quietly enjoy the ſoft tranſports of mutual paſſion, rather than damp their ſpirits by inſipid rules of decorum, or put them out of countenance, by low and unſeaſonable jokes.

I behold my young couple in a ſtate of languiſhment, which renders them inſenſible to the converſation of the company; and ſhall I, who would have them enjoy all the days of their lives, be the cauſe of their loſing ſo precious a minute? No, let them taſte, let them reliſh and enjoy it; nay, let it be to them a ſource of the moſt exquiſite pleaſure. I ſteal them away inſenſibly from the troubleſome crowd; and as we walk along, I bring them to themſelves, by talking to them of an affair, in which their intereſt is intimately concerned. My diſcourſe is addreſſed not only to their ears, but to their hearts, as I am well acquainted with the only ſubject, capable of engaging their attention.

" My

"My children, I ſhould ſay, taking them both "by the hand, it is now three years ſince I be- "held the firſt ſpark of this pure and vivid flame, "which forms your preſent happineſs. It has been "increaſing ever ſince; and I perceive by your eyes, "that it is arrived to its laſt degree of vivacity; ſo "that henceforward it can only abate." Reader, do not you perceive the emotion, the tranſports, the vows of Emilius; and the ſcornful air with which Sophia withdraws her hand from mine; and the tender- neſs with which their eyes proteſt, they will adore each other to the very laſt gaſp? I let them do as they pleaſe, and then I proceed.

"I have often thought, that if the happineſs of "lovers could be continued in the married ſtate, "we ſhould have a paradiſe upon earth. An in- "ſtance of this has never yet happened. But if the "thing be not quite impoſſible, you two are wor- "thy of ſetting the glorious example, which few "will ever imitate. Are you willing, my children, "I ſhould tell you the method I have contrived for "that end, and the only one I think capable of "ſucceeding?"

They looked at each other, and ſmiled at my ſim- plicity. Emilius thanked me ingenuouſly for my receipt, but ſaid, he believed Sophy had a better; and for his part, that was ſufficient. Sophia ap- proved of what he ſaid, and ſeemed to have the ſame confidence. Yet notwithſtanding her raillery, I thought I could diſcern ſome curioſity in her coun- tenance. When I obſerved Emilius; his ſparkling eyes were feaſting on the charms of his bride; that was the only object to which he ſeemed to pay at- tention, and as for my diſcourſe it gave him no manner of concern. I ſmiled in my turn, and ſaid to myſelf; I ſhall preſently be able to render him attentive.

The difference in theſe emotions, is almoſt imper- ceptible, and yet points out a very remarkable di-

ſtinction in the two ſexes, quite contrary to the vulgar notion: viz. That men generally ſpeaking are leſs conſtant than women, and ſooner ſurfeited with ſucceſs in love. A woman quickly foreſees the fickleneſs of man, and it gives her uneaſineſs; this is alſo what renders her ſuſceptible of jealouſy. When the man's affection begins to ſlacken, the woman, deſirous of keeping him ſteady, is obliged in her turn to behave to him with the ſame obſequiouſneſs, as that by which he formerly won her good graces; ſhe weeps, and humbles herſelf in his preſence, but rarely with the ſame ſucceſs. Hearts are gained, but ſeldom recovered, by an affectionate behaviour. I return to my receipt againſt the cooling of love in the conjugal ſtate.

"It is an eaſy and ſimple receipt, ſaid I; it re-
"quires no more than to continue to be lovers,
"after you are married." "Indeed, ſaid Emilius
"ſmiling, we ſhall not find that difficult."

"More difficult perhaps, replied I, than you ima-
"gine. I beg you will permit me to explain my
"meaning.

"Bonds that are made too tight, are apt to
"break. This is the caſe of matrimony, when-
"ever we would tie the knot too faſt. The fidelity
"it impoſes on both ſides, is the moſt ſacred of all
"duties; but the power it gives to each over the
"other, is too great. Conſtraint and love ſeldom
"aſſociate; and pleaſure will not bear command.
"Do not bluſh, O Sophia, nor think of retiring.
"God forbid, I ſhould give offence to your mo-
"deſty; but the ſubject I am upon, is no leſs than
"the felicity of your whole lives. For ſo impor-
"tant a view, deign to hear ſuch diſcourſe between
"a huſband and father, as you would not bear from
"any other perſon.

"It is not ſo much the enjoyment, as the ſubjec-
"tion, that ſatiates in matrimony; this is the rea-
"ſon that a man preſerves an affection much longer

"for

" for a kept miſtreſs, than for his wife. How came " the ſoft careſſes of love to be made a duty, and " the moſt engaging proof of affection to be con- " verted into a right? It is the mutual deſire that " forms the right; nature knows no other. The law " may reſtrain, but cannot extinguiſh this right. " The pleaſure of love, is of itſelf moſt engaging; " and is it to derive from dull reſtraint, a force " which it could not receive from its own charms? " No, my children, in the matrimonial ſtate the " hearts are tied, but the bodies are free. You " owe fidelity to each other, but not complacency. " Neither of you is permitted to violate the vow " of fidelity; but neither of you is obliged to go " againſt inclination in complying with the other's " deſires.

" If it be therefore true, my dear Emilius, that " you would willingly continue in the character of a " lover to your wife, let her be always your miſ- " treſs and her own; be a fortunate, but reſpectful " lover; obtain all from affection, and exact nothing " from duty; and let the ſmalleſt favours be always " conſidered, not as a matter of right, but as a gra- " cious indulgence. I am ſenſible that modeſty " avoids formal conceſſions, and requires to be ſub- " dued; but can a true lover, who has any delicacy " of taſte, be miſtaken in regard to the tacit con- " ſent? Can he be ignorant of the time, when the " heart and eyes are ready to grant, what the lips " pretend to refuſe? Let each of you have the " power of your perſon and careſſes, and be at li- " berty to diſpoſe of them only when that is agree- " able to both? Remember, that even in matrimo- " ny the pleaſure is not lawful, but in the caſe of " mutual deſire. Be not afraid, my children, that " this law will keep you at any diſtance; on the " contrary, it will prevent ſatiety, and render you " more ſollicitous to pleaſe. Confined ſolely to each " other, nature and love will always bring you to- " gether."

Upon

Upon my propoſing theſe conditions, Emilius began to be vexed, and made ſtrong objections; Sophia bluſhing, held her fan over her face, and ſaid not a word. The uneaſieſt of the two does not perhaps complain the moſt. I inſiſted however upon the terms I propoſed, and made Emilius aſhamed of his indelicacy: on the other hand, I engaged for Sophia that ſhe would ſign the treaty. I challenged her to ſpeak; uncertain whether ſhe would dare to contradict me. Emilius, uneaſy and confuſed, conſults the eyes of the young bride; ſees her embarraſſed; and by her languiſhing looks, is convinced he may ſafely confide in her goodneſs. He throws himſelf immediately at her feet, and with tranſport kiſſes her hand, then ſwears, that except the promiſe of fidelity, he renounces all other right over her perſon. "My dear "ſpouſe, ſaid he, be thou the directreſs of my plea-"ſures, as thou art the miſtreſs of my life, and of "my deſtiny. Should thy cruelty coſt me my life, "I ſtill would reſign to thee every right I hold moſt "ſacred. I am willing to owe nothing to thy com-"placency, but all to thy affection."

Honeſt Emilius, make thyſelf eaſy: Sophia has too noble a ſoul ever to ſuffer thou ſhouldſt die a victim to thy generoſity.

At night, upon going to retire, I ſaid to them, with all the gravity imaginable: "Remember, "you are both at liberty, and that there is no ſuch "thing as conjugal duties between you; take my "word, let there be no falſe complaiſance. Emilius, "will you come away? Sophia gives you leave." Emilius is enraged, and ready to ſtrike me. "And "you, Sophy, what ſay you? Muſt I take him away "with me?" The little diſſembler bluſhing, ſays yes. How charming, how ſweet an untruth; more expreſſive of her mind, than if ſhe had given a formal denial!

The next day..... Man is no longer charmed with the idea of happineſs; his taſte, his heart, are

corrupted by vice. He is grown inſenſible to an affecting ſcene, and incapable of contemplating true beauty. O you, who form your judgment of conjugal pleaſures, from viewing two happy lovers immerſed in the boſom of delight, how faint, how imperfect are all your ideas? You have beheld only one half, and that the moſt indelicate, of the tranſports of love; the ſofteſt ſcenes are yet to come. Have none of you ever yet gazed on a happy pair, juſt united under Hymen's auſpicious bands, ſtepping forth from the nuptial bed, and expreſſing, by their chaſte and languiſhing looks, the exquiſite pleaſures they have lately taſted, the delightful confidence of mutual innocence, and the ſure perſuaſion of ſpending all their days in that thrice-happy and extatic union? This is the moſt engaging object that can poſſibly be exhibited to the heart of man. This is the true picture of conjugal felicity! Yet you have often beheld the ſcene, without obſerving it, becauſe your hearts are hardened, and no longer ſenſible of the delicate impreſſions of love. Sophia, quiet and happy, ſpends the day in the arms of her tender mother, indulging ſoft repoſe, after a night enjoyed in the arms of her huſband.

The day following, I perceived ſome alteration in the ſcene. Emilius aſſumed an air of diſcontent; but I ſaw through the affectation, and could diſtinguiſh ſo much fondneſs and ſubmiſſion, that I apprehended no bad conſequence. As for Sophia, ſhe was more chearful than the preceding day; her eyes ſparkled with content and ſatisfaction. She appeared moſt charming in company with Emilius, and even diſplayed new allurements, with which he ſeemed to be rather diſpleaſed.

Theſe changes, though almoſt inſenſible, did not eſcape my notice. Being uneaſy about it, I took Emilius aſide, and found that to his great diſſatisfaction, and notwithſtanding all the remonſtrances he could make, Sophia had obliged him to lie the preceding night in a ſeparate bed. The haughty bride was im-

patient to aſſert her right. They came to an explanation before me; Emilius complained very bitterly; Sophia joked; but at length, perceiving he was very near being angry, ſhe caſt a moſt languiſhing look at him, at the ſame time ſhe ſqueezed me by the hand, and pronounced this ſingle word, but with ſuch an accent, as pierced my very ſoul: *Ungrateful!* Emilius was ſo ſtupid, as not to conceive her meaning. But I underſtood her, and therefore taking Sophia a little aſide, I ſpoke to her in the following manner:

"I perceive, ſaid I, the reaſon of this capricious "behaviour: it is impoſſible for any one to have more "delicacy, or to apply it more improperly. My dear "Sophia, make yourſelf eaſy; I have given you a "man for your huſband; be not afraid to take him "with the imperfections of humanity; you have "had the firſt fruits of his youth; he has beſtowed "it on no body elſe, and he will preſerve it a long "time for your ſake.

"I muſt explain to you, my dear child, the view "I had in our late converſation. Perhaps you looked "on it only as a contrivance to huſband your plea-"ſures, in order to render them more durable. O So-"phy! there was another deſign on my ſide, more "worthy of my attention. By making Emilius your "huſband, he is become your chief; it is your buſi-"neſs to obey him, for ſo it was ordained by nature. "When the wife reſembles Sophia, it is proper the "huſband ſhould be under her direction and influence; "and this is alſo a law of nature: it was with a "view of giving you as great an authority over his "heart, as the ſuperiority of his ſex gives him over "your perſon, that I appointed you the directreſs of "his pleaſures. It will coſt you ſome painful denials, "but you will have the command of him, if you "know how to command yourſelf; and what has "paſſed already, convinces me, that this moſt diffi-"cult art is not ſuperior to your courage. You will "long reign over his heart by love, if you beſtow

" your favours with a ſparing hand, and know how
" to improve them. Would you deſire to ſee your
" huſband conſtantly at your feet? Keep him always
" at ſome diſtance from your perſon. But let your
" ſeverity be ſeaſoned with modeſty, and not with
" caprice; let him ſee you reſerved, not fantaſtic:
" take care, that in endeavouring to ſecure his love,
" you do not make him doubt of yours. Gain his
" affection by your careſſes, and his reſpect by your
" denials; let him honour his wife's chaſtity, with-
" out having reaſon to complain of her indifference.

" Thus it is, my dear child, you will acquire his
" confidence; thus he will liſten to your advice,
" conſult you in his affairs, and come to no reſolu-
" tion without taking your opinion. Thus you may
" be able to reclaim him whenever he goes aſtray,
" and to bring him back by gentle perſuaſion; thus,
" in fine, you may become amiable, in order to render
" yourſelf uſeful, and make coquettry ſubſervient to
" virtue, and love to reaſon.

" Do not however imagine, that you will always
" reap advantage from this art. Whatever pre-
" caution you may uſe, pleaſures, and eſpecially
" thoſe of love, are worn out by enjoyment. But
" when love has been of long continuance, a pleaſing
" habit fills up the void, and an endearing confidence
" takes place of the tranſports of paſſion. Children
" are apt to form as ſtong a tie between the parents,
" as love itſelf. When you ceaſe to be Emilius's miſ-
" treſs, you will be his wife and his friend; you will
" be the mother of his offspring. Then inſtead of
" your firſt reſerve, let there be the greateſt inti-
" macy between you; let there be no more ſeparate
" beds, no more denials, nor whimſies. Be in ſuch a
" manner his better half, that he ſhall not know how
" to live without you; and that whenever he is gone
" from your preſence, he ſhall ſeem to be abſent
" from himſelf. You who behaved ſo well in the
" management of your father's family, do the ſame

" in

"in your own. Every man that loves to be at home, "is fond of his wife. Remember, that if your hus- "band enjoys domeſtic happineſs, you will be a "happy woman.

"With regard to the preſent affair, be not ſo "ſevere to your lover, he deſerves more complai- "ſance. He would be offended at your delicacy; "be not ſo tender of his health, at the expence of "his happineſs; and conſult your own. You muſt "not expect diſguſt, nor check deſire; you are "not to refuſe, merely for the ſake of refuſing, "but to heighten the value of your favours."

Then bringing them together again, I ſaid in her preſence to the bridegroom; "You muſt ſubmit to "the yoke, you have laid on your own ſhoulders. "Endeavour to merit its being made light to you. "Eſpecially, ſacrifice to the graces, and do not ima- "gine to make yourſelf more amiable by appearing "offended." The peace was not difficult to conclude, and the reader may eaſily gueſs the conditions. The treaty was ſigned by a kiſs; after which I ſaid to my pupil; "Dear Emilius, a man has need of coun- "ſel and direction during his whole life. I have "hitherto uſed my beſt endeavours, to perform this "duty towards you; here my career terminates; and "I enter upon another. I now reſign the autho- "rity, with which you have intruſted me; and "from henceforward, here is your governor."

By degrees their firſt delirium ſubſided, and they began to taſte the more tranquil charms of the mar- ried ſtate. Happy lovers! worthy conſorts! To pay due honour to their virtue, and to give an idea of their felicity, would require a hiſtory of their lives. How often, upon beholding the effects of my tender care, has my heart beat with rapture! How often have I claſped their hands within mine, bleſſing providence for his goodneſs, and heaving the moſt ardent ſighs to heaven! How many times have I preſſed my lips to thoſe hands ſo cloſely

united! With how many tears of joy have I bedewed them? They, in their turn, were affected, and ſhared my tranſports. Their aged and reſpectable parents ſeemed to enjoy a ſecond youth, in that of their children; they began in ſome meaſure a new life in them; or rather to know the real value of life; they curſed their former opulence, which had hindered them, when of the ſame age, from enjoying ſo bliſsful a ſtate. If there be any true felicity upon earth, it muſt be in the lonely ſpot to which we are now retired.

At the expiration of a few months, Emilius came one morning into my room, and embracing me, ſaid, "O my maſter, congratulate your child, he is "in hopes to have ſoon the honour of being a father. "How arduous a taſk we have to undergo, and how "greatly we ſhall ſtand in need of your aſſiſtance! "But God forbid I ſhould trouble you with the "education of the ſon, after you had finiſhed that "of the father! God forbid ſo ſacred, and ſo agreeable a duty, ſhould ever be taken out of my own "hands, even were I ſo fortunate, as to make ſo "good a choice, in that reſpect, as my parents. "But ſtay to inſtruct the young preceptor. Give "him your direction and advice; you will find him "docile; for ſo long as he breathes, he will want "your aſſiſtance. I want it indeed now more than "ever, when I am entering upon the functions of "humanity. You have fulfilled your duty; teach "me to imitate your example; but it is time you "ſhould take your reſt."

The End of the Second Volume.

THE INDEX.

☞ The numerals refer to the volume, the figures to the page of each volume.

A.

Abbé de St. Pierre, in what manner he provided for his children, I. 291. what name he gave to children, I. 57.
Academies, are public ſchools of lying, II. 304. II. 152.
Accent, whether we ſhould glory in having none, I. 67. what the French ſubſtitute in the room of it, 68. children have very little, 201.
Achilles, allegory of his immerſion into the Styx, I. 20. in what manner deprived of the merit of valour, 35.
Activity, redundant in children, and defective in old men, I. 58.
Adraſtus, king of the Daunians, II. 381.
Affairs, in what manner a young man may be introduced into them, I. 385.
They who treat only of their own affairs, are too ſtrongly attached to them, I. 390.
Affectation, of talking modeſtly before children, not right, I. 324.
Affronts, diſhonourable, whoſe buſineſs it is to obtain ſatisfaction for them, I. 387.
Age of ſtrength, I. 231, 232. how it is to be employed, I. 233.
Great age, I. 37.
Agrigentines, great builders, II. 159.
Ajax, would have been afraid of Achilles, and bid defiance to Jupiter, I. 399.
Album, of the German travellers, II. 355.
Alcinous, II. 293.
Alexander, believed in virtue, I. 132. applying his ſeal to the mouth of his favourite, II. 115.

INDEX.

Aliments, ſolid are more nourriſhing than liquid, I. 41. of the primitive ſtate of mankind, 205.
Amatus Luſitanus, II. 39.
Analogy grammatical, children conform to it better than we, I. 64.
Analyſis, method, I. 242.
Ancients, the ſource of pure literature, II. 152.
Angles, of viſion, how they deceive us, I. 86.
Animals, have all ſome education, I. 49.
Sleep more in winter than in ſummer, 165.
Anſwer, made to Lewis XV. II. 143.
Anthropomorphites, I. 398.
Antony (Mark) at what time the hiſtory of his life is inſtructive, I. 373.
Apelles, II. 204.
Apicius, II. 156.
Apetite of children, I. 209.
Apprenticeſhips, in what manner Emilius performed two at the ſame time, I. 298.
Ariſtides, II. 87.
Ariſtocracy, what is meant by it, II. 378. its limits, ibid. ſuitable to middling ſtates, II. 379.
Art of governing without precepts, I. 148.
Art of obſerving children, I. 294.
Arts, in what order they are reſtrained by the public, I. 270.
Arts, Emilius will view them in a different light, ibid.
Another manner of eſtimating the arts, according to the neceſſary relations of neceſſity, by which they are connected, I. 273.
Arts, the agreeable ones have no need of teachers, II. 208.
Artiſan, his ſituation the moſt independent of any, I. 287.
Arts, ſavage and civil, difference between them, I. 269.
Artiſans of towns, fooliſhly ingenious, I. 274.
Aſyndata, I. 51.
Attachment of children at firſt is no more than an habit, I. 317. in what reſpect attachment differs from friendſhip, 355.
Atheiſm, II. 96. and following.
Atoms, II. 23.
Aubenton (Monſieur d') II. 278.
Auguſtus, acted as a father to his grandchildren, I. 23. whether it be true that he was happy, I. 379.
Authority, no deference is to be paid to it, when we intend to pay none to opinion, I. 308. whether that of the maſter is to be preſerved at the expence of the morals of the pupil, 354.
Authors, their converſation more inſtructive than their writings, II. 150.
Aurelius Victor, II. 218.

Ball,

INDEX.

Ball, rolled between two fingers croſswiſe, I. 308.
Banians, I. 210.
Bayle, II. 96.
Bed, the way never to find a bad one, I. 166. which is the beſt, ibid.
Beaux (the Sieur le) what he ſays in regard to the ſavages, II. 102.
Birth of man, is of two ſorts, I. 313, 315.
Beauty, its real triumph is to ſhine of itſelf, II. 204. a great beauty is rather to be avoided, than courted in marriage, 273.
Benefactors intereſted, more common than ungrateful people, I. 356.
Bible, the modeſty of its language, II. 117.
Body, weak debilitates the mind, I. 32, 33, 353.
Body, human, different dreſs ſuitable to it in time of exerciſe, and in time of inaction, I. 160.
Body politic, its different denominations, II. 370.
Different denominations of its members, and relative to what, ibid.
Body intermediate between the ſubjects, II. 374.
This intire body conſidered under different relations, aſſumes different denominations, ibid.
Names given to the members of this body, ibid.
Book, a ſingle one, Emilius's whole library, I. 267.
Books, the inſtruments of miſery to children, I. 142.
Their abuſe, II. 352.
Cauſe the volume of the world to be neglected, ibid.
Boys would be better educated, were there no colleges, II. 187.
Brantome, an extraordinary ſtory from this author, II. 241.
Breath, human, mortal to man, I. 43.
Broth and porridge, indifferent nutriment, I. 63.
Bucentaur, II. 113.
Buffon, (M. de) quoted, I. 13, 45, 174.
Butchers, not admitted upon juries in England, I. 21.

C.

Capitals, all very like, II. 382.
They are not the right place to learn the manners of nations, ibid.
Caprice, is not owing to liberty, I. 149. is not the work of nature, 151. examples of the method of curing children of their caprices, I. 151, 153.
Caps (night) for children, I. 103.
Cats ſmell to every thing new, I. 158.
Catechiſm, II. 214. a ſpecimen of one, ibid. and following.
Catiline, II. 50.

INDEX.

Cato, the Cenſor, educated his children from their infancy, I. 23.
Uticenſis, II. 49.
Cæſar, II. 49.
Chaos, its utility relative to education, II. 110. its inconveniencies, where under reſtraint, 169.
Chardin (Sir John) quoted, I. 167.
Charity, a fooliſh manner of inſtilling it into children, I. 118.
Chevot, quoted, II. 66.
Chaſtiſement, ought not to be practiſed on children, I. 98, 114.
Child, his life becomes more precious as he grows up, I. 22.
Ought to know how to behave in his illneſs, I. 38.
Suppoſed of full ſize at his birth, I. 47.
Why he extends his hand to graſp at a diſtant object, I. 53, 56.
To what kind of dependance he ought to be confined, I. 86.
Ought not to be conſtrained in his motions, I. 87.
Nothing ſhould be given him merely becauſe he cries, I. ibid.
Ought not to have more words than ideas, I. 68.
The firſt wrong notion that enters into his head, is to him the ſeed of error and vice, I. 93.
He has not the ſame ideas as we, I. 93.
Governs his maſter, in the caſe of a ſtricter education, I. 148.
How to prevent him from prying into the manners of his maſter, I. 150.
Should not learn to declaim, I. 202.
The way to excite his curioſity, I. 235.
Cannot be moved by taſte and ſentiment, I. 239.
Intereſts himſelf in nothing, without knowing its utility, I. 265.
Situation in life, in which all the natural wants of man, and the means of providing againſt them, are ſucceſſively diſplayed to his mind, I. 267.
In what manner you are to bring him acquainted with the ſocial relations, I. 269.
The commencement of his ſtudies is a kind of experimental phyſics,
He ought to do nothing becauſe he is bid, I. 168.
A child, that thinks himſelf ſcorched by freezing milk, I. 302.
An unruly child, how to be kept under, I. 343.
A full grown child, I. 218.
A view of him, I. 218, and following.
Childhood, its firſt ſtage, I. 56.
Second ſtage, I. 71.
Third ſtage, I. 231.
A ſhort view of the manner of ſpoiling it, I. 22.
The only way to prevent this abuſe, I. 23.
Ought to be loved and encouraged, I. 75.
Its ſtate with regard to man, II. 198. and following.
Can ſcarcely make an ill uſe of liberty, I. 84

INDEX.

Has particular ways of thinking, I. 95.
Ought to ripen in children, I. 102.
There are men who never dropped into it, I. 23.
We ought not to be in a hurry to judge of it, I. 125.
Alike in both ſexes, I. 314.
Children, how treated at their birth, I. 12, 43, &c.
Bear changes which we cannot, I. 21.
Their firſt ſenſations, thoſe of pleaſure and pain, I. 49.
Ought to be accuſtomed betimes to darkneſs, I. 50.
Are ſeldom afraid of thunder, I. 52.
How they learn to judge of diſtances, I. 53.
Have the muſcles of their faces more flexible than ours, I. 54.
Why they are ſo ready to break every thing they lay their hands on, I. 58.
How they become imperious, I. 59.
Rules of behaviour in regard to them, I. 59, 60.
When they grow up, they become leſs active, ibid.
We ought not to careſs them, in order to keep them quiet, I. 60.
They are wearied too ſoon, I. 62.
They conform to grammatical analogy better than we, I. 64.
We are in too great a hurry to make them ſpeak, I. ibid. 65. and following.
And to correct their miſtakes in language, I. 65.
They learn to ſpeak more diſtinctly in convents, and in colleges, I. 66.
Why the children of peaſants articulate better than ours, I. 65.
They frequently give a meaning to the words, different from ours, I. 70.
Not to appear uneaſy when they hurt themſelves, I. 72.
It is an advantage to them to be little and infirm, ibid.
They ſuffer more from the ſeverity of conſtraint, than from the inconveniencies againſt which they are ſecured, I. 89.
They are made miſerable by granting them every thing they aſk, ibid.
Rules for granting or refuſing their demands, I. 93.
They are influenced by the vices they have learnt of us, I. 97.
Cauſe of their unruleneſs, I. 98.
Inconveniency of making long ſpeeches to them, I. 105.
Are not naturally inclined to lying, I. 115.
Why they ſometimes ſtumble upon a lucky hit, I. 123.
Their apparent facility of learning, the cauſe of their ruin, I. 126.
They are taught nothing but words, I. 128.
They have no ſuch thing as real memory, I. 126.

INDEX.

In what manner the kind of memory they have to cultivated, I. 135.
Their geography, I. 139.
Whether hiſtory is adapted to their capacity, ibid.
In what manner their judgment is ruined, I. 134.
Of their garments, I. 160, and foll.
Of the covering of their heads, I. 162.
Generally ſpeaking, clad too warm, I. 163.
Eſpecially in towns, I. 45.
In what month they die moſt, I. 163.
Which ought they to drink, warm or cold liquor? I. 164.
Muſt have a large allowance of ſleep, I. 165.
The way to make them fall aſleep, I. 167.
And to awake of themſelves, I. 167, 168.
And to ſuffer pain without grumbling, I. 168.
May be exerciſed in games of ſkill and addreſs, I. 197.
Whether they ought to have the ſame nouriſhment as we, I. 207.
Difficulty of obſerving them, I. 226.
We never know how to put ourſelves in their place, I. 242.
Effect of the docility required of them, I. 256.
Never to put them off with reaſons which are above their capacity, I. 259.
They pay but little attention to explanatory diſcourſes, I. ibid.
Whether they ought to be taught to behave with gallantry to the ſex, I. 280.
An apparatus of machines and inſtruments frightens them, I. 298.
They trouble themſelves only about things purely natural, I. 302.
Are naturally inclined to benevolence, I. 317.
But their firſt attachments are the effect of habit, I. 328.
Their curioſity upon particular ſubjects, I. 323.
How it ought to be eluded, I. ibid. and foll.
They learn the language of ſentiment, I. 334.
Inconveniency thereof, ibid.
Every thing is infinite in regard to them, I. 350.
Their good conſtitution depends on that of their mother's, I. 180.
The common amuſements of children of both ſexes, I. 194.
The peculiar taſtes that diſtinguiſh them, ibid.
Chimeras, embelliſh real objects, I. 218.
Cicero, quoted, I. 10.
Compared to Demoſthenes, II. 152.
Circe, II. 350.
Citizen, I. 7.
Female citizen, ibid.

INDEX

Citizens, how they are to act, when compelled to be knaves, I. 284.
Citizens, meaning of this word, II. 370.
The French have altered the idea of this word, II. 141.
Clarke, Dr. II. 17.
Cleopatra, II. 118.
Climate, I. 80.
Climates, temperate, their advantages, ibid.
Clouds, paſſing between the moon and a child, appear to the latter immoveable, and the moon ſeems to be in motion, I. 303.
Color, I. 106.
Collection of pictures and books always incomplete, II. 119.
Colleges, I. 8, 66.
Command and obey, a child ſhould never be made acquainted with theſe words, I. 91.
Compact, ſee *Contracts*.
Compaſs, how we contrived to make one, I. 251.
Competition, when it ought to be no longer uſed as an inſtrument of education, I. 266.
Compilers, modern, II. 152.
Condamine, M. de, an extraordinary fact related by him, I. 19.
Confidence, the way to gain that of perſons whom we want to reclaim, II. 5.
Confidants, are generally nurſes in the ancient dramma, I. 39.
Conſcience, the beſt of caſuiſts, II. 51. and foll.
Affords greater light than all the philoſophers, II. 271.
Other definitions, II. 54. 55.
Why ſo little regarded, ibid.
Conſolations, what turn may be given to them, in order to mortify ſelf-love, I. 382.
Contract, or *compact*, ſocial, II. 370.
Productive of a moral and collective body, ibid.
The only fundamental law, ibid.
Has need of no other ſecurity than the public force, II. 371.
Renders man freer than he would be in the ſtate of nature, ibid.
Contradictions to the ſocial order, their ſource, I. 360.
Convents, I. 66.
Better for young ladies, than to be educated at home, II. 191. and foll.
Real ſchools of coquettry, II. 232.
Conventions and duties pave the way for all crimes, I. 114.
Country, furniſhes the town with a perpetual ſupply of people, I. 43.
Coquettes, their arts, II. 224.
Have no authority over their lovers in matters of importance, II. 241.
Coriolanus, II. 237.
Cosmography, firſt leſſon in it, I. 240.

INDEX

Courage, where we are to look for it, I. 35.
Cradle, I. 45.
Cries of children, I. 53.
Cultivation, one of its principal rules, is to keep things as far back as poſſible, I. 353.
Curioſity, its firſt ſource, I. 235.
In what manner it is unfolded, I. 236.
What ſort of curioſity would actuate a philoſopher, who was baniſhed to a deſert iſland; ibid.
Why a philoſopher has ſo much curioſity, and a ſavage ſo little, I. 304.
Cteſias, II. 357.
Cyclops, I. 211.

D.

Dancing, II. 207, 208.
Darius in Scythia, II. 114.
The preſent ſent him by the king of that country, ibid.
Marches back in a hurry, ibid.
Darkneſs, children ſhould be uſed to it betimes, I. 49.
Davila, I. 366.
Death, in what manner it becomes the moſt terrible of all evils, I. 80.
In what manner its approach is not armed with its uſual terror, I. 169.
The idea thereof is not ſoon imprinted on the minds of children, I. 342.
Decemvirs, II. 237.
Declaiming, I. 202.
Deities, Pagan, how they came to be imagined, I. 397.
Definitions, the way to make good ones, I. 127.
Debt to ſociety, in what manner it is diſcharged, I. 286.
Democracy, what is meant by it; ſuitable to ſmall ſtates, II. 379.
Demoſthenes compared to Cicero, II. 152.
Deſcartes, II. 13, 24, and foll.
Dependance on things and on men, I. 86.
The former is not prejudicial to liberty, ibid.
Deſigning, reflexions on that art, I. 192.
Deuteronomy. II. 71.
Mitigation of one of its laws, II. 181.
Dialogue, moral between the tutor and his pupil, I. 94.
Diana, II. 115.
Diogenes, II. 114.
Diſorder, *moral*, where it begins, I. 18.
Diſtances, the manner of ſhewing children how to judge of them; I. 52.
Docility, its effects; of that required in children, I. 256.
Dogma's, important, which, II. 48.

Domeſtics, we ſhould have but few, II. 155.
Dominion, depends on opinion like every thing elſe, II. 83.
Dreſs, fine, its inconveniency, II. 160.
The education of young girls, in this reſpect, is contrary to good ſenſe, II. 202.
Neceſſary to particular ſhapes, II. 203.
Expenſive dreſs diſtinguiſhes the fortune, but does not embelliſh the perſon, ibid.
Dryads, II. 390.
Duclos, (M. de) ſeveral of his maxims relative to politeneſs, I. 143, 144.
Duty, wrong to impoſe any on children, I. 95.
Conſequence of that indiſcretion, I. 96.
What is to be ſubſtituted in its ſtead, I. 97.

E.

Education, its different ſpecies, I. 3, 8.
Oppoſition between them, I. 5.
Choice, I. 5, 11.
End, I. 4.
Meaning of this word among the ancients, I. 10.
Begins at our birth, I. 46.
Is not divided, I. 27.
The proper inſtrument for conducting it, I. 97.
Importance of retarding it, I. 100.
Difficulty, I. 101.
Ought to be merely negative, ibid.
Progreſs of its differences, I. 394.
Education, excluſive, prefers expenſive inſtructions, I. 170.
Education, natural, ought to qualify man for all human conditions, I. 51.
Education, vulgar, excuſes children from learning to think, I. 145.
What turn of mind it gives them, I. 146.
Education, ought to be different for the two ſexes, II. 185.
The way to extend the good effects thereof to every part of life, II. 316.
Ought to be very ſimple, II. 108.
And for an adult perſon, quite contrary to that of a child, II. 106.
Eloquence, a fooliſh way of teaching it to children, I. 389.
The true way of teaching it, ibid.
Emilius, why he is ſo long before he appears on the ſtage, I. 28.
Is opulent, and why, I. 30.
Of noble parentage, and for what reaſon, I. 31.
An orphan, and in what ſenſe, ibid.

INDEX.

The firſt thing he ought to learn, I. 70.
Muſt have no ſwaddling cloaths, I. 44.
Muſt have no puddings, nor go-carts, nor leading ſtrings, I. 73.
Why he is to be brought up in the country, I. 42, 103.
Dialogue between him and Robert the gardener, I. 113.
Will never learn any thing by heart, I. 135.
In what manner he learns to read, I. 143.
To deſign, I. 192.
To ſwim, I. 170.
Will drink cold water when he is warm; a precaution, I. 164.
Advice I gave him in regard to perſons ſurprizing him in the night, I. 181.
Penſive, and not inquiſitive in his curioſity, I. 238.
His adventure at the fair, I. 246.
His firſt leſſon in coſmography, I. 240.
In ſtatics, I. 252.
In natural philoſophy, I. 253.
A deciſive term between him and me on all occaſions, I. 257.
A queſtion which I ſhall ſurely ſubjoin to all his interrogations, ibid.
How I make him ſenſible of the utility of finding out the place of the ſun's riſing, I. 260.
His library is to conſiſt of a ſingle book, its name, I. 267.
He is his own rival, I. 266.
A queſtion that would ſcarce excite attention in another perſon, is intereſting to Emilius: example, I. 278.
Why ſo little taken notice of by women in his infancy, and advantages thereof, I. 280.
Why I am willing he ſhould learn a trade, I. 288.
What trade I chuſe for him, I. 297.
Makes two apprenticeſhips at the ſame time, I. 298.
In what manner I commend his work, when it is well done, I. 299.
A queſtion which he puts to me, upon diſcovering that I am a man of fortune, and my anſwer, I. 300, and foll.
He is a ſavage formed to live in inhabited towns, I. 305.
He is not in a hurry to anſwer my queſtions, I. 306.
He knows the utility of whatever he does, and the reaſon of whatever he believes, I. 309.
His progreſs at twelve years old, I. 220.
At fifteen, I. 309.
Is not falſe like other children, I. 334.
It will be late before he comes to know what it is to ſuffer and to die, ibid.
Impreſſions he will receive from the ſtudy of hiſtory, I. 371.
Will not transform himſelf into the different characters he reads in hiſtory, I. 374.

Forms

Forms too ſound a judgment of others, to envy their lot, I. 376.
May grow vain of his ſuperiority, I. 377.
Remedy againſt that vanity, I. 378.
How he is to be made acquainted with the affairs of the world, I. 386.
He is fond of peace, I. 387.
He does not talk with vehemence, I. 389.
Neither is he cool and phlegmatic, I. 390.
Extent of his ideas, and elevation of his thoughts, I. 392.
Refuſes his attention to every thing above his capacity, I. 404.
To what ſect he ought to belong, I. 405.
Attains the age of puberty, II. 105.
His firſt ſetting out into the world, II. 138, and foll.
His behaviour towards the fair-ſex, II. 142.
What advantages he will purſue or neglect, II. 145.
Sets out with his governor from Paris, II. 274.
Their travels, II. 278.
Come to their journey's end, II. 280.
Well received by Sophia's father, ibid.
Beginning of his courtſhip, II. 281.
Goes and lodges, he and his friend, at the diſtance of ſix miles from Sophia, II. 290.
Returns to her, II. 293.
Talks to her, and has a favourable audience, II. 295, and foll.
Admitted upon the footing of a lover, II. 302.
Gives lectures to his miſtreſs in different arts and ſciences, II. 303, and foll.
Quarrel between the two lovers, and on what account, II. 307.
Reconciliation; Emilius ſteals a kiſs from Sophia, and on what occaſion, II. 308.
Is reprimanded by Sophia's mother, II. 308, and foll.
With what kind of jealouſy he is likely to be diſturbed, II. 315.
Is not changed by love, II. 317.
Different viſits to Sophia, II. 319, and foll.
His occupations on the days he does not viſit Sophia, II. 323, and foll.
His liberality to the poor, &c. II. 324, and foll.
In what manner he was overcome by Sophia in running a race, II. 326.
Is viſited in his ſhop by Sophia's father, II. 327.
By Sophia in company with her mother, ibid.
Refuſes to go back with them, and upon what account, II. 329, and foll.
Stands godfather to a peaſant's child along with Sophia, and on what occaſion, II. 335.

Adviſed by his governor to leave Sophia for a little while, II. 345.
His uneaſineſs and perturbation on the occaſion, ibid.
At length obeys the orders he receives for his departure, II. 349.
Promiſes to return after two years ſeparation, II. 351.
Inſtructions relative to his travels, II. 363, and foll.
How greatly improved at his return, II. 365.
The reſult of his obſervations during his travels, II. 389.
He returns to Sophia, II. 396.
He marries her, II. 397.
Acquaints his governor with Sophia's pregnancy, II. 406.
Engages to ſpend the remainder of his days with them in quiet, II. ibid.
Empedocles reproaches the Agrigentines, II. 159.
Enclos (Mademoiſelle de l') II. 228, 272.
Engliſh call themſelves a good-natured people, I. 210.
Engliſh girl, only ten years of age, played extremely well on the ſpinnet, I. 199.
Engliſh and French compared in regard to travelling, II. 355.
Envy is bitter, and why, I. 332.
Epictetus, his foreſight of no uſe to him, I. 340.
Epitaph, modern, compared to that of Sardanapalus, I. 151.
Error, the only way to avoid it, is to continue in ignorance, I. 304.
Errors of ſenſation, are alſo errors in judgment; example, I. 302.
Eternity, II. 217.
Evils annexed to infancy, I. 20.
Evils, phyſical, leſs ſevere than the others, I. 70.
Evils, moral, conſiſt all in opinion, except one, I. 80.
Evils of the mind, or inward ſufferings conſidered as nothing at all, I. 343.
Euripides, what he ſays of Jupiter, I. 405.
Exceſs of indulgence or rigour to be avoided, I. 88.
Exerciſe of the body, whether it hurts the operations of the mind, I. 145.
Exiſt (*I*,) the firſt truth that ſtrikes us, II. 18.
Exiſtence of objects and ſenſations, the ſecond truth we learn, II. 18, 19.
Explanations in diſcourſe, make very little impreſſion on children, I. 259.
Bad *explanation* by the nature of the thing, I. 262.

F.

Fables, whether they be proper for children, I. 135.
Analyſis of one of thoſe of La Fontaine, I. 136, and foll.

Their moral examined, I. 140, and foll.
The proper time for ſtudying them, I. 384.
The moral ought not to be expreſſed, I. 382.
Faces handſomer than the maſks, I. 362.
Faces do not change with the faſhions, II. 203.
Faculties, or *powers ſuperfluous* in man, the cauſe of his miſery, I. 79.
Faith of children, on what it depends, I. 405.
Family, in what manner it is diſſolved, I. 72.
Fanaticiſm, II. 96, and foll.
Fancie of ſpoilt children, I. 89.
Farinaceous food, I. 41.
Father, his taſk, I. 24.
Ought to give no preference to any of his children, I. 32.
Faults, (the age of) the proper time for fables, I. 382.
Favorinus quoted, I. 79.
Feel, in what reſpect it differs from judging, II. 19.
Felicity of man upon earth merely negative, I. 77.
Females of animals have no ſhame in the preſence of the males, II. 178.
Have no deſires when their wants are ſatisfied, ibid.
Their affected denials, ibid.
Difference of coupling in particular ſpecies, II. 312.
Fetiches, I. 398.
Fire-arms, I. 57.
Fire of youth, why intractable, I. 354.
It is the very thing by which education is completely finiſhed, ibid.
Fitneſſes, or points of agreement in regard to marriage, how many ſorts, (ſee *Marriage*) II. 254, 255.
Fontenelle, his ſaying in regard to the diſpute about the ancients and the moderns, II. 152.
Force, in what it conſiſts, I. 78.
At what time of life man poſſeſſes the greateſt relative force, I. 233.
In what manner he ought to employ the ſuperabundant part of it, ibid.
Foreſight, the ſource of our miſery, I. 81.
Foreſight of wants denotes a maturity of underſtanding, I. 253.
Foreſt of Montmorency, I. 260.
French have but a ſuperficial knowledge of other nations, II. 354.
French and Engliſh compared in regard to travelling, II. ibid.
French, what renders their manner of accoſting diſagreeable, I. 68, 188.
Frames gilt, what they are good for, I. 194.
Fruits, forward, inſipid, II. 157.

INDEX.

G.

Gaiety, a very dubious ſign of content, I. 347.
Galatea's apple, II. 226.
Gallantry, in intrigues of this ſort the lover has a greater hatred for his rival, than affection for his miſtreſs, II. 313.
Games, or amuſements to deceive the appetite, by whom, and on what occaſion invented, I. 215.
Gaming, the reſource of the indolent, II. 160.
Gebers, the mildeſt people in the world, I. 210.
Geneva, the inhabitants of that city would not be free at preſent, if they had not been able to walk barefooted, I. 184.
Genius, a perſon of genius has often the appearance of ſtupidity in his childhood. I. 124.
Geography, the notion which children have of it, I. 128.
The firſt leſſons therein, I. 242.
Geometry, whether it be true that children learn it, I. 126.
Our manner of teaching it depends as much on fancy as on reaſon, I. 195.
In what manner Emilius learns the elements thereof, I. 195.
The way to render it intereſting, I. 237.
Geometrical figures, cakes cut in that manner, I. 197.
Germans, their continence, and the effects thereof, I. 105.
Their reſpect for the fair-ſex, II. 237.
Girls, fond of dreſs almoſt from their cradle, II. 190, 194.
Their occupations, II. 194, and foll.
More docile than boys, II. 196.
Their underſtanding ripens earlier, than thoſe of boys, ibid.
Earlier affected with the ſenſe of decency and virtue, II. 205.
Should not learn to read and write betimes, II. 196.
But perhaps to caſt up accounts, ibid.
Above all they ſhould be inured to conſtraint, II. 197.
And for what reaſon, II. 199.
They are in every thing upon the extreme, ibid.
From whence ariſe many vices, particularly to women, ibid.
Their agreeable prattle, II. 210.
The motive why girls careſs one another more than uſual in the preſence of women, II. 211.
Are laid under an apparent reſtraint, and for what reaſon, II. 233.
The way to render them really virtuous, II. 240.
The authority which they acquire by that means, II. 241.
Example, ibid.
In what manner they were educated at Sparta, II. 191.
Little girls, their diſlike to reading and writing, II. 196.
More cunning than boys, II. 200.

Exam-

Example, II. 201.
We ſhould encourage their prattling, II. 210, and foll.
Advantage thereof, ibid.
Gluttony, preferable to vanity, as an excitement to children, I. 208.
God, incomprehenſible, II. 31, 45, 46.
Powerful, good, juſt, II. 40, 46.
Immaterial, II. 45.
Eternal, ibid.
Intelligent, and how, II. 46.
Much better not to mention his name at all to children, than to give them falſe ideas of him, I. 403.
Goodneſs, of all the attributes the moſt eſſential to the Deity, I. 57.
Goods and evils of human life examined, I. 76, and foll.
Goſpel, its holineſs, II. 87.
Government, political, an idea thereof, ſufficient for a child, I. 276.
Signification of this word, II. 370.
Its different forms, ibid.
The moſt active of all, that of a ſingle perſon, II. 377.
Eaſy and plain rules to judge of the relative goodneſs of governments, ibid.
The ſpirit thereof is not the ſame, in capital towns, as in the diſtant provinces, II. 382.
Governor, the firſt qualification requiſite for one, I. 25.
The way to avoid any difficulty in chuſing one, ibid.
Ought to be young, I. 28.
Whether he ought to have finiſhed his courſe of education, ibid.
Ought to chuſe his pupil, I. 29.
Should not conſider himſelf as ſeparable from his pupil, I. 31.
Ought not to undertake the care of a diſtempered child, I. 32.
Ought to have an authority over every object he is deſirous to repreſent his pupil, I. 104.
Ought to ſerve an apprenticeſhip together with his pupil, I. 270.
Abuſes to be avoided in their joint labour, I. 274.
Foundation of the confidence, which his pupil ought always to place in him, I. 380.
How they ought to behave in regard to the faults committed by their pupils, upon their coming to maturity, I. 381.
Governors, their falſe dignity, I. 379.
Gratitude, a ſentiment natural to the human breaſt, I. 357.
The way to excite it in the mind of a young perſon, ibid.
Griſſes, a kind of bread in Piedmont, I. 63.
Grotius quoted in regard to politic law, II. 365, and foll.
Publiſhed nothing but falſe principles on the right of war, II. 381.
Gymnaſtic exerciſes, I. 159.

INDEX.

H.

Habit is not nature, I. 4.
The only habit we ſhould permit a child to contract in his firſt ſtage, I. 50.
Whence proceeds the influence of habit, I. 222.
The habit of body ſuitable to exerciſe, different from that ſuitable to inaction, I. 166.
Habits, the greateſt part of thoſe, which we imagine to be contracted by children, are not real, II. 317.
Happineſs of man, natural, in what it conſiſts, I. 255.
Whether there be an equal meaſure of happineſs in all ſtates in life, I. 340.
We judge of happineſs too much by appearances, I. 347.
The end of every ſenſible being, II. 336.
The road to it preſented by nature, II. 337.
Harm, to do none to any body is the firſt and principal leſſon of moral philoſophy, I. 121.
Hearing, the improving of that ſenſe, I. 201.
The active organ correſponding to it, ibid.
Heart, neceſſity of laying its deſires under ſome reſtrictions, II. 339.
Heir, manner of educating him, I. 153.
Hercules, II. 182.
Hermes, I. 266.
Herodotus quoted, I. 162, 215.
A painter of manners, II. 356.
Injudiciouſly ridiculed, II. 357.
Hiſtorians, ancient, I. 215.
Hiſtory is not adapted to the capacity of children, I. 130.
Example, I. 131.
The right time for ſtudying it, I. 363.
Calumniates mankind, ibid.
Never gives a faithful picture of events, I. 364.
In what reſpect it bears a reſemblance to romances, I. 365.
Ought to repreſent facts, without drawing characters, I. 366, and foll.
It is rather an exhibition of actions, than of men, I. 368.
Modern hiſtory has no characteriſtic, I. 366.
Hobbes, what name he gave to a knave, I. 57.
In what ſenſe his mean principle is true, I. 90.
Quoted in reſpect to politic law, II. 365, and foll.
Horſe, reflection on the exerciſe of riding, I. 170.
Humanity, the firſt duty of man, I. 75.
In what it conſiſts, I. 333.
In what manner it is excited, and encouraged in the breaſt of a young man, I. 335, 341.
Maxims to that purpoſe, I. 336.
Hunting. See *Chace*.
Huſbands, cauſe of their indifference, II. 203.
Hygieine, I. 36.

Idealiſts,

INDEX.

I.

Idealiſts, their chimerical diſtinctions, II. 18.
Ideas, diſtinct from images, I. 126.
And from ſenſations, I. 301.
The manner of forming them, is the characteriſtic of the mind, ibid.
What is meant by ſimple ideas, I. 302.
Comparative and numerical are not ſenſations, II. 19.
Abſtract, ſource of the greateſt errors, II. 26, and foll.
Of juſtice and honeſty, every where the ſame, II. 52.
Acquired diſtinct from natural ſenſations, II. 53.
Identity, ſucceſſive, in what manner we have the ſenſation of our own, I. 73.
Idleneſs is public robbery, I. 287.
The way to cure children of it, I. 168.
Idomeneus (another) an object of Emilius's inquiry, II. 381.
Jealouſy, in love, owing to nature, II. 312.
Proof taken from brute animals, ibid.
Depends greatly on the power of the ſex, ibid.
Its motive is founded rather in the ſocial paſſions, than in the original inſtinct, II. 311.
Imagination, or fancy, extends the meaſure of poſſibilities, I. 78.
Transforms the paſſions of limited beings into vices, I. 328.
Imitation, natural taſte, I. 130.
How it degenerates into vice, ibid.
The foundation of the beautiful in the polite arts, II. 146.
Indigeſtions, how to prevent children from having any, I. 214.
Infants, I. 71.
Infinite, I. 399.
Ingratitude, unnatural to man, I. 356.
What it is owing to, ibid.
Ink, in what manner it is made, I. 262.
Advantage of knowing that, I. 265.
Inoculation, I. 169.
Inſtinct, how it becomes a ſentiment, I. 317.
Inſtruction given to children, I. 98.
At how dear a rate, II. 48.
Ought to be retarded as much as poſſible, I. 105.
Ought to be without rivals or competitors, I. 265.
Inſtructions of nature are ſlow, thoſe of men premature, I. 321.
Inſtruments, mechanical, the great number of them prejudicial to dexterity and ſagacity, I. 253.
Joiner's work, I. 297.
To judge, differs from feeling, and in what, II. 19.
Belongs only to an active or intelligent being, ibid.
Judgments active and paſſive, I. 302.

Diſtinction, II. 302.
In what manner we learn to judge properly, I. 305.
Juices, nouriſhing, ought to be extracted from ſolid foods, I. 41.
Julius Camillus, II. 29.
Juſtice, to what our firſt notion of it is owing, I. 108.
Juſtice, human, the principle thereof, I. 358.
Juſtice and goodneſs are not mere mortal beings, ibid.
Juvenal quoted, I. 295.

K.

Kitchen, French, I. 107.
Kite, I. 227.
Knowledge, a choice ought to be made of ſubjects adapted to the human underſtanding, I. 234.
Well viewed in its ſeveral connexions and relations, prevents our entertaining any prejudices for the talents we cultivate, I. 281.

L.

Lais, II. 239.
La Fontaine, whether his fables be proper for children, I. 135.
Language, natural, I. 53.
Languages, whether the ſtudy thereof be proper for children, I. 128.
Why children are taught dead languages by way of preference, ibid.
A child never learns more than one, I. 129.
The *language* of *ſigns*. See *Signs*.
Law of politics, II. 365.
Law of force, II. 367.
Law of nature, II. 368.
Law of ſervitude, II. 368, 369.
Law of property, II. 370.
Law of ſovereignty, II. 371, and foll.
Law of nations, II. 381.
Law of war, ibid.
Laws, what is wanting to them, to render men free, I. 86.
Favour the ſtrong againſt the weak, I. 359.
Laws of nature, in our inquiry after them, we ſhould not take facts for reaſons, I. 254.
Example taken from gravity, ibid.
Leading-ſtrings, have a bad effect on children, I. 73.
Learned are wider from the truth than the ignorant, I. 304.
Legiſlation perfect, II. 376.
Leonidas, II. 87.
Leſſons ought to conſiſt more in action than in words, I. 112.
Liberty, the chief of all bleſſings, I. 85.
Liberty well regulated, the only inſtrument of a good education, I. 98.

Liberty, in what it conſiſts, II. 37.
Its immaterial principle, ibid.
For what reaſon it was given us, ibid.
Conſequences of the good or ill uſe of it, II. 60, and foll.
Liberty, a term incompatible with that of empire, II. 390.
And with exemption from wants, ibid.
In vain do we aſpire to it under the protection of the laws, II. 392.
Is in no form of government, ibid.
But in the heart of a man who is free, ibid.
Library, Emilius's, I. 267.
Lie, of fact and right, I. 115.
Neither of them is natural to children, ibid. and foll.
Life, a governor in looking after an uſeleſs life, loſes that time which he had deſigned to ſpend in enhancing its value, I. 32.
At what time that of the individual properly commenceth, I. 74.
We ought to let children enjoy the pleaſure of it, I. 75.
Old men regret the loſs of it more than young ones, I. 84.
A hard life increaſes the number of agreeable ſenſations, I. 166.
Human life, its greateſt dangers are in the beginning, I. 74.
Short in many a reſpect, I. 314.
Particular lives preferable to hiſtory, I. 368.
Litharge, I. 263.
To *live*, what is meant by it, I. 12.
Locke, (Mr.) is againſt giving drugs to children, I. 35.
Examination of his maxim that we muſt reaſon with them, I. 93, and foll.
His manner of making a child generous, I. 119.
He is for having children learn to read with dice, I. 143.
Inconſiſtency of this author in regard to their drinking, I. 163, 164.
What trade he is for having his gentleman learn, I. 291.
Recommends the ſtudying of ſpirits before that of bodies, I. 396.
Proved againſt him, that matter is incapable of thinking, II. 34.
At what time he has done with his pupil, II. 175.
Lord, a great one, fallen to poverty, I. 285.
Lotophagi, I. 211.
Love requires a return, I. 319, 320.
Sees better than we, ibid.
Fixes our natural inclinations, ibid.
Paſſions with which it is attended, I. 321.
Love of ſelf, the ſource of all our paſſions, I. 316.
Always good and conformable to order, ibid.
What ſort of paſſions ſpring from it, I. 318.
Why it is never ſatisfied, ibid.

What ſort of paſſions ariſe from it, I. 318.
Becomes pride in great ſouls, vanity in little ones, I. 320.
How it is transformed into a virtue, I. 391.
Love, a very equitable ſentiment, II. 315.
Its power over the inclinations of young people, II. 386.
Lucretia, II. 52.
Lydians, in what manner they diverted their hunger, I. 215.

M.

Machines, the greater number of them frightens boys, and diverts their attention, I. 252.
We ſhould make our own ourſelves, ibid.
By aſſembling ſuch a number of them, we find no reſource within ourſelves, I. 253.
Magiſtrates, meaning of that word, II. 376.
Three wills eſſentially different in the perſon of the magiſtrate, ibid.
Man, by what means he forgets how to die, I. 35.
His breath is mortal to his own ſpecies, I. 43.
Strong of himſelf, is made weak by ſociety, I. 83, 84.
Ought to be armed againſt unforeſeen accidents, I. 184.
Is the ſame in all ſtates, I. 284.
What renders him eſſentially good or bad, I. 319.
Ought to be grown up before he knows the female ſex, I. 353.
Ought not to be ſhewn in maſquerade to a pupil, I. 361.
With what difficulty he thinks, and when once he begins, his cogitation never ceaſes, I. 395.
A man running from one ſtudy to another, to what compared, I. 243.
A man of the world, is all diſguiſe, I. 348.
In what the *natural felicity* of man conſiſts, I. 255.
A man living in a ſtate of nature, very different from a man living in the ſtate of ſociety, I. 305, 395.
Man, what rank he occupies in the order of things, II. 31.
Compoſed of two ſubſtances, II. 34, 41.
The manner of their being united is incomprehenſible, II. 25, 58.
His dignity, II. 31.
It furniſhes him with a new motive of gratitude, II. 31.
Author of moral and phyſical evil, II. 39.
Why he is agreeable to a woman, II. 178.
His dependance on woman, and in what, II. 180, 189.
His politeneſs more officious than that of the woman, II. 210.
Natural judge of the woman's merit, II. 250.
Deſigned by nature to be ſatisfied with a ſingle woman, II. 313.
The ſame in every age, II. 314.
Mankind, why I mention them ſo late to my pupil, I. 172.

The unreaſonableneſs of their complaints of the ſhortneſs of life, II. 275.
Manitous, I. 398.
Manners, how they may be reformed, I. 18.
How a child will be prevented from prying into thoſe of his governor, I. 150.
In what reſpect thoſe nations, that are poliſhed in their manners, ſurpaſs thoſe that are rude, I. 393.
Maps, I. 243.
Marcel, a dancing-maſter at Paris, II. 141.
Marriage, its firſt inſtitution from nature, II. 186.
The moſt ſacred of all engagements, II. 118.
Diſproportioned marriages, the cauſe thereof, II. 267.
Happy marriages, on what they depend, II. 268.
Maſks, 169, and foll.
Maſks, how to prevent children from being afraid of them, I. 51.
Maſter, governed by a child, I. 149.
Materialiſm, its abſurdity. II. 24, 34.
Materialiſts, their chimerical diſtinctions, II. 17.
Their reaſoning compared to that of a deaf perſon, II. 35.
Matter, its natural ſtate, II. 20.
Is incapable of thinking, II. 33, 34.
Maxims of behaviour, in regard to children, I. 59.
Maxims relating to pity, I. 336.
Meagre diet becomes heating by the ſeaſoning, I. 42.
Meaſures, new, I. 191.
Melancholy, a friend to pleaſure, I. 348.
Memory, children have no real memory, I. 126.
How the kind of memory which they have, is cultivated, I. 134.
Menalippe, a tragedy written by Euripides, I. 401.
Meridian, to trace, I. 245.
An adventure which it occaſioned, I. 246.
Metals, choſen as a mean term for exchange, I. 276.
Method of learning the ſciences with leſs facility, would be uſeful, I. 253.
Milk, whether it be indifferent to chuſe the mother's milk, or that of a nurſe, I. 15.
Is ſerous at firſt, and grows afterwards conſiſtent, I. 38.
Is a vegetable ſubſtance, I. 40.
Curdles always in the ſtomach, I. 41.
Miſery of man renders him humane, I. 331, and foll.
Miſſionaries, II. 82.
Monarchy, what, II. 378.
Suitable to great kingdoms, II. 379.
Suſceptible of partition, ibid.
Example, ibid.
Money, why invented, I. 276.

Is only the means of comparing, I. 276.
Every thing may be uſed as money, ibid.
Why ſtamped, I. 277.
Its uſe, ibid.
The moral effects of this invention cannot be explained to children, ibid.
Monkeys of Laban, I. 398.
Montagne quoted, I. 160, 169. II. 368.
Monteſquieu quoted, II. 365.
Moon, the clouds paſſing over it, make it ſeem to move in a contrary direction, I. 303.
Morality, the manner of teaching it to children, I. 93.
The only moral leſſon ſuitable to children, I. 121.
Morality, and Politics, ought not to be treated ſeparately, I. 360.
The moral of fables examined, I. 140.
The moral of fables ought not to be expreſſed, I. 382.
Morocco, what Montagne ſays of one of its kings, I. 169.
Motion is not eſſential to matter, II. 22.
Of two ſorts, II. 22, and foll.
Whether that of animals ſpontaneous, ibid.
Proof of a firſt cauſe, II. 24, 27.
It is by motion we learn that there are bodies diſtinct from ourſelves, I. 52.
Motte, La, quoted, and on what occaſion, II. 152.
Muſcles of the face more flexible in a child, than in a grown perſon, I. 54.
Muſic, the way to learn it by the touch, I. 182.
May be made of uſe to converſe with a deaf perſon, I. 183.
Of the manner of teaching it to children. I. 201.
Myſteries, I. 400.
My lord, I muſt live; reflexion on that expreſſion, and on the anſwer, I. 283.

N.

Nations, each have their particular character, II. 354.
In what manner national differences wear away, II. 356, 357.
Nativity of man happens twice, I. 313, 315.
Nature, different paths by which we deviate from her, ſo early as our infancy, I. 19.
She trains up children to conſtant exerciſe, I. 20.
How man deviates from her by means of his paſſions, I. 316.
Her inſtructions late and ſlow, I. 322.
Her progreſs in diſplaying the power of the ſex, I. 330.
The nature of man, I. 4.
The Divine nature, I. 398.
Newton, II. 23, and foll.
Nieuwentyt, II. 29.
Night, the cauſe of its ſtriking us with terror, I. 174.
The remedy againſt this fright, I. 176.

INDEX.

A nocturnal exploit of the author in his infancy, I. 177.
Noiſe of fire-arms, I. 51.
Notions, moral, their progreſs in my pupil, I. 235.
Nunneries. See *Convents*.
Nurſe, the real one, I. 23.
The beſt, who is agreeable to the man-midwife, I. 38.
Choice of one, ibid.
Ought to be the governant of her foſter-ſon, I. 39.
Should not change her manner of living, I. 40.
Nurſes, how treated, and why, I. 17.
The reaſon of their being ſo attached to the cuſtom of ſwaddling cloaths, I. 46.
Excell in the art of diverting children from ſqualling, I. 62.
A precaution which they neglect, ibid.
They make uſe of too many ſuperfluous words to children, I. 64.

O.

Objections, againſt indulging children with liberty, I. 76.
Againſt a late education, I. 103.
Againſt the inactive method of teaching nothing to children, I. 144.
Againſt my manner of employing children, I. 159.
Againſt the early exerciſe of a body, not yet arrived at its full growth, I. 198.
Againſt the practice of training a child to judge for himſelf, I. 271.
Againſt the choice of objects which the author propoſes to a youth, I. 343.
Objects, choice of thoſe which we ought to ſhew to children, I. 50, 51.
Of our firſt obſervations, as ſoon as our thoughts begin to be diverted from ourſelves, I. 236.
Objects purely phyſical, the only ones capable of engaging the attention of children, I. 302.
Objects, intellectual, are not adapted to the capacity of youth, I. 363.
Obſervation on manners, inconveniency of ſuffering a youth to indulge himſelf too much in it, ibid.
Old men diſagreeable to children, I. 28.
Love to have every thing quiet about them, I. 58.
Omphale, II. 182.
Opinion, what we are to do to reign by it, I. 288.
To prevent a pupil from being ſwayed by opinion, he muſt not be governed by authority, I. 308.
Eſtabliſhes its throne on the paſſions of mankind, I. 320.
Order to be obſerved in ſtudies, I. 245.
Moral order, how a man enters into it, I. 358.

Social

Social order, the time for exhibiting a view of it to a young man, I. 360.
Source of all its contradictions, ibid.
Raſhneſs in truſting to it, I. 285.
Organs of ſecret pleaſure and diſagreeable wants, why placed ſo near, I. 325.
Orientals, how they conſider life, II. 156.
Orpheus, II. 62.
Ottoman family, ancient cuſtom of thoſe princes, I. 298.
Ovid quoted, I. 117. II. 240.

P.

Paganiſm, its abominable deities, II. 51.
Pain, man ought to accuſtom himſelf to it, I. 72, 89.
How it loſes its ſharpneſs in regard to children, I. 168.
Palaces, their uſeleſneſs, II. 158, 159.
Their inconveniencies, ibid.
Pantaloon, how he comes to be diſagreeable, I. 383.
Paracelſus, II. 29.
Parallel between my pupil and yours, upon their firſt appearing in public, I. 344. and foll.
Paris conſidered in regard to taſte, II. 149, and foll.
And under other relations, II. 172.
Pariſian, how he comes to be ſtupid with ſo much underſtanding, II. 353.
Paſſions, only one natural to man, I. 99.
The inſtruments of our preſervation, I. 315.
Which of them is the ſource of all the reſt, I. 316.
How man goes beyond nature by means of the paſſions, ibid.
How they are directed to good or evil, I. 318.
The ſummary of human wiſdom conſiſts in the right uſe of them, I. 329.
Their progreſs requires the progreſs of knowledge to be accelerated, I. 404.
The ſoft and tender paſſions, as well as thoſe of the iraſcible kind, are derived from ſelf-love, I. 318.
Impetuous paſſions, the way to make children afraid of them, I. 106.
Growing paſſions, the way to reduce them to rule, I. 328.
Paſſions, in what reſpect good, in what bad, II. 342.
Peaſant, Swiſs, his notion of regal power, I. 399.
Peaſants are not afraid of ſpiders, I. 50.
Their children articulate better than ours, I. 65.
Do not liſp, ibid.
Why more ſtupid than a ſavage, I. 445.
Petarete, a citizen, I. 7.
People, the common people have as much ſenſe and underſtanding as the better ſort, I. 341.

INDEX.

A corrupt people have neither vigour nor true courage, I. 353.
People of good morals, their peculiar qualities, I. 353, 354.
The meaning of the word *people* in a political ſenſe, I. 369.
Perſecution, what dogma it is owing to, I. 400.
Perſpective, without its deception we ſhould diſtinguiſh no ſuch thing as ſpace or diſtance, I. 185.
Peruvians, in what manner they treated their children, I. 45.
Peter the Great, I. 298.
Petulance of children, what it is owing to, I. 56, 98.
Philocles, II. 381.
Philip, phyſician to Alexander the Great, his hiſtory, I. 131.
Philoſophers, who are they, II. 14.
Cauſe of the diverſity of their ſentiments, II. 15.
Are not intereſted in diſcovering the truth, ibid.
Their only object, II. 16.
Their whimſical ſyſtems, II. 7, 30, 53.
Philoſophy reduced to maxims, the reſult of experience, I. 366.
Philoſophy, modern, one of its moſt frequent miſtakes, I. 321.
Phlogiſton, II. 22.
Phyſics, or natural philoſophy, its firſt leſſon, I. 251.
Experimental philoſophy requires ſimple inſtruments, I. 252.
Syſtem of phyſics, what good for, I. 254.
Its firſt leſſon, ibid.
Phyſiognomy, I. 340.
Pity, in what manner it acts upon the mind, I. 335.
It is a ſweet paſſion, and why, I. 332.
In what manner it is prevented from degenerating into weakneſs, I. 391.
Plan laid down by the author, I. 26, 27.
Plato, his imaginary juſt man, II. 87.
His manner of travelling was on foot, II. 278.
Why he allotted the ſame exerciſes to women as to men in his Republic, II. 185.
Pleaſure, its death, II. 170.
Plebeians obtained the conſulate by means of a woman, II. 237.
Plutarch, II. 41.
Poiſon, what idea children have of it, I. 132.
Politeneſs, in what true politeneſs conſiſts, II. 142.
Paſſages from Monſ. Duclos relating to this ſubject, II. 143, and foll.
That of men. See *Men*.
That of women. See *Women*.
Polygamy, II. 313.
Poor man has no need of education, I. 30.
Poul-Serrho, what it ſignifies among the Mahometans, II. 98.
Power of the ſex, in what manner children forward it, I. 330.
Meaning of this word in politics, II. 370.
Power, ſuperfluous, in man, the cauſe of his miſery, I. 78.

Preceptor, Emilius's, is become a confident of his pupil and of Sophia, and a mediator of their courtſhip, II. 301.
Glories in this employment, and mentions all its agreeable circumſtances, ibid.
Travels with Emilius; brings him back to Sophia; has the pleaſure of ſeeing them married, and ſpends the remainder of his days with them in quiet. See *Emilius* and *Sophia*.
Preceptors, common, their too great ſeverity to young girls, II. 206.
Their miſtaken behaviour towards their pupils, upon their coming to maturity, II. 316.
Prejudice againſt a mechanic trade; how I teach Emilius to overcome it, I. 288.
Prejudices, to go proud of conquering them, is ſubmitting to them, I. 298.
Do not change the natural relations, II. 238.
Preſent time ought not to be ſacrificed to futurity in the matter of education, I. 74.
Pride, ſource of the greateſt evils, II. 343.
Principles of things. why ſuch nations as acknowledged two, reckoned the bad inferior to the good, I. 57.
Progreſs of Emilius at twelve years old, I. 679.
At fifteen, I. 309.
Property, ſpecimen of the manner of inſtilling the firſt notion of it into a child, I. 109.
Proteſilans, II. 381.
Providence, conſidered in relation to the liberty of man, II. 38, 39.
In what manner juſtified, II. 41.
And in what reſpect, II. 40.
Puniſhment, ought to be unknown to children, I. 99, 115.
Puberty, changes in individuals according to conſtitution, and in men according to climates, I. 92.
May be accelerated, or retarded, by moral cauſes, ibid.
Always more forward among civilized nations, and in towns, I. 321.
Pupil, an imaginary one formed by the author, I. 27.
Inconveniency in his paſſing through different hands, I. 39.
Advantage in his learning nothing till he is twelve years old, I. 109.
In what manner he may be rendered capable of perception, memory, and reaſoning, I. 145.
Ought to be inſtructed only by experience, I. 145.
Ought to think he is following your will in following his own, I. 146.
The inconveniency of his inſtruction is not ſo much in his not underſtanding, but in thinking that he underſtands, I. 254.
How I manage to prevent mine from being as lazy as a ſavage, I. 291.
Utility of his employing himſelf in the manual arts, I. 273.

In viſiting the ſhops of artificers, he ought to ſet his hand to work, I. 269.
A proper trade for him, if he has a taſte for the ſpeculative ſciences, I. 297.
Upon ceaſing to be a child, he ought to be ſenſible of the ſuperior knowledge of his tutor, I. 380.
Difference between your pupil and mine, I. 393.
Pupils, what exerciſes they are taught, while that of ſwimming is neglected, I. 170.
Pyrrhus, Emilius's judgment on that prince's life, I. 372.
Pythagoras, his compariſon of a view of the world, I. 361.

Q.

Queſtion, by which one gets rid of the impertinent interrogations of children, I. 257.
Advantages thereof, ibid.
A puzzling queſtion, and anſwer to it, 326.
Quintilian quoted, I. 144.
Quixots, Don, or knights errant, II. 238.

R.

Races of people are extinct or degenerate in cities, I. 43.
Raymund Lulli, what his art was good for, II. 353, and foll.
Read, manner of teaching children to read, I. 143, and foll.
Reaſon, a check to force, I. 95.
In what manner children conceive a diſtaſte againſt it, I. 101.
Reaſon, ſenſitive, I. 157.
Its inſtruments, I. 158.
Reaſons, importance of giving none to children, who are incapable of underſtanding any, I. 30.
Reaſoning, what ſort is that of children, I. 127.
As ſoon as the mind has begun to form ideas, every judgment then is reaſoning, I. 307.
Refraction, I. 306, and foll.
Refuſals, not to be laviſh of them, and never to recall them, I. 88.
Regimen, Pythagorean, I. 42, 210.
Regimen, vegetable, proper for nurſes, I. 40.
Regulus, II. 55.
Relations, ſocial, how they ought to be ſhewn to children, I. 269.
Religion, choice of one for Emilius, I. 406.
Ought not to be taught as an object of melancholy and reſtraint, II. 213.
Its efficacy in hindering evil, and promoting good, II. 97.

INDEX.

Three principal tones in Europe, II. 3.
Remorſe, II. 51.
Repaſt, rural, compared to a grand entertainment, I. 278.
Reprimand which the author received from a juggler in Emilius's preſence, I. 219.
Republic (Plato's) is not a political treatiſe, I. 8.
What it is, ibid.
In what manner children were educated therein, I. 125.
Rich man, the education of his ſtate is not proper for him, I. 30.
Reduced to poverty, I. 285.
Rich people deceived in every thing, I. 58.
What they generally are, II. 148.
What they ought to do, in order to enjoy their riches, II. 154. and foll.
Always reſtleſs, II. 156.
Who is the real rich man, II. 170.
Ridicule, always on the ſide of opinion, II. 172.
Right. See *Law*.
Robert, the gardener. His dialogue with the author and his pupil, I. 111, and foll.
Robinſon Cruſoe, I. 267.
Romances, eaſtern, more affecting than ours, I. 337.
Romans, illuſtrious, how they ſpent their youth, I. 387.
Their attention to the language of ſigns, II. 114.
Rome, her reſpect for the ladies, II. 237.
Saved by a baniſhed citizen, ibid.
Made free by a woman, ibid.
Romulus muſt have had an affection for the ſhe wolf by whom he was ſuckled, I. 317

S.

Saint Pierre, Abbé de, quoted, II. 385.
Salentum, (a ſecond) an object of Emilius's inquiries, II. 381.
Samſon, II. 182.
Sardanapalus, his epitaph, II. 151.
Savages, their infancy, II. 102.
Their youth, ibid.
Why more cunning than peaſants, I. 145.
According to the phyſicians, they ought to be laid up with the rheumatiſm, I. 164.
Why cruel, I. 212.
Of all people the leaſt curious, and the leaſt uneaſy, I. 48.
Sceptics, their misfortune, II. 14.
Science, human, the ſhare belonging to the learned very ſmall, in compariſon to that common to all, I. 48.

INDEX.

Senſations and ſentiments are differently expreſſed, I. 54.
Diſtinguiſhed from ideas, I. 301.
How each of them may become an idea in regard to us, I. 305.
The way to have two contrary ones at the ſame time, in regard to the ſame body, I. 302.
The *ſenſations of pleaſure and pain* precede the repreſentative ones, I. 49.
The *ſenſation* of one's exiſtence, a doubt concerning its nature, II. 18.
The *internal ſenſation* relative to the viſible order of the univerſe, II. 28, 46, and foll.
Difficult to ſtifle, II. 62.
Natural ſenſations, of two ſorts, II. 53.
Prior to our underſtanding, II. 54.
Senſations different from their cauſe or their object, II. 18.
How diſtinguiſhed by the ſenſitive being, II. 19.
Senſes, which of them ſhews itſelf the lateſt in children, I. 52.
Of the art of exerciſing them, I. 171.
Two methods of verifying their relations, I. 305.
In their uſe we are merely paſſive, II. 19, and foll.
Common ſenſe, what is meant by it, I. 218.
Senſibility, how it is ſtifled, or prevented from growing, I. 333.
How it riſes, ibid.
To what that of young people is at firſt confined, I. 354, 355.
Ought to ſerve as a check to reſtrain them, ibid.
Sentiments, gradation in thoſe of a child, I. 317.
What is the firſt ſentiment of which a youth carefully educated is ſuſceptible. I. 330.
Sexes, idle diſpute about their preference or equality, II. 177.
In what reſpects equal, ibid.
In what they admit not of a compariſon, ibid.
In their union they differently concur to the ſame object, ibid.
From this union ariſe the ſofteſt laws of love, II. 181.
Their relative duties ought not to be equally rigid, II. 191.
Whatever diſtinguiſhes the ſex ought to be reſpected, II. 186.
In what reſpect their ſocial union is admirable, II. 210.
Shore, why to thoſe who put off to ſea, it ſeems to move, I. 303.
Shuttle-cock, a woman's play, I. 198.
Sight, the exerciſe of this ſenſe, I. 185, and foll.
What renders its deciſions precarious, I. 186.
In what manner running aſſiſts the ſight, I. 190.
Sign, ought not to be ſubſtituted in the place of the thing ſignified, but when it is impoſſible to ſhew it, I. 241.
Signs, energy of their language, II. 112, and foll.

Relative to education, II. 113.
Situations, in which the natural wants of man, and the means of providing for them, are repreſented in a manner obvious to the capacity of a child, I. 267.
Sleep of children, I. 165.
The way to regulate its duration, I. 166.
Small-pox, I. 67.
Smell, reflexion on this ſenſe, I. 215, 216.
Society has weakened man, I. 84.
Cannot ſubſiſt without exchange of commodities, I. 276.
Application of this principle to commerce and the arts, I. 277.
Whence it follows, that every ſociety has for its firſt law ſome conventional equality, ibid.
Socrates, II. 87, 88.
Solon, an unjuſt act of that legiſlator, II. 372.
Sophia, the intended ſpouſe of Emilius, II. 176.
Her character, II. 241, and foll.
Is fond of dreſs, and underſtands it, II. 243, and foll.
Her natural abilities, II. 244.
Her acquired abilities, ibid. and foll.
Her domeſtic applications, ibid.
Underſtands houſekeeping in all its branches, ibid.
Extremely nice in regard to cleanlineſs, II. 245.
Owes this defect to her mother's inſtructions, ibid.
Yet ſhe avoids an overſtrained delicacy, II. 246.
Naturally greedy, yet afterwards grew temperate, ibid.
Qualities of her mind, II. 247.
Sketch of her character, ibid. and foll.
Is not without religion, and of what ſort, II. 248.
Is in love with virtue, and from what motive, II. 249.
Nothing but the neceſſity of loving makes her uneaſy, ibid. and 262.
Acquainted with the duties and privileges, both of her ſex and ours, II. 250.
Is but little acquainted with the world, II. 251.
Supplies that want by a peculiar politeneſs, ibid.
She deſpiſes all French grimaces, ibid.
Behaves with ſilence and reſpect, in company with whom, II. 252.
She aſſumes a different but modeſt carriage with young people of her own age, ibid.
Her manner of anſwering the whining ſpeeches of fops, II. 152, 153.
She is pleaſed with ſincere praiſe, and with homage founded on eſteem, II. 253.

Her father's ſpeech to her, upon intimating his intention of marrying her, II. 253, and foll.
The former ſtate of her father and mother, II. 255.
Their preſent ſituation, ibid.
Happy in their poverty, ibid.
Is left to her own choice in regard to a huſband, ibid.
Is ſuppoſed to be of a very warm conſtitution, II. 258.
Counterpoiſe to that, ibid.
Sent to town, and why, II. 259.
Returns to her parents, II. 260, and foll.
Her health is impaired, II. 261.
The rival of Eucharis, II. 263.
Sees Emilius and his governor, who happened to take up their lodging at her father's, II. 281.
Imagines ſhe beholds Telemachus in Emilius, II. 282.
Pays a favourable attention to him, II. 295.
Openly aſſumes the authority of a miſtreſs, II. 302.
Receives leſſons from her lover, in different arts and ſciences, II. 305.
Irritates his paſſion with ſome degree of inquietude, II. 311.
How ſhe quiets his alarms, II. 315.
Is indebted to her lover for the prize at running, II. 326.
Accompanied by her mother, ſhe goes and ſees him work at a ſhop, II. 327.
Accepts him for her huſband, and on what occaſion, II. 334.
She and Emilius ſtand ſponſors, and on what occaſion, II. 335.
Prepared for a ſeparation of two years, II. 350.
Her ſilent behaviour at his departure, II. 351.
Emilius upon his return marries her, II. 397.
Becomes pregnant, II. 406.
Sovereign, ſignification of this word in Politics, II. 370.
Soul of man, its immateriality proved, II. 41.
I cannot imagine ſuch a being can periſh, II. 42.
Spaniards, their manner of travelling, II. 355.
Sparta, the reſpect that republic had for women, II. 237.
Spartans, brought up in the way of unlucky boys, were not the more ſtupid, when they came of age, I. 148.
Spectacle of the world, to what compared, I. 361.
Sphere, armillary, an ill contrived machine, I. 241.
Spider, what kind of children are afraid of them, I. 50.
Spirit, how this word is underſtood by the vulgar and children, I. 397.
Its original meaning, ibid.
Spirits of a child ought to be exhaled at firſt, and afterwards retained and compreſſed, I. 124.
Spontaneity is not applicable to unorganized matter, II. 22.

Squinting, way to prevent a child from having this defect, I. 34.
State of nature, in leaving it, we compel our fellow-creatures to leave it alſo, I. 283.
What occupation comes neareſt the ſtate of nature, I. 287.
State of nature, and *civil polity*, what is neceſſary to reunite the advantages of both, I. 86.
Statics, the firſt leſſon in that ſcience, I. 252.
Stoics, one of their whimſical paradoxes, II. 76.
Studies, whether any are to be performed only by the eye, I. 130.
Whether there are any proper for children, I. 133.
Studies, *ſpeculative*, too much encouraged in the time of life fitteſt for action, I. 385.
Stupidity of a child always kept under his mother's wing, I. 157.
How I ſhould repreſent a diſagreeable ſtupidity, I. 400.
Sun, deſcription of his riſing, I. 237, and foll.
Subjects, relatively to the ſocial compact; meaning of this word in politics, II. 370.
Subſtance, animal in putrefaction ſwarms with worms, I. 40.
Subſtances, how many there are, I. 398.
Suetonius quoted, I. 23.
Surprizes, in the night, I. 181.
Swaddling cloaths, I. 15, 44, 60.
Swimming, what exerciſe is preferred to it, in the education of a fine gentleman, I. 170.
What *renders it dangerous*, I. 171.
Synthetic method. I. 242.

T.

Tacitus, at what time of life this author is proper to be read, I. 366.
Quoted, II. 356.
Talents, *extraordinary*, inconveniency of having nothing elſe to depend upon, I. 289.
Talents, *natural*, how eaſily we may be miſtaken in judging of them, I. 292.
Example, I. 293.
The good effect of talents or abilities. II. 209.
Which holds the firſt rank in the art of pleaſing, ibid.
The agreeable talents or accompliſhments, reduced to an art, II. 207.
Tarquin, II. 113.
Taſte, remarks on this ſenſe, I. 205, and foll.
Natural taſtes are the moſt ſimple, I. 206.

And the moſt general, I. 207.
Taſte, conſiderations on taſte, II. 146, and foll.
That of the ancients very different from that of the moderns, II. 151, and foll.
Where it ought to be ſtudied, II. 150.
Taſter, ſtrong, naturally diſagreeable to us, I. 206.
Inconveniency in accuſtoming ourſelves to them, I. 207.
Taylors, unknown to the ancients, I. 295.
Teeth, a way to forward the cutting of them, I. 62.
Tennis, an exerciſe for boys, I. 197.
Terraſſon, the abbé, oppoſed, and on what account, II. 152.
Thales, in what manner he travelled, II. 238.
Theatre, what we learn there, II. 152, 153.
What the ſtudy of the ſtage leads to, II. 153.
Themiſtocles, in what manner his ſon ruled all Greece, I. 83.
Thermopylæ, inſcription found there, II. 151.
Theſpius, his fifty daughters mentioned, and on what occaſion, II. 182.
Thraſybulus, II. 113.
Thucydides, the true model for hiſtorians, I. 367.
Thunder, children are ſeldom afraid of it, I. 52.
Time, it is much worſe to loſe it, by making an ill uſe of it, than by ſitting ſtill, I. 125.
Toilette, what the abuſe of it is owing to, II. 204, 205.
Tools, or inſtruments, the more ingenious they are, the more our organs become rude and imperfect, I. 253.
Tongue, French, (ſee *Language*) II. 116.
Touch, the improvement of this ſenſe, I. 172, and foll.
Its judgments limited and certain, I. 182.
How it is capable of ſupplying the ſight, I. 173.
And the hearing, I. 182.
Particular ways of taking off its edge, or rendering it more obtuſe, I. 183.
Without it, we ſhould never have an idea of extenſion, I. 191.
Towns, populous, are the gulf of the human ſpecies, I. 43.
Why the different races degenerate there, I. 322.
Large ones exhauſt a ſtate, II. 384.
Trade, why I am willing that Emilius ſhould learn one, I. 288.
Trades, reaſon of their difference, I. 282.
Travelling, queſtion relative to that ſubject, II. 352.
The manner of propoſing the queſtion differently, ibid.
Another manner, II. 354.
Why ſome people improve leſs by it, than by reading, ibid.
They are undertaken with ſome particular deſign, II. 358.
They are adapted to very few, II. 360.
Conſidered as a part of education, ought to be under particular rules, ibid.

What renders it uſeleſs to young people, II. 382.
Why they ought to make but ſhort ſtay in great towns, II. 386.
Treaſure of St. Mark at Venice, what it wants, I. 159.
Truth ought to coſt a child ſome trouble to learn, in order to fix it in his mind, I. 240.
When can we without riſk inſiſt on a child's telling it, I. 156.
Turenne, Marſhal, a ſpecimen of his good nature, I. 370.
And of his weakneſs, I. 371.

V.

Valerius Maximus quoted, I. 71.
Vanity, diſagreeable conſequences of the firſt emotions of this paſſion in Emilius, I. 259.
Varro quoted, I. 10.
Venice, why that government is adored by the people, II. 113.
Vice, there is not one in the human heart, but you can tell in what manner it entered, I. 90.
Its inconſiſtencies, II. 160, and foll.
Vigour of mind, how acquired, I. 285.
Village, the way to ſpend an agreeable life there, II. 165.
Violence uſed to women, very common in the Greek and Jewiſh antiquities, II. 181.
More rare in our times, and why, ibid.
Virgil, the moſt beautiful verſe in that poet, I. 337.
Virginity, importance of preſerving it a long time, I. 322, 325.
Directions in regard to it, I. 324.
Virtue compared to Proteus in the fable, II. 228.
Is not leſs favourable to the cauſe of love, than to the other privileges of nature, II. 238.
Etymology of this word, II. 340.
What is the baſis of it, ibid.
What is meant by a virtuous man, II. 341.
Virtuoſos of both ſexes at Paris, how they perform their work, II. 299.
Exceptions, ibid.
Ulyſſes charmed with the ſinging of the Syrens, II. 120.
His companions debaſed by Circe, II. 330.
Underſtanding, or mind, has its particular form, according to which it has need of being governed, I. 102.
Its characteriſtic, 301, and foll.
The underſtandings of your pupil and mine, I. 381, and foll.
Underſtanding, the proof and meaſure of its ripening, I. 235.
Univerſe, its harmony demonſtrates a ſupreme intelligence, II. 29, and foll.

Vocabulary of a child ought to be ſhort, I. 76.
Voice, how many ſorts a man has, I. 201.
Volſci, II. 237.
Uſe of the invention of money, I. 277.
Utility, meaning of this word in the minds of children, I. 255.
Why common boys are not ſtruck with this idea, I. 257.
An inſtance of the manner of making it intelligible to them, I. 260, 261.

W.

Warnings neglected, whether it be proper to repeat them after the affair is over, I. 381.
Water, how a child ought to drink it, I. 164.
Weakneſs, in what it conſiſts, I. 178.
What that of man is owing to, I. 231.
It is that which renders him ſociable, I. 331.
Weaning, time and manner of weaning children, I. 62.
Wearineſs, what it is owing to, I. 347.
Wine, we are not naturally fond of it, I. 206.
Mixed with litharge is poiſon, I. 263.
Way to detect this adulteration, I. 264, and foll.
Wiſdom, human, in what it conſiſts, I. 77, 329.
Witty ſayings, the way to hit upon them, I. 123.
Woman conſidered as an imperfect man, I. 314.
In many reſpects is no more than a great child, ibid.
Women, the earlieſt part of our education is owing to them, I. 2.
They no longer chuſe to be nurſes or mothers, I. 15, 16, 19.
What kind of air they like in the men, I. 280.
Inquiry into the relations and differences between their ſex and ours, II. 176, and foll.
In what reſpects they are men, ibid.
Their deſtination, II. 77.
Their arms to conquer man, ibid.
Glory in their weakneſs, II. 180.
Act as ſuch all their lives, II. 182.
What is neceſſary for the performing of their duty, ibid.
The infidelity of married women more criminal than that of men, II. 183.
Ought to reckon the preſerving of appearances one of their duties, ibid.
More prolific in the country than in great towns, and why, II. 184.
Their education ought to be contrary to that of man, and in what reſpect, II. 188.
And relative to man, ibid.

Their dependance on man, and in what, II. 189.
How they deviate from their ſtate, II. 190.
Their moſt important quality, II. 199.
Their real reſource, II. 202, and foll.
Their politeneſs, II. 210, and foll.
Their peculiar talent is addreſs, and not falſhood, II. 226.
Are not formed for an inquiry into abſtract and ſpeculative truths, II. 229.
They have an excellent taſte in natural things, II. 148.
Are the natural judges of the merit of our ſex, II. 237, 250.
Cauſe of the principal revolutions in the Roman republic, II. 237.
What renders them ſlanderous, II. 257.
Women mere quacks in learning, II. 272.
Women void of modeſty, more deceitful than the reſt, II. 227.
Young women. See *Young*.
Words, a child ought to learn none, but ſuch as he underſtands, I. 68.
The only thing we teach children, I. 128.
Difficulty of giving them always the ſame meaning, I. 127.
World, little danger from it to a girl properly educated, II. 235.
Writings, ſacred, or ſcripture, their majeſty, II. 86.

X.

Xenocrates, II. 25.
Xenophon quoted, I. 29.
Xenophon, II. 151.

Y.

Young people debauched by times, are obdurate and cruel, I. 330.
Character of thoſe who have long preſerved their innocence, I. 381.
Why they ſometimes appear inſenſible, though they are not ſo, I. 343.
Inconveniency in making them too great obſervers, I. 308.
Young man, objects which ought to be exhibited to his view at a certain age, I. 253, 336.
Example, I. 352.
Ought to entertain a good opinion of thoſe he lives with, I. 361.
Ought to eſteem each individual, but to deſpiſe the multitude, I. 362.

INDEX.

Young women, their arts to avoid nursing their children, I. 16.
Youth, signs of its approach, I. 324.
May be forwarded or retarded by education, I. 329.

Zeal

Zurich, in what manner the counsellors of that city are admitted, I. 300.
Zeno, II. 114.

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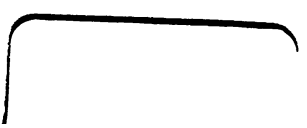
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